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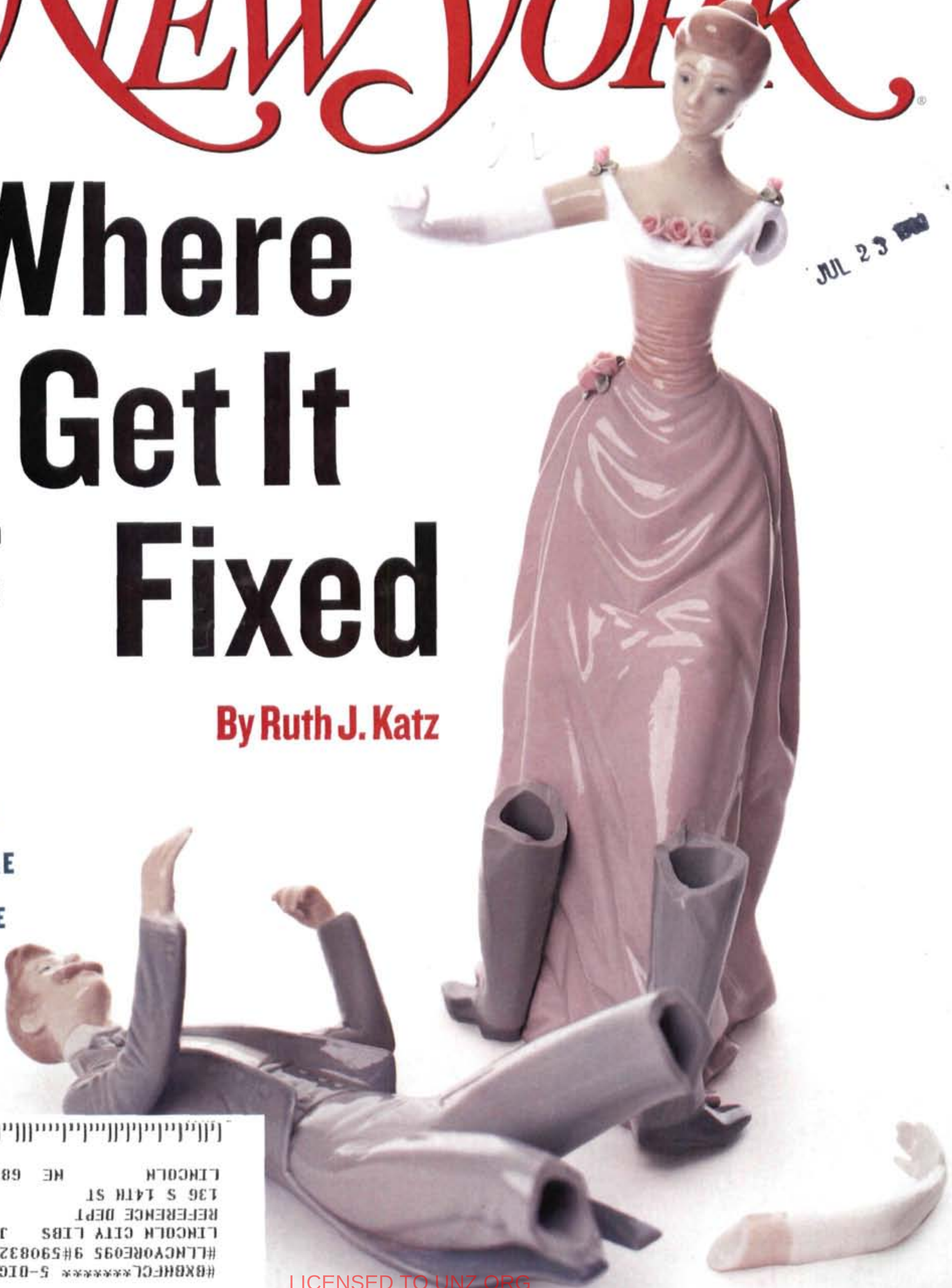
By Ruth J. Katz



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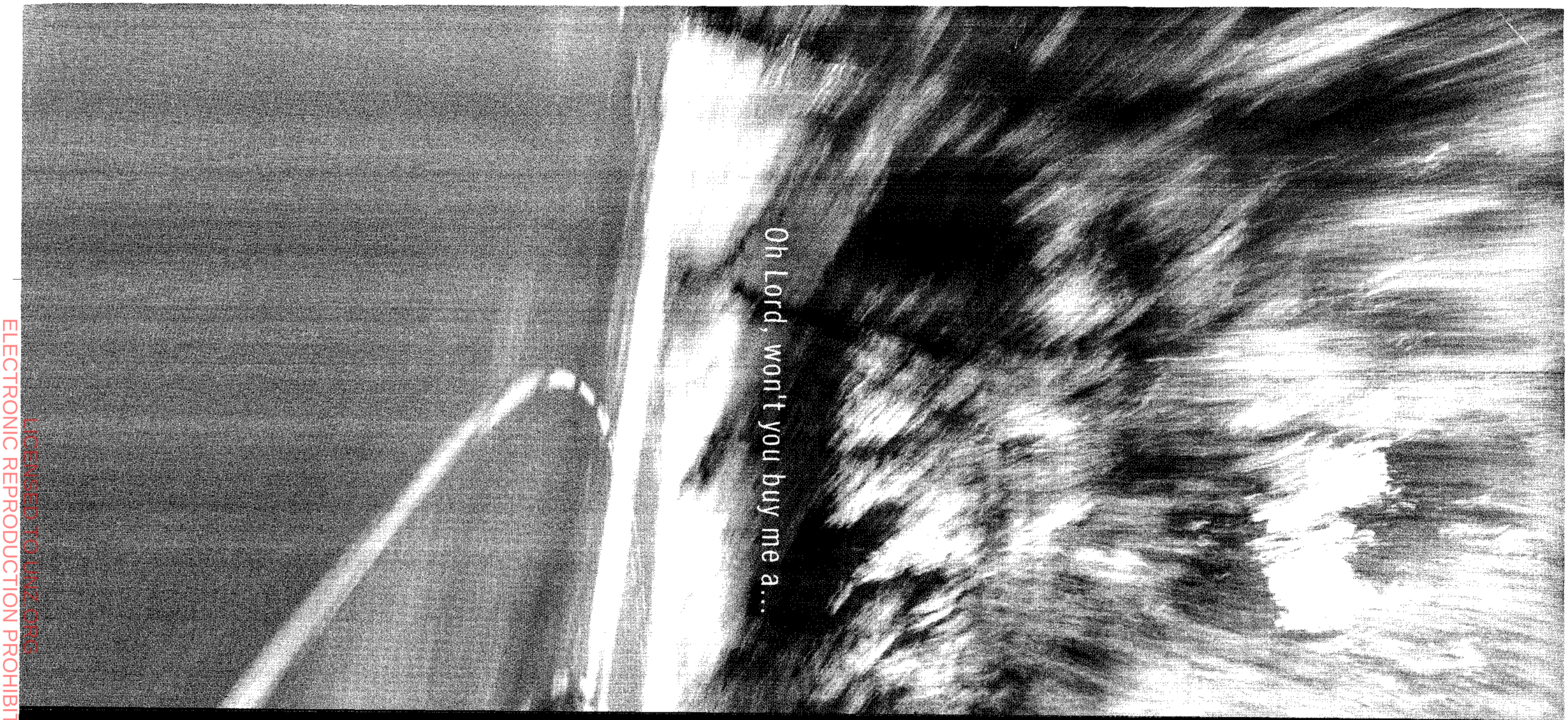

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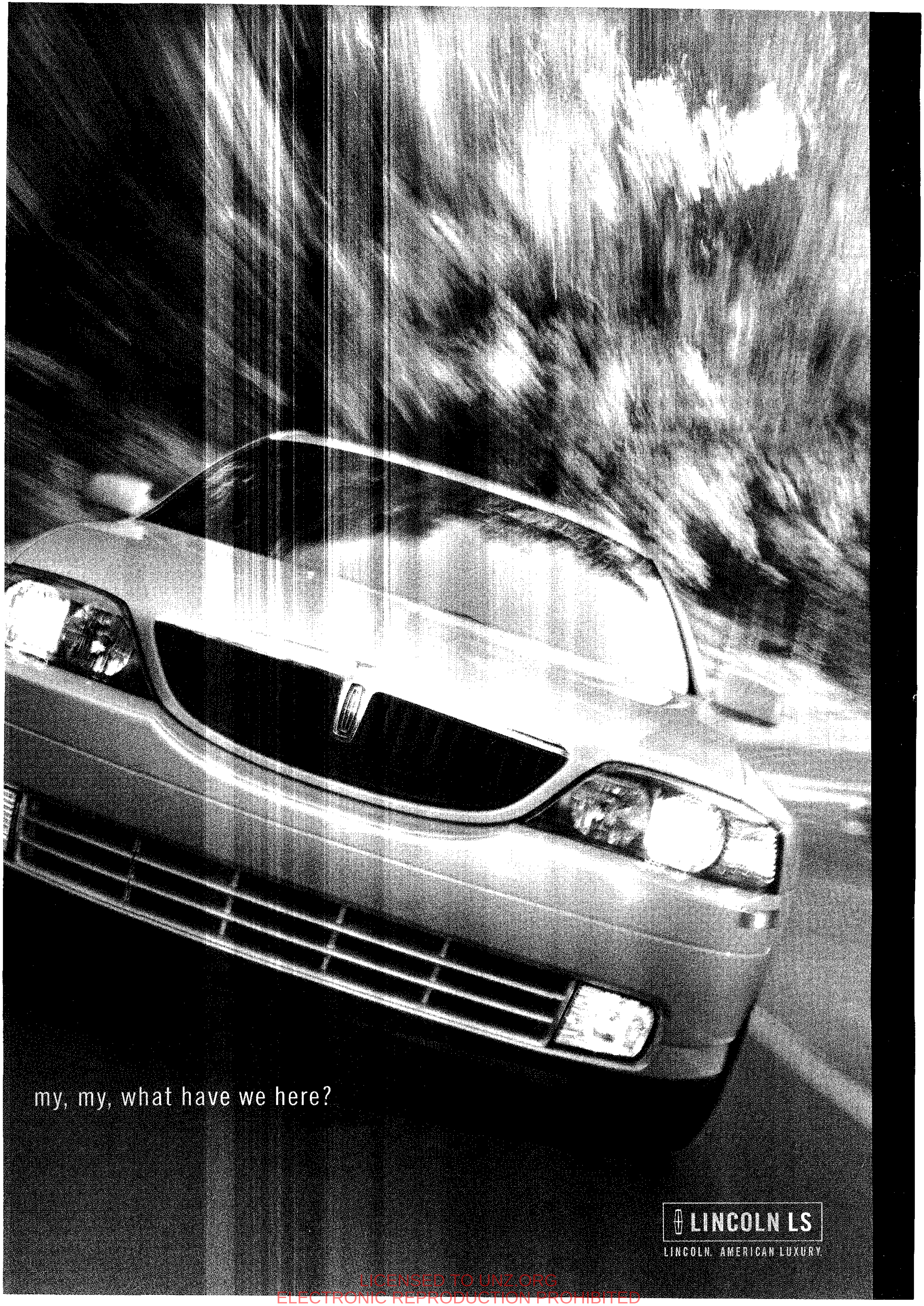
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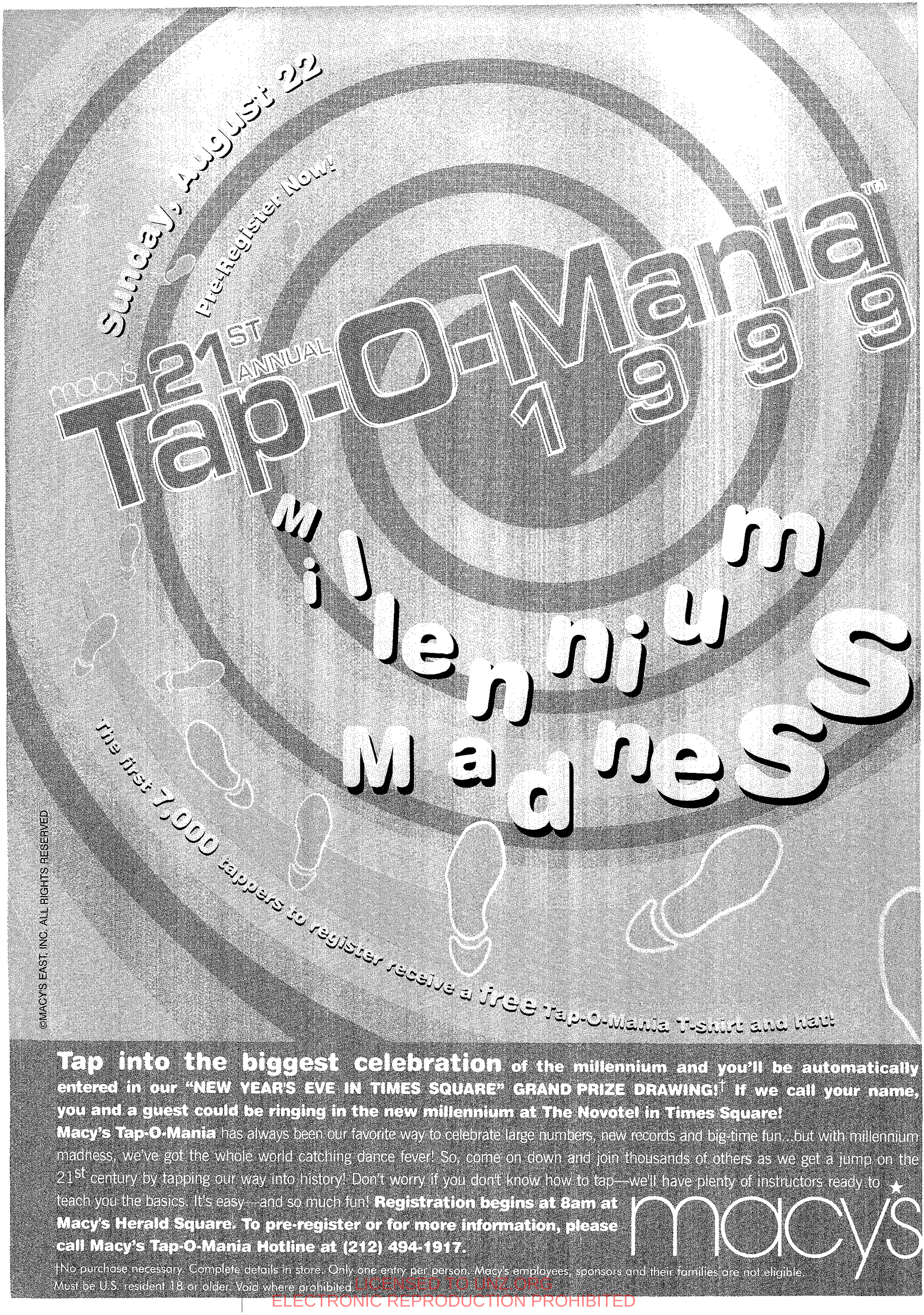
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Contents July 26, 1999

"My patron saints are cats and cleaning ladies."

JARETH HOLUB, CERAMICS RESTORER, PAGE 20

20 Get Your Fix

By Ruth J. Katz

We all do it: stash away the broken, stained, or chewed-up possessions that we cherish too much to toss but don't get around to fixing. Be it the ball gown your great-grandmother wore to the Winter Palace or a gilded frame that's lost its luster, don't let it sit and gather dust (or occupy precious closet space)—not now that we've provided you with a guide to the city's finest artisans, technicians, and repairmen. Next time you drop your lucky coffee mug, call up the same guy Sotheby's uses.

30 Dennis the Menace?

By Alex Williams

The magazine world couldn't stop laughing at *Maxim*. Until it started outselling *Esquire, Details*, and *GQ* combined. Now Condé Nast editors are learning to channel their inner tenth-grader as advertisers drool over the prospect of millions of young men who have suddenly discovered the pleasures of reading. Meet Felix Dennis, a goofy sixties-era swinger from Britain who seems to know what boys (of all ages) like.

36 Mob-Star

By Eric Konigsberg

Mario Puzo may have passed on to the great social club in the sky, but America's appetite for Mafia mythology is stronger than ever. New York, of course, is the capital of wiseguy character actors: They frequent Marylou's and Elaine's, shooting their cuffs, running their mouths and waiting for the next call from Chazz or Marty or Spike. Geno Durante, who's spent his life among wiseguys, has the act down pat. So why hasn't he been in more movies? "I don't want nothing from nobody," he says.

Gotham

13 Turf war: the Gray Lady vs. the bold and the beautiful

17 Gotham Style

Kate Spade breathes easier; detachable clothing

Departments

18 Hollywood
Nikki Finke

That's all, folks! Warner Bros.' Semel and Daly call it quits

Marketplace

44 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Baccarat jewelry; tricky trivets

46 Smart City
Maura Egan

Supersize it! A survey of the metro area's discount megamarts

48 Sales & Bargains
Shyama Patel

How to acquire the finest bedding without exhausting your budget

The Critics

49 Movies
Peter Rainer

Stanley Kubrick's male mea culpa is by turns gripping and quaint

51 Theater
John Simon

Robert Wilson fools yet another audience

52 Art
Mark Stevens

Impressionist winter paintings in Brooklyn

53 Classical Music
Peter G. Davis

The Peony Pavilion: bigger, longer, and uncut

55 Dance
Tobi Tobias

Kirov Ballet reawakens a classic

56 Televsion
John Leonard

A shameless Mafia fairy tale from Showtime

57 Restaurants
Hal Rubenstein

Snub-free dining at Roy Liebenthal's Pop

Cue

59 A surfeit of Shakespeare; *Inspector Gadget;* Carroll Gardens' new bistro

Misc.

Letters 6
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 9
***Guardian* Crossword** 100
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 100
Classified 88
Strictly Personals.......................95

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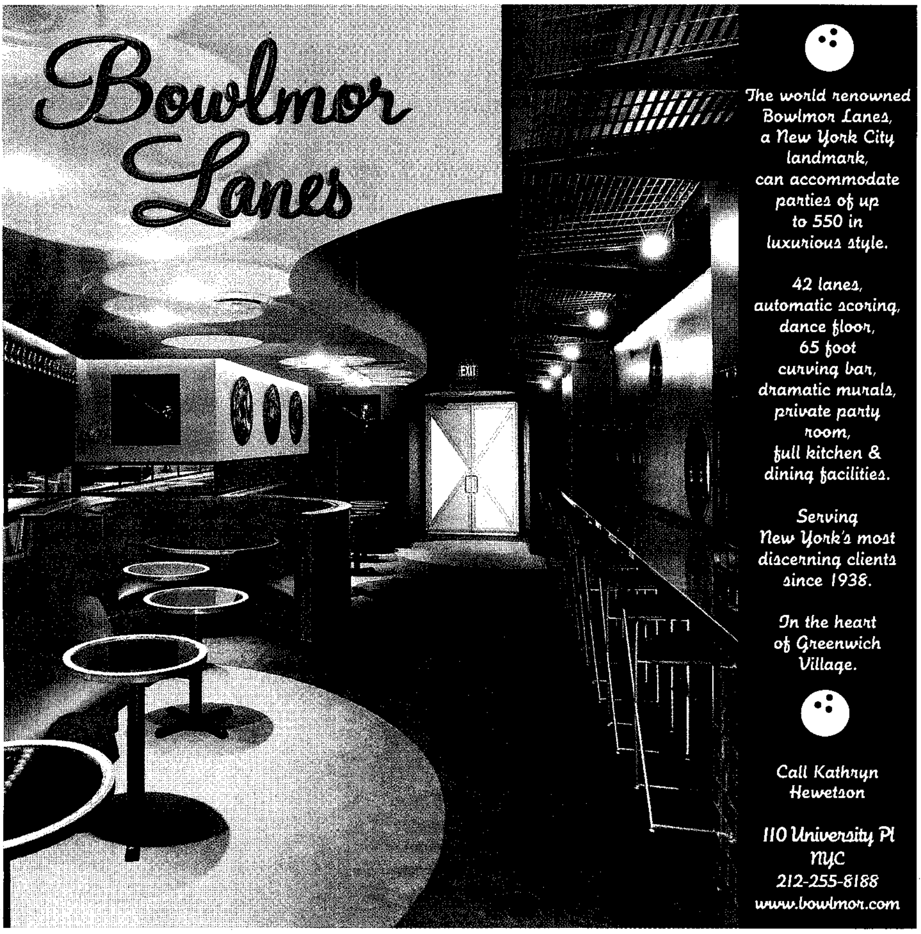

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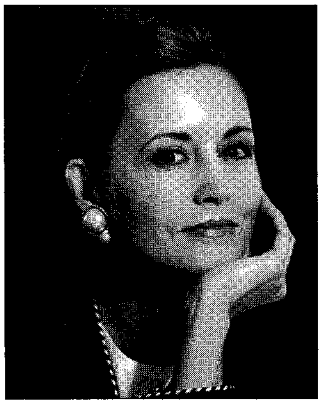

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LETTERS JULY 26, 1999

Color Commentary

Ricky Martin should know that race does matter; the 'Herald Tribune' isn't just for travelers anymore; Dennis Block defended.

I JUST FINISHED READING YOUR RICKY Martin cover story ["Ricky Gets Real," June 28–July 5], and I was surprised and dismayed by his flippant response to accusations by some that "darker-skinned Latins still can't land a contract." It is incredibly naïve of him. In South America—a continent whose population is mostly indigenous, mestizo, or black—virtually all models, singers, and newscasters look like they'd be more at home on the streets of Paris, London, or Amsterdam rather than in Lima, Tegucigalpa, or Santo Domingo. Martin had a wonderful opportunity to denounce the rampant colorism in the Latin (and American) music biz, but he blew it.

Cristina Verán
Contributor, Vibe *magazine*
MANHATTAN

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE smartest Ricky Martin article I have read since his explosive jump to American stardom. It seems that mainstream America is finally waking up and smelling the Latin American coffee. We have a lot to offer, and we are willing to share.

Angela Gonzalez
MANHATTAN

Paper Goods

MICHAEL WOLFF ["MEDIA: *TRIBUNE* AND Tribulation," June 28–July 5] missed the boat on most of what we're doing at the *International Herald Tribune.* Most of our readers are nationals of Europe or Asia, not Americans or tourists. Circulation grew 8 percent last year and readership 36 percent over the past three years—much faster than that of most papers inside or outside the U.S. The *IHT* is read not only by Mr. Wolff's compatriots in French cafés but in ministries and executive suites around the world. We welcome Mr. Wolff as an enthusiastic reader. But as a writer, he missed the story.

Peter C. Goldmark Jr.,
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Firm Rebuke

AS A REFUGEE FROM A LARGE LOS ANGELES firm in the eighties, I appreciated your article on New York law firms ["The Drudge Report," by T. Z. Parsa, June 21]. (Though these firms in the nineties make the law life in the eighties seem like a vacation.) And the letter from Weil, Gotshal & Manges ["Letters," July 12] was a striking example of the mean-spirited, greedy, tacky nature of today's firms. While the firm members believe that they're only getting equal time for their side of the story, they end up looking even more childish and unprofessional than Mr. Block. All this strutting by a bunch of proofreaders.

Name Withheld
MANHATTAN

IF T. Z. PARSA WOULD LEARN HOW TO DO his job half as well as our father, Dennis Block, does his, maybe his articles wouldn't be so inaccurate and ridiculous. Having lived with the man for more than twenty years, we can assure you that he is an honest and ethical lawyer. He did not "dangle his client list" in front of other law firms. He didn't have to, because it was obvious that his clients would follow such a loyal and hardworking lawyer. In the past year, he has refrained from making any negative remarks about his former law firm, although there is certainly a lot that could have been said. Dennis Block is an example of integrity from which your writers could learn.

Tracy and Meredith Block
MANHATTAN

T. Z. Parsa responds: Dennis Block announced his departure from Weil and then took the unusual tack of conducting a three-month-long job search while continuing to work out of his old firm's offices. In my two lengthy interviews with Block, he stated that client relationships gave him great bargaining power with the law firms that he approached. As for his not making negative comments, he made many on-the-record comments in those interviews critical of Weil, only the mildest of which made their way into the final version of the article.

Lipp Service

I APPRECIATE BEING MENTIONED IN MARK Jacobson's article ["Urban Renewal," June 14]; however, I feel that I have been misrepresented. ("I paused before the electric-blue shingle of Dr. Chopp . . . and the similar one of Dr. Lipp, the orthodontist.") My orthodontic practice is based almost entirely on patient and doctor referrals. My office shingle is within the scale of most doctors' in the area. I know this may seem trivial, but I have gotten some disturbing feedback from friends and colleagues concerning my "electric-blue shingle."

Mitchell Lipp, D.D.S.
BROOKLYN

"URBAN RENEWAL" WAS ONE OF THE MOST interesting articles I've read in your magazine recently. This engrossing essay gave me a real feel for the city. Jacobson's subjects go beyond superficial celebrity rituals and Hamptons happenings. I'd like to see more articles like this.

Betsy Emdin Kaylor
WEST OLIVE, MICH.

Pride of Place

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME MARK JACOBSON actually visited Bay Ridge? ["The Generation Gap in My Living Room," May 17] Probably it was when he last saw the movie *Saturday Night Fever.* I have lived in Bay Ridge all my life, and I can't recall when I last saw one (let alone two) "blue- haired ladies in large plastic glasses." Also, *dese* and *dose* are not used in the Bay Ridge I know. This is movie-speak. I suggest Mark Jacobson leave the ghetto of Manhattan and visit the outer boroughs.

Carole Busby
BROOKLYN

Editor's note: Mark Jacobson lives in Park Slope. ■

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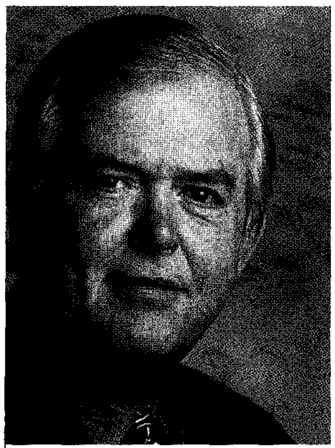
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

CNN CONDUCTING DOBBS SEARCH

Lou Dobbs is apparently better at reporting financial news than balancing his own books. The former CNNfn president, CNN executive vice-president, and *Moneyline* anchor, who departed last month to start up the Space.com Website, has, according to television insiders, left behind questions about expenditures. CNN confirms that a "detailed" financial review of CNNfn, led by CNN chief operating officer **Steve Korn**, is under way, though a spokesperson refers to the audit as "absolutely routine . . . anytime that a company has significant managerial changes within an operating unit." Meanwhile, Dobbs's alleged dubious accounting practices apparently triggered an internal e-mail two weeks ago requiring all CNN New York–bureau employees—including on-air talent and direct-deposit staff—to sign in on the twenty-first floor of 5 Penn Plaza in order to pick up their paychecks. "If you see us on the air," remarked an incredulous reporter of the unprecedented payment policy, "chances are we work here." When reached, Dobbs, who plans to launch his new Website this week, would not comment.

Lou Dobbs: Expense-accountable?



CYBERMAN EXITS HACHETTE

While speculation about the fate of *George* and whether **John F. Kennedy Jr.** (right) will remain with Hachette Filipacchi abounds, the magazine's co-founder **Michael Berman** has quietly opted to quit that publishing empire. Berman left *George* two years ago in the midst of rumored creative conflicts with Kennedy to become president of Hachette Productions, a film-and-TV-production subsidiary. But he's decided not to pick up the option on his contract, due to expire at the end of the year, and made an early exit, effective this week. Berman is forming a cyber-media and -entertainment company with Florida-based financier **Douglas Eger**. Neither Berman nor a Hachette spokesman would comment.

PRIME TIME IN MEATPACKING LAND

Is there a hot restaurateur who isn't opening in the meatpacking district? First **Keith McNally** found a spot on Little West 12th Street, which he will open as a bistro, Pastis, in the fall. Last week, **Mark Strausman** (Campagna, Fred's) signed a lease on a Gansevoort Street space, which he will open in the winter as a "Mediterranean brasserie" called Cinghiale. Now Mercer Hotel partner **Ira Drukier** has taken a space across from McNally's restaurant that he may turn into a hotel, and **Will Regan** and **David Rabin** (Union Bar) have signed a lease on a West 14th Street place they plan to turn into a lounge with food. **Jonathan Morr** of BondSt and Republic fame has been contemplating a space in the meatpacking district for a nightspot, and Bowery Bar's **Eric Goode** has been combing the area for a new restaurant. Says McNally, "I think neighborhoods are developed best by young, unsuccessful people with fresh ideas, not middle-aged, somewhat successful people like myself."

MIA ADOPTS UNICEF CAUSE

Mia Farrow (below) is once again taking on the case of underprivileged children in developing countries. At the UNICEF House at United Nations Plaza on July 22, the actress and serial-adopting mother will join UNICEF executive director and ex-president of the New York City Council **Carol Bellamy** and U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services **Donna Shalala** to release the annual UNICEF "Progress of Nations" report about the quality of children's lives around the world. According to the U.S. Committee for UNICEF spokeswoman **Marsha Zeesman**, Farrow will speak about the international eradication of polio. Curing polio is an issue close to her heart. Not only did Farrow suffer from polio as a child, but her own adopted Indian son **Thaddeus**, 10, was also afflicted

STRAIGHT OUTTA BMG, SONY GETS LOUD

With **Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott** and **Will Smith** outpacing the current rock offerings, rap is clearly where the money's being made. That must be why Sony is shelling out a reported $40 million for BMG's share of **Steve Rifkind**'s urban-music label, Loud Records. Loud, an acronym for Listeners of Urban Dialect, carries with it a great deal of street credibility thanks to its resident hip-hop mavericks Wu-Tang Clan and Mobb Deep. Rifkind isn't sweating the new position in **Tommy Mottola**'s behemoth: "I'm excited. This is only going to make us stronger." In the new partnership, the label will merge with Sony's current hip-hop imprint Relativity while retaining the more buzz-worthy moniker Loud— becoming Relatively Loud?

With Ken Frydman

Photographs: clockwise from top, Evan Agostini/Liaison Agency; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Raymond Reuter/Sygma.

with the illness, which left him permanently disabled. Says Farrow, "I remember when I was a young girl diagnosed with polio, how other kids were scared to come near me. We now have a moral obligation to lend our support."

HAVE FILM, NEED MONEY

Even Academy Award–winning filmmakers sometimes have to pass the hat to get their movies made. **Barbara Kopple**, who won Oscars for *Harlan County, U.S.A.* and *American Dream,* finds herself short of funds to complete postproduction work on *My Generation,* a nonfiction feature combining footage from Woodstock '69, Woodstock '94, and last week's Woodstock '99 in Rome, New York. The film includes behind-the-scenes marketing-strategy sessions from Woodstock '94 led by concert co-producer and promoter **John Scher**. In one scene, the baby-boomer organizers decide to make condoms available for sale to the 500,000 Gen-X concertgoers. "We've told them they can't do drugs, we've told them they can't bring food there. What are they gonna do?" asks Scher. Meanwhile, Kopple is finishing *Conversations With Gregory Peck,* a portrait of the film star; directing her first fiction feature, *In the Boom Boom Room,* based on the **David Rabe** play and starring **Patricia Arquette**, **Ellen Barkin**, and (possibly) **Jon Lovitz**; and is in the "research phase" on a documentary about **Jimmy Hoffa Jr.** "He's been living in a fishbowl since his father was killed in 1975," says Kopple, "so the hard part is getting him to open up."

ANOTHER HOPE FROM ARKANSAS

No wonder the carpetbagger issue doesn't have resonance with **Judith Hope** (left).The chairman of New York State's Democratic Party has roots in Arkansas even deeper than those of **Hillary Clinton**. Hope is a native of Warren, Arkansas, and her father spent 28 years in the state's House of Representatives. The Arkansas *Democrat-Gazette* profiled her on July 11—a piece that was gleefully faxed around New York last week. The Empire State's top Democrat, who used to be East Hampton's town supervisor, says that she's just bought a weekend retreat in Nantucket. East Hampton, Hope tells reporter **Phyllis Brandon**, "got discovered by the jet-set group and Hollywood crew, and now it has an unfortunate glitzy connotation." But Hope is herself famous for bringing out the stars, charges one political insider. "You can't get a coat of paint between her and the **Baldwins**," the source says, adding that Hope is off to Cape Cod, yet she's "bringing Ms. Glitterati—the world's greatest personality—in to run for Senate" in New York. Hope bought "a modest two-bedroom home" in Nantucket, says her spokesman, who shrugs off the criticism: "Even party bosses need an all-star break."

CAPE COCKTAILS, DOWNTOWN DINNER

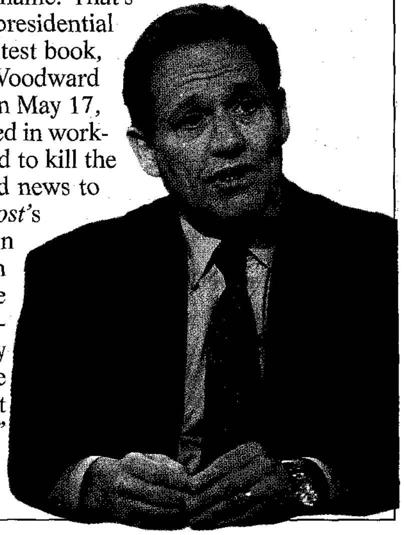
PUMPIN' FLATIRON: Gramercy Tavern chef–co-owner **Tom Colicchio** is going out on his own. He plans to open a "simple, à la carte, family-style American" restaurant in the Flatiron district next spring. But Colicchio will not be leaving his stove at the acclaimed **Danny Meyer** restaurant. In fact, Colicchio "offered Danny a piece" of the new place, but Meyer declined, explaining that he was too busy running Gramercy Tavern and the other restaurants on his plate: Union Square Cafe, Tabla, and Eleven Madison Park. As to the likelihood of Colicchio's new place going up against his old place, the chef downplays talk of a conflict. "Where Gramercy Tavern is rack of lamb with fava beans, morels, and asparagus," he says, "the new restaurant will be just the lamb. I have no intention of competing against Danny . . . or myself." We'll see.

OVERGROWN VINEYARD: **Bill Bradley** really is making inroads on **Al Gore**'s turf. Now even summer vacationers on the Clinton stronghold of Martha's Vineyard are feeling the heat. Lazard Frères' **Steve Rattner**, who's already been suggested as a member of a potential Gore administration, is hosting his annual Vineyard party on August 7. This year, it's been downgraded to a cocktail party from 6 to 8 P.M.—the very same time that **Spike Lee** and **Frank Biondi** will be hosting a fund-raiser for Bradley at another Vineyard estate. "It's too late for anyone to reschedule," reports one island source. "People are in a swivet."

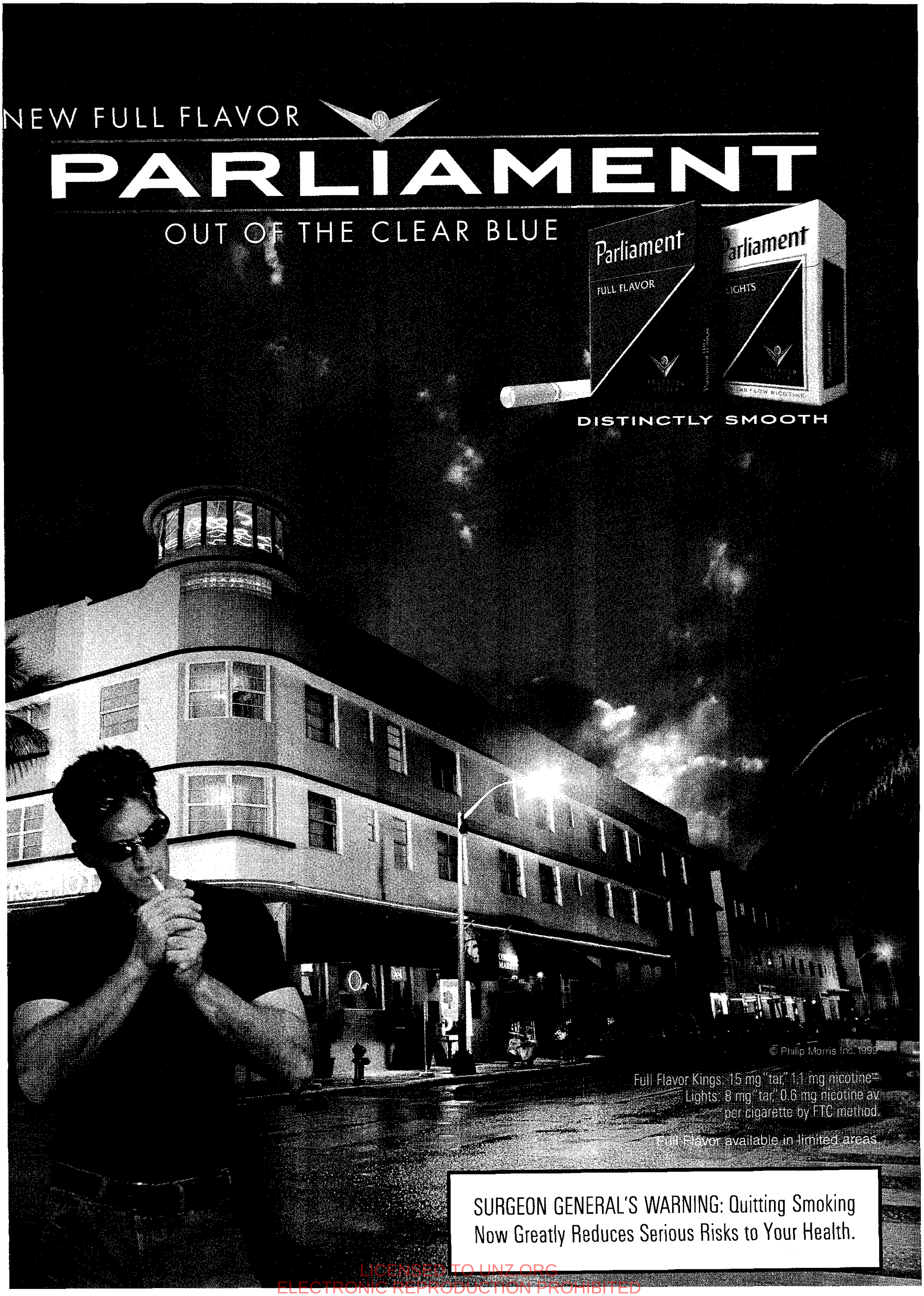
Additional reporting by Jared White.

BOB WOODWARD'S *SHADOW* AT THE *POST*

Bob Woodward (right) really reads the Washington *Post.* The best-selling author and star reporter was deep into the paper—scanning the list of upcoming book reviews in the "Style" section—when he found his own name. That's how the Watergate sleuth learned that the esteemed presidential historian **Robert Dallek** had been assigned to review his latest book, *Shadow: Five Presidents and the Legacy of Watergate.* Woodward immediately alerted his bosses to a potential conflict: On May 17, he'd interviewed Dallek's son, **Matthew**, who was interested in working on Woodward's next book. Top management decided to kill the review, and managing editor **Steve Coll** delivered the bad news to Dallek, according to one publishing-world source. The *Post*'s deputy book-review editor, **Marie Arana**, says that no one in her department knew about Matthew's interview with Woodward. "And Bob Dallek did not know, either," she adds. Dallek's review is in the current issue of *The Nation;* the *Post* ran a slightly tougher review of the book by **Alan Wolfe** on July 6. "I was interested in protecting the Washington *Post,* myself, Matthew Dallek, and Robert Dallek from an appearance of some conflict of interest," says Woodward. Dallek and Coll did not return calls.



Photographs: top, Richard B. Levine; bottom, R. Ellis/Sygma.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Food Fight

As Condé Nast infiltrates Times Square, will 'Times' editors have nowhere to eat?

CONDÉ NAST MAY HAVE overcome the cursed construction of its shiny new mecca at 4 Times Square, but a different kind of battle has just begun. As the July heat rages on, newly arrived magazine editors are descending to the Deuce armed with bottomless expense accounts only to duke it out with their neighbors at the New York *Times* for that elusive prize—a decent Times Square lunch.

It's no secret which restaurants are *Times* territory. Orso and Coco Pazzo Teatro top the list; four or five tables of *Times* editors can also be found huddled over bowls of vichyssoise in the lower-rent Le Madeleine's back garden each afternoon. But those seats may not be secure for long as the neighborhood's four-star vacuum gives rise to a full-fledged Condé Nast invasion of *Times*-held turf. "I think we'll end up at Orso. Why not?" says a *Vanity Fair* editor who, like many, declined to be identified on the sensitive subject of lunch.

"I walked by the office the other day," recounts a horrified *Glamour* writer who moves in this week. "It's right next to a Dallas BBQ, and across the street is Margaritaville! I don't know how people will survive."

"This is serious," concurs Art Cooper, *GQ*'s editor-in-chief. "It's a culinary wasteland over there. I think [Four Seasons owners] Julian Niccolini and Alex von Bidder are going to have to send limousines for us."

Despite a clear home-field advantage, some *Times* employees are already waving the white flag. One politically minded writer sees a silver lining, however. "People around here are hoping the enormous demand for expense-account lunches means more places will open up," he says.

S.I. Newhouse could start another magazine with the cash he's funneling into his Frank Gehry cafeteria, but few of his editors will be caught dead with a lunch tray. "It seems to violate the Condé Nast ethic," says Adam Sachs, a dandyish *GQ* staff writer. "Personally," he confides, "I have this fantasy of going to the All-Star Cafe and hanging out in my own baseball-mitt seat. And I bet Virgil's will be pretty popular."

"They'll take Virgil's from us," concedes a *Times* editor who predicts the paper's staff will have to pioneer farther and farther west, settling for Tenth Avenue dives. But not all glossy copywriters are looking to steal corner tables from Pinch Sulzberger and Bill Keller. "Truthfully, I don't think anyone will cross Broadway," says a writer at *Allure*. "I've been here two days and I'm still ordering a Cobb salad and a protein shake from Dishes," says *Allure*'s fashion editor, Lucy Sykes, who expects she'll continue to head east to the Royalton for business lunches. "Someone said it's almost glamorous over here. I don't feel it's glamorous *quite* yet."

Many Madison Avenue refugees will stick to old routines, cabbing over to East Side favorites like the Oyster Bar. And now that street space has been reserved for their Town Cars, those at the top of the masthead may just forgo the neighborhood entirely. Graydon Carter plans to jet downtown to Da Silvano; Lucy Danziger, editor-in-chief of *Women's Sports and Fitness*, will go to Chelsea Piers for "an hour of sports."

But no one will be able to avoid Times Square forever. "There will be overlap, I'm sure," says Jack Rosenthal, a 30-year *Times* veteran. "But don't forget," he offers diplomatically, "there are a lot of friendships that cross the lines—the most direct example being a person named Ruth Reichl." SARAH BERNARD

Paper Chase: A *Post* Guide to Hill Country

The Hillary-Rudy face-off is still more than a year away, and already the *Post's* nuclear hatred of HRC is making the paper sound like some mad, toothless old man pushing a shopping cart down the Bowery and howling non sequiturs at defenseless passersby. Exhibit A: Dick Morris. You'd think he might show a touch of gratitude to the woman who brought him into the Clinton White House, but to date Morris's columns about the race have constituted one sustained anti-Hill howl. He filed two last week, the first saying that she's going to raise money for the race and then not run—implying that she'd probably keep the dough, perhaps even using it for another campaign—and the second announcing that her candidacy "died" with the release of a poll showing her losing ground to the mayor. One doubts Morris ever advised any client who dropped a few points in polls sixteen months before the election to jump ship—that would've cut off his retainer. But now that he's a journalist, the truth must be told. It's a matter of ethics!

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ustration by Michael Sloan.

Return Fire

The Brooklyn gun-case lawyers take aim again—as NAACP sharpshooters.

Pistol-whipping: Denise Dunleavy, left, and Elisa Barnes.

JUST A YEAR AGO, THE GUN industry laughed at Elisa Barnes and Denise Dunleavy as they lugged their case through the Federal District Court in Brooklyn. The lawsuit, *Hamilton* v. *Accu-Tek,* seemed like the longest of long shots—trying to find gun-makers liable for flooding the market with guns that, the duo claimed, made their way to illegal-gun dealers. But in February, a jury bought into the case, netting one of their clients half a million dollars. Barnes and Dunleavy became the first lawyers to make the gun lobby blink.

Then, in April, came the Littleton massacre, and this month, the racist Indiana shooter. Gun control—or, at least, gun regulation—is hot again, and the team still has what Barnes calls "the only case that's tried and true by a jury." And at last week's NAACP confab in Manhattan, president Kweisi Mfume announced a new wide-reaching lawsuit against gun-makers. To be filed in Brooklyn. By the very same team.

Barnes and Dunleavy are trying the same basic argument all over again—only this time, instead of money, they want new industry regulations. "The NAACP recognizes that this is pretty much how the guns get into their neighborhoods," says Barnes. The *Hamilton* strategy also lets the NAACP hammer gun-makers without trampling on the right to bear arms. Explains NAACP assistant general counsel Debbie Liu: "We do not oppose the Second Amendment—we know the long struggle our members had to exercise that right. But we do hold the industry negligent for failing to do their part to stem the illegal spread of firearms."

One possible wrinkle in the suit—convincing a judge that the NAACP has the legal right to sue a whole industry. But if Barnes and Dunleavy have their way, their case could land in the courtroom of Jack Weinstein, the class-action-friendly jurist who let *Hamilton* go to trial when most analysts predicted it would be thrown out. "He's probably the authority on this," says Dunleavy, not without a little pleasure.

These days, Barnes and Dunleavy sit in the center of the gun lobby's sights. Industry lawyers appealing the *Hamilton* verdict vow to disprove the market-saturation argument. "The worst thing about our trial was that the gun industry declared a victory," says Dunleavy. "It didn't stop the handguns from being out there." The NAACP case, then, gives the two lawyers a chance to fire back with more ammo. ROBERT KOLKER

To Be or Not to Be

One Hamptons hamlet's dilemma.

EAST ENDERS STOPPING BY the Sagg Main Store for their morning coffee have been surprised recently to find their sleepy summer oasis a hotbed of political activism. Organizers of the Sagaponack Association for Village Incorporation (SAVI) have been gathering signatures in front of the store for a proposal to transform the land between Bridgehampton and Wainscott into a village with a mayor and zoning board of its very own.

After inching along for more than twenty years, the issue of home rule raced on to the fast track when a Southampton town board, which governs the hamlet of Sagaponack, approved the infamous 110,000-square-foot Rennert compound last January. "The town of Southampton is not as interested in this area as it should be," says SAVI's Ana Daniel. "They are quite interested in putting it all under concrete as fast as possible."

Lest anyone think pure mansion envy is their motivation, residents have plenty of non-Rennert-related gripes, like beach parking—often six cars deep on front yards—and careening Porsches en route to East Hampton hot spots. "I am entirely for the village. Entirely!" says Robert Dash, who lives a few houses down from the Sagg Main Store. "I want everyone checked for hoof-and-mouth disease. I want speed bumps every ten feet!"

hamptonswatch

Just last month, another set of blueprints had SAVI members worked into a lather: Ronald Lauder wanted to donate a parcel of endangered Sagaponack open space to Itzhak Perlman for a music school. The proposal, like Rennert's house, would require a special permit. "It's wonderful that Itzhak Perlman wants to teach kids music," says SAVI president Clay Dilworth. "But what happens after Itzhak Perlman? He's not going to live forever. What happens when they need money and rent it out for rock groups?" William Fleming, the lawyer for the Perlman project, counters, "It's sad. Sagaponack could be synonymous with a music school, but I guess they like trophy homes better."

"This isn't necessarily an adversarial act," argues Daniel. "It's about bringing government closer to the people. It's actually a very American thing to do." SARAH BERNARD

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko. Illustrations by Robert Piersanti (left) and Ingo Fast (righ

Hair Today

The music industry rewinds to eighties metal.

As Poison pounds out the triumphal closing bars of "Love on the Rocks," C. C. DeVille bounds to the microphone and addresses the 12,000 adoring fans crammed into the PNC Bank Arts Center in Holmdel, New Jersey. "I wanna know if you missed me!" the bare-chested guitarist shouts over the crowd's roar. " 'Cause I missed you *bad*!"

Poison is two months into a sold-out reunion tour that also features Ratt, Great White, and L.A. Guns. In the eighties, these blow-dried metalists racked up sales figures well into the millions. But in the wake of Nirvana's 1991 *Nevermind*, when the music industry went gaga for grunge, record companies dropped glam-metal acts by the fistful, and MTV and radio followed suit.

Out here in Jersey, though, metal fans never lost the faith. Clad in lime-green and fuchsia spandex, her three-inch stilettos digging into the sloping lawn at the top of the arena, Stephanie Salvimina sways to Ratt's "You're in Love" and crows, "We're finally getting back to some *real* music!" Her companion, Eric Muller, whose Ur-Beavis look includes a faded Lynyrd Skynyrd T-shirt and shoulder-length blond hair, flashes a smile full of blackening teeth and adds, "Music *sucked* in the nineties!"

Indeed, now that the brooding sound of Stone Temple Pilots and Alice in Chains has become an anachronism in its own right, party-hearty hair metal is once again becoming music to the industry's ears. "These guys do way bigger business on the road than most alternative acts," says veteran A&R man John Kalodner, who recently signed Ratt and Great White to Sony's new Portrait imprint. Other eighties stalwarts now in the major-label fold include Cinderella (also on Portrait), Queensryche (Atlantic), and Def Leppard (Mercury). Improbably, Poison has actually become the object of a bidding war between the band's old label, Capitol, and Portrait.

Still, the bands aren't exactly partying like it's 1989. Their hair is thinner, their waists are thicker, and the labels are hunting for bargains. Kalodner is offering advances of about $200,000 per album, compared with the $1 million superstar metal acts commanded in their heyday. "It's a different business model," the executive admits. "We're not going to spend a fortune on marketing. They don't need to make videos, 'cause who's gonna play them?"

Hairstyles of the (formerly) rich and famous: Poison in its glory days.

The first two releases on Portrait, from Ratt and Great White, debuted July 6; both sold fewer than 9,000 copies in their first week. Meager as the numbers are, Great White vocalist Jack Russell—who just last year was playing to crowds of less than 500—is grateful for every CD and ticket he sells. "A club gig is like masturbation," the singer muses. "A gig like *this* is an orgy." ETHAN SMITH

Scared Tactics

New Jersey lifers meet the media.

The stars of *Scared Straight!* '99 file into the film's premiere escorted by uniformed guards, who shepherd their charges to the back rows of the theater and remain close by. "No interviews," a guard growls when a reporter tries to speak to one of the men. The entrance is unusual, to say the least; then again, these two dozen "stars" are also convicted murderers, rapists, and kidnappers, serving life bits in the East Jersey State Prison. And the screening is taking place in the maximum-security facility's less-than-plush auditorium.

Set to air on MTV August 1, *Scared Straight!* '99—the sequel to the Oscar-winning 1978 documentary—chronicles the efforts of these convicts to shock juvenile offenders out of their criminal ways. Right now, though, the cons, sitting docilely in their khaki prison duds, look a lot less scary than the horde of MTV executives, social workers, local politicians, and media types who outnumber the nominal audience. "You guys see each other close up every day!" producer Arnold Shapiro jokes when a prisoner complains about the seating.

As the guests scarf roasted-vegetable wraps and pasta salad from a cold buffet—off-limits to the lifers, who have already eaten their chipped beef on toast in the prison mess hall—a pair of television news producers point out the convicts they want their crews to shoot. "They're looking at them like animals in a cage," whispers a social worker.

During the requisite speeches and photo ops, a few lifers applaud politely when New Jersey corrections commissioner Jack Terhune takes the podium, but all of them cheer wildly at the mention of Lieutenant Alan August, who founded the prison's Juvenile Awareness Program in the seventies. Once the grip-and-grins are done, the film itself—which seems less and less like the night's main event—finally begins. Onscreen, a musclebound convict confronts a prepubescent shoplifter. "Little boy, what the fuck you doin' in a prison?" he yells. "And if you tell me a motherfuckin' lie, I'm gonna mush your motherfuckin' face!" The convicts crack up; the suits chuckle nervously.

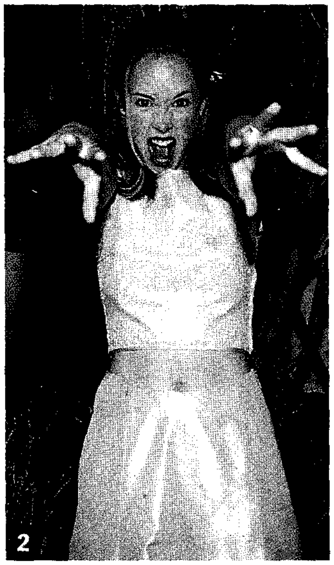
As glaring as the contrast is between the jailbirds and tonight's guests, the prisoners—and their keepers—may be savvier than appearances indicate. East Jersey State, with its camera-ready Dickensian architecture and proximity to Manhattan, "has gotten its share of media attention," says *SS* '99 director Bob Niemack. "*Every* guard here has been an extra in some Stallone movie." ETHAN SMITH

otographs: top, Frank Micelotta; bottom, Ross Marino/London Features.

London Calling

Photographed by Patrick McMullen

THE NIGHT OF JULY 13 SAW AN INFORMAL GET-TOGETHER AT A loft in the Flatiron district for a few of Britain's biggest brand names—style magazine *Dazed & Confused,* designer Paul Smith, and advertising firm Bartle Bogle Hegarty—and their tragically hip friends. There were a few Anglophile Americans in the crowd of expats: Artist Victor Matthews, fresh from his show at the Venice Bienniale, and model Karen Elson made brief cameos at the tequila bar, where a multicultural crew of gaunt Asian models and dreadlocked East London musicians struggled for another shot of Cuervo. The spirited crowd paused only when John F. Kennedy Jr. hobbled out of the elevator on crutches. His suit—Paul Smith?—was a bit of an anomaly in a crowd of tattooed rude boys with bad teeth. The festivities got rowdier as Pulp's frighteningly thin lead singer, Jarvis Cocker, D.J.'d in aviator glasses and a skin-tight T-shirt while his bassist, Steve Mackey (who took a turn at the tables himself), and a gaggle of West London waifs looked on admiringly, joined by downtown's popular model couple Kirsty Hume and Donovan Leitch. But anyone who wanted to get a look at the magazine they all were celebrating was out of luck: Andrew King, the very tall *Dazed & Confused* commercial director, was empty-handed. "I brought all these copies of the magazines over, but they stopped me at Customs. They must have thought it was porn." MAURA EGAN



1. Karen Elson and Andrew King at the *Dazed & Confused* party. 2. Heather Donahue at the *Blair Witch Project* premiere party at the Boathouse. 3. Arlene and Alan Alda with Chris and Grace Meigher at the *Garden Design* show at Mecox Gardens. 4. Melissa Joan Hart and Britney Spears at B-Bar to celebrate the success of Spears's debut album, *Baby One More Time*. 5. Kenny G and John Paul Mitchell Systems's John Paul DiJorio at the launch of Mitchell's Modern Elixirs collection at Float nightclub. 6. Tereza and Kenny Scharf and Ann Magnuson at the Guggenheim Museum SoHo for the "Andy Warhol: The Last Supper" exhibition. 7. Fe Fendi and Sarah Jessica Parker at *Manhattan File*'s party for Parker and *Sex in the City* producer Darren Star. 8. Bill Smith, Judy Auchincloss, Ashton Hawkins and Dorothy Lichtenstein at the Estate Project for Artists With AIDS honoring Hawkins at Smith's Water Mill home. 9. Donna Karan, Christie Brinkley, and Jane Rosenthal at the fund-raising party for the Standing for Truth About Radiation (STAR) Foundation at Brinkley's Bridgehampton home.

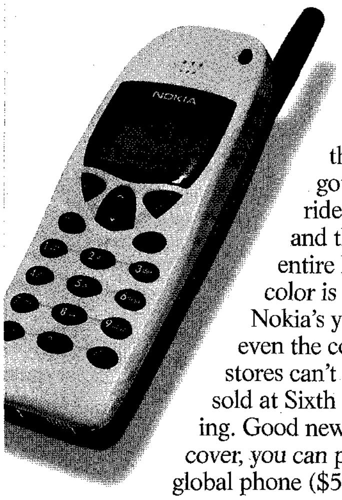
GOTHAMSTYLE

Hot Air

Your chronograph sports watch comes with all the techiest trappings: e-mail capability, water resistance, even a world-time function for the exact minute in Beirut. If only it would stop slipping around on your wrist. But the Seiko AirPro limited-edition sports watch ($215–$250 at Barneys and Back in Time), a Tokyo hit that's modeled after pump-up sneakers, comes equipped with an air chamber that inflates or deflates to remain stationary on even the knobbiest wrist. Perfect for hailing cabs, ordering drinks, and lugging shopping bags—this city's idea of endurance sports. Maura Egan

Extra Baggage

Are summer's fickle temperatures driving you to strip down from your cargo pants to your knickers? Check out the tactical gear at 555 Soul first. The Brooklyn-based design team has tailored its streetwear so urban warriors can remain cool during the dog days of summer. For an unexpected spike in temperature, the cotton drawstring pants zip off into a pair of breezy shorts ($68), and the leftover cuff attaches to another piece to make a convenient pouch for the indispensable water bottle and cell phone. If the heat's still beating down, you can fold out the 555 Soul backpack ($76) into a makeshift stool and take even more of a load off. M.E.



Yellow Fever

Is yellow the new black? The fashion pack has certainly co-opted the color as this season's "it" shade for gadgets. Yellow got its start as an eighties trend, when subway riders chose it for their Walkman tape players and those boom boxes that blasted during the entire F-train ride. Now the Crayola-yellow plastic color is the darling of the nineties wireless set: Nokia's yellow cell-phone cover ($19) is outselling even the company's very fashionable pink. The Wiz stores can't keep them in stock, and even the knockoffs sold at Sixth Avenue electronics warehouses are vanishing. Good news: If you come up empty-handed on the cover, you can purchase Motorola's new I2000 *all*-yellow global phone ($500) this fall. Elyssa Folk

Mint Conditioning

Until recently, a tin of Altoids was the de rigueur supplement to the champagne-and-cigarette menu at runway shows. But now the mint monopoly is getting some unexpected competition. Earlier this year, makeup mogul Bobbi Brown offered her version of the mint (in a black tin that looked like her eye-shadow case) backstage for breathless fashion hands. Now purse princess Kate Spade has come out with her own take on the low-cal accessory. Stored in stylish, colorful tins stamped with her signature typewritten logo ($4), the peppermints have a bit of a bite, so even the masses can have breath as fresh as supermodels. Now for that million-dollar smile. M.E.

kate spade
MINTS

otographs: clockwise from top right, courtesy of Seiko; Amy Freeth; Michael Kraus; Amy Freeth.

Eyes Wide Open

Bob Daly and Terry Semel may have had Hollywood's most stable partnership, but their decision to leave Warner Bros. after twenty years underscores how moribund Hollywood is.

THAT RESOUNDING THUD YOU heard when the two most powerful and senior moguls in the entertainment industry resigned last Wednesday night was the sound of a *T. rex* crashing to the pavement outside Rockefeller Center. Bob Daly and Terry Semel told the Time Warner board they'd had enough after two decades running Warner Bros., a reign that began when they were hired to run the movie studio and later included TV shows, music, the WB network, and merchandising as well.

Sure, it's the end of an era and all that. But it also signals the beginning of a long-overdue generational shift in Hollywood, a time to finally bring new blood into an industry staggering on its last dino legs. Nothing this momentous has happened since 1969. *Easy Rider* was a stunning success for Columbia Pictures, and the ensuing sex-drugs-and-rock-and-roll takeover of the motion-picture industry saved it from its own stodgy self.

Back then, the over-50 fogies in the executive suites were considered ancient history by the new young mavericks like Bob Evans, Thom Mount, and John Calley. Today, there's a similar layer of aging, overcompensated, entrenched managers. This time around, however, there's no young talent to fill their Cole-Haans. Daly and Semel made their decision to call it quits the night after the Los Angeles premiere of *Eyes Wide Shut*. They rocked Hollywood when they announced they were ready to move out and "move on." The question is, who will take their place? For years, whenever a top studio executive has jumped or been pushed, the same usual suspects have been bandied about as possible replacements, the same people who have been deciding which projects get made in this town for the past two decades. Only the studios change; the names remain the same.

That's why the dream factories of legend are suffering such severe anemia: It's as if an invisible but universally understood addendum had been hung from the fabled Hollywood sign: VACANCIES. NICE SURROUNDINGS, GOOD PERKS. NO ONE NEW NEED APPLY. There's something unseemly about graying studio bosses making movies for horny 15-year-olds. Daly is 62, Semel 56. Bob Shaye at New Line is 60. Ron Meyer at Universal is 54. Disney's Joe Roth is 51. Sherry Lansing at Paramount is almost 55; Michael Eisner is 57. John Calley at Sony is, gulp, 69.

In a time when the Internet is making multimillionaires of 27-year-old entrepreneurs, the Hollywood veterans have been locked in a seemingly perpetual round robin: David Begelman went from Columbia to MGM to Columbia again. David Kirkpatrick went from Paramount to Disney and then back to Paramount. Frank Mancuso went from Paramount to MGM. Sherry Lansing went from 20th Century Fox to Paramount. Jonathan Dolgen went from Columbia to Fox, back to Columbia, and then to Paramount. Michael Eisner went from ABC to Paramount to Disney. Barry Diller went from Paramount to 20th Century Fox to Savoy/USA Broadcasting. Mike Medavoy went from Orion to TriStar. Bill Mechanic went from Disney to 20th Century Fox. Mark Canton went from Warners to Columbia then back to Warners. Peter Guber went from Warners to Sony and then to Paramount. Jon Peters went from Warners to Sony then to back to Warners. Jeffrey Katzenberg went from Paramount to Disney to DreamWorks. Jeff Sagansky went from CBS to TriStar to Sony to Paxson. David Picker holds a record of sorts for having presided over four Hollywood studios (United Artists, Paramount, Lorimar, and Columbia). And in 1993, John Calley, the president of production at Warner Bros. back in the *Deliverance* days, was coaxed out of hibernation in Connecticut to come back to L.A. and run first United Artists and later Sony; now he's doing business with pups who weren't even born when he had his biggest successes.

The difference with Daly and Semel is that they managed to do it all by staying in one place. For them, of course, it was the *place* that changed. (Obviously, other studios had new parent companies, too, but their top executives seemed to morph each week.) From

Photograph by Lisa Rose/Globe Photos.

Warner Bros. to Time Warner, from Steve Ross to Nick Nicholas to Gerald Levin and Ted Turner, Warners and the world in which it exists is a far cry from Daly and Semel's salad days, the years when they gave the studio *Saturday Night Live*–generation hits starring Chevy Chase (*National Lampoon's Vacation*), and later, with the *Lethal Weapon* and *Batman* franchises.

When Daly first came to Warner Bros., it was for him the promised land. He had been mired in television, that ugly stepsister of the film industry. In his first eight years as chairman of Warners, beginning in 1980, Daly turned the studio from a $1 billion company to an $8 billion company, with Semel his ever-present right hand and COO, later co-chairman. Semel, for his part, began his career as a trainee in Warners' New York office. Nothing could have thrilled Daly and Semel more than watching Warners become part of the biggest media enterprise in the world: Time Warner became their personal playground, and they were grabbing all the toys. They were the constant in an ever-changing universe.

Once they found themselves working for Levin, they managed to keep him at arm's length. After all, Time Warner's stock was disturbingly static, thanks to the huge debt the company accumulated in its merger, and Levin had his hands full. The hyperambitious pair ruled in kingly fashion. Nurtured by Steve Ross, they were not about to renounce his legacy of corporate excess, what with the jets, the splendiferous vacation villas, the full-frills production deals for the favored few. Even when latecomer Ted Turner tried to reel them in, they reacted as if cost-cutting were for mere mortals. For a while, Levin seemed almost superfluous, dabbling as he was in that cable nonsense. But then a sea change occurred. Cable became king, and Wall Street's view of Time Warner's lackluster stock turned around.

THIS WAS STILL TOLERABLE SO LONG AS they remained successful. Daly and Semel's winning streak ended abruptly around the time, 1995, that Levin fired Michael Fuchs—generally regarded as his heir apparent—and put Warner Music under Semel and Daly's purview. With so much power concentrated in the Warner Bros. pair (the music division alone accounted for a quarter of Time Warner's revenues), rumors were constantly swirling that by this time the following year—*any* year—Daly, with Semel in tow, would be the new head of the parent company.

But Levin managed to save his neck with the surprisingly bold move to bring Ted Turner's sprawling cable empire into the Time Warner fold. For years, the unpleasantness between Turner the control freak and the decidedly uncontrollable Daly and Semel was the talk of Hollywood. The tensions eased somewhat when the TW stock finally began to take off, though the pressure was still on Daly and Semel, this time from outside as well as within. After decades of enjoying the best press of any studio heads, they found themselves the targets of vicious criticism as one by one their movies tanked (*Mad City, Father's Day, The Postman, The Avengers*), the music division fell into disarray, the merchandising unit foundered, and even that bright spot, TV, began to lag. They allowed top producers like Art Linson, Arnold Kopelson, and Arnon Milchan, to flee and didn't replace them. They built their partnership on production deals with superstars like Mel Gibson and Kevin Costner but hardly pursued young Hollywood. For the first time, Daly and Semel were at a disadvantage, starting this contract negotiation with a strengthened Levin, who not only didn't need them anymore but, like Turner, was prepared to show them the door.

> *"The dream factories of legend are suffering from severe anemia. At a time when the Internet is making multimillionaires of 27-year-olds,* **Hollywood veterans** *have been locked in a seemingly perpetual round robin."*

WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE—AND much will be said in the coming weeks—perhaps the most lasting aspect of the Daly-Semel legacy is that Warners has lost a generation of leaders to draw upon in their wake. It can be argued that in the film division alone, a shocking number of able executives have passed through the exit door: Billy

(continued on page 86)

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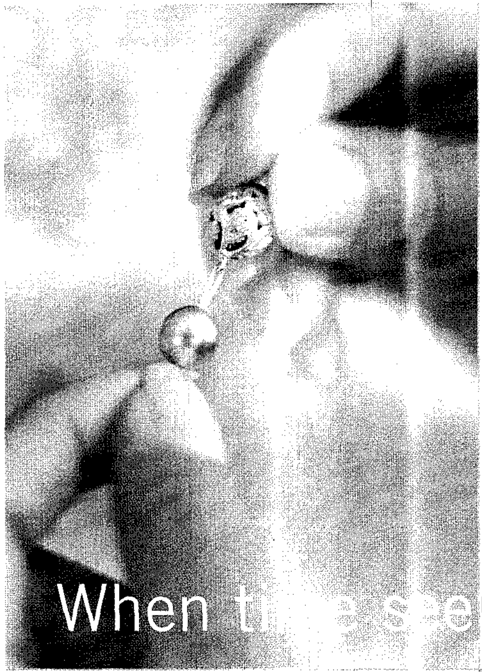
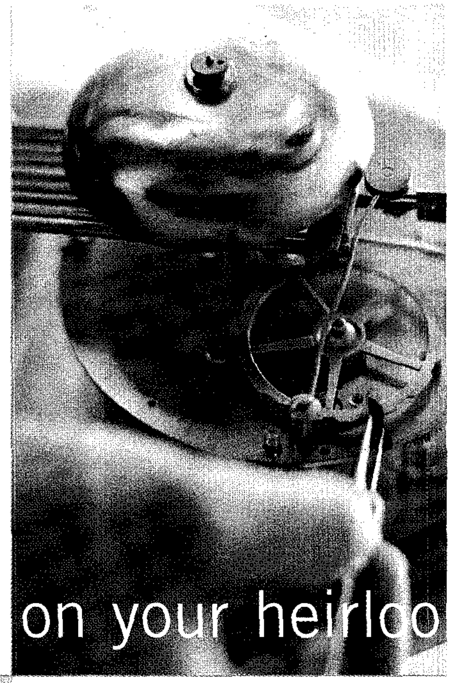
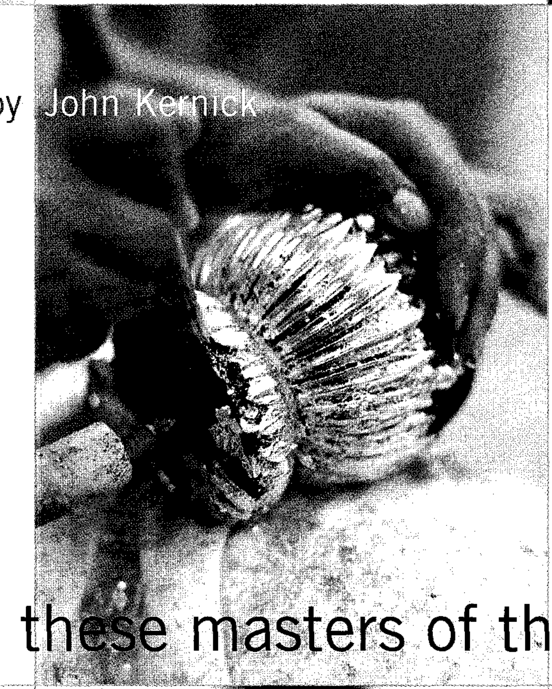


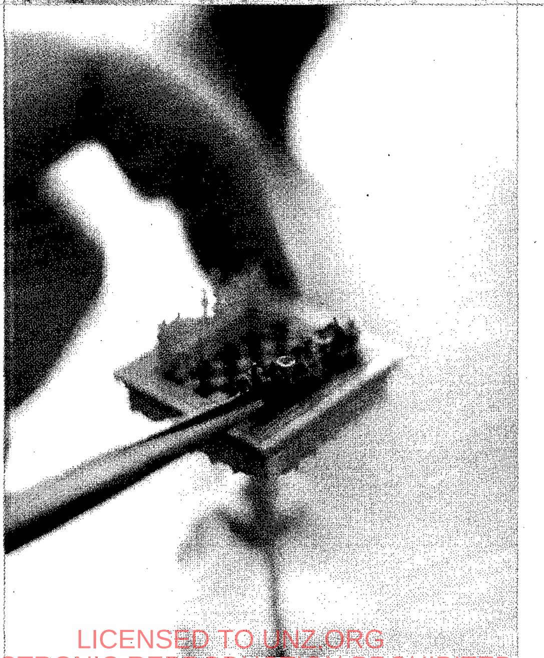


When time seems to have run out on your heirloo

Photographed by John Kernick

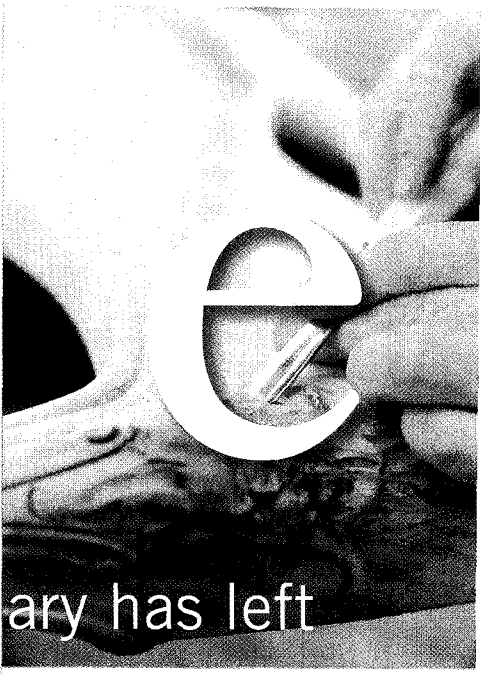


you unglued, these masters of the broken arts w

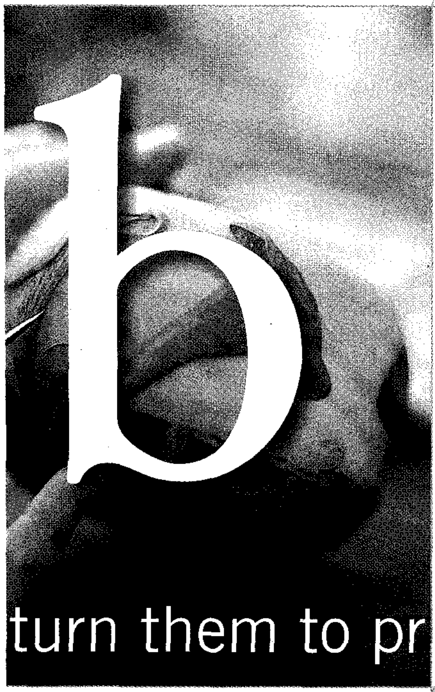


Top, from left, pearl stringing by Carmen Riascos; clockwork by John Metcalfe; furniture restoration at Joseph Biunno Ltd. Center, applying gold leaf at Joseph Biunno; ceramic repair at Ark Restoration. Bottom, restoring a miniature chess set at Ark; silverwork by William Manfredi.

the big fix



ock or the warped Georgian secretary has left



turn them to pristine condition

By Ruth J. Katz

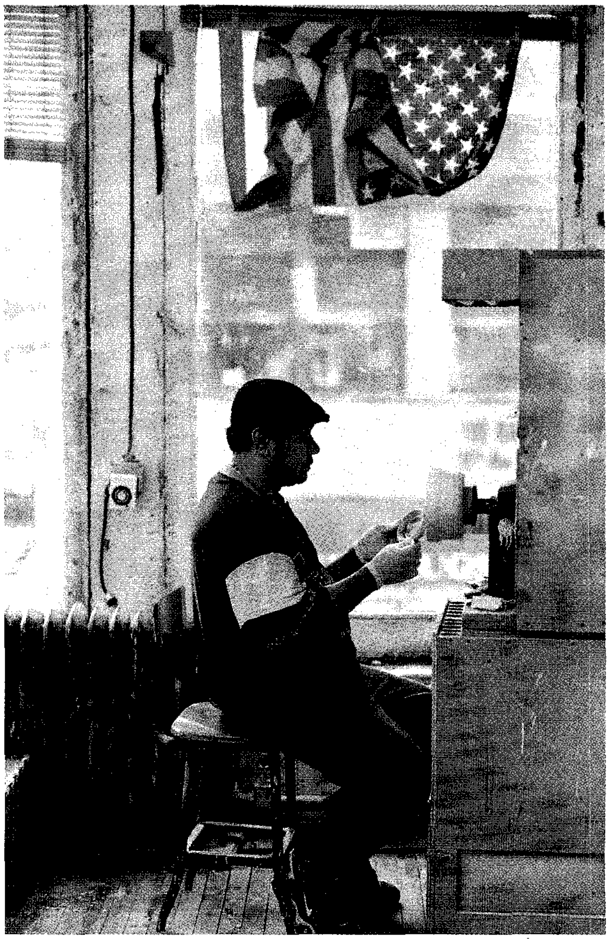
They're tucked away all over the apartment: your grandmother's cherished majolica tureen, the huge one with the cabbage leaves and mushrooms, ignominiously broken in four pieces in your last move; the Grundig Majestic tabletop radio that won't even receive static anymore; the Q-Tips box of Mikimoto pearls you've sworn for a decade you'd have restrung; the gilt-framed mirror spattered with black blotches; the cerulean cashmere turtleneck that miraculously still fits but has been feeding moths. Then there are those incredible steals you couldn't resist, knowing they were fixer-uppers: the Alvar Aalto floor lamp you don't dare plug in without rewiring and that glam recamier with upholstery so pitifully shredded even the cat can't be bothered. • Whether handed down from the family matriarch or scored at Housing Works Thrift Shop, whether a cunning investment or an impulse buy that won't be treasured by anyone but you, it still needs fixing, and finding the right person for the job can be daunting in this city of too many choices (too many of them wrong). We've taken the first step for you. Following is a select group of master artisans, technicians, and craftspeople who can perform the most astonishing magic on your wreckage: perfectly replicating the leg of a 200-year-old chair for an undetectable replacement, coaxing the grease stains out of a leather couch, rehabilitating a neglected Patek Phillipe watch, regilding a Royal Copenhagen lily, and much, much more than you ever dreamed was possible.

Furniture

The damage to the marquetry on a diminutive nineteenth-century French end table had to be excised and replaced with new, custom-crafted inset pieces; then the table was cleaned and polished ($450). A golden-retriever puppy gnawed on the cabriole leg of a French gilded chair, also nineteenth-century, resulting in such grave disfigurement that a new leg had to be carved from, well, scratch ($800). Among the two dozen artisans working in the flower district atelier of **Joseph Biunno Ltd.**, most were trained in the traditional guild system; walk among them and you will hear a cacophony of European languages emanating from the meticulously maintained workstations. The affable Biunno, son and grandson of restorers and in the business himself nearly three decades, will tackle mundane damage as well as the "oddball challenges we get from decorators," including conventional woodworking (cutting, bending, heating, drilling, polishing, and so on), welding, metalwork, and gilding. Biunno also produces an exquisite line of reproduction chairs and distinctive drapery hardware. *(129 West 29th Street, second floor; 629-5630 or 629-5636.)*

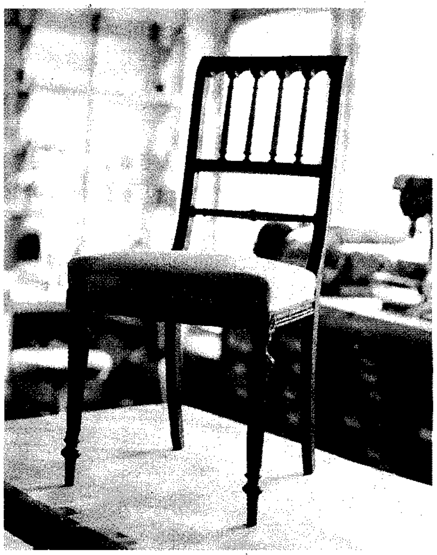
Carlton House Restoration has more than enough work to occupy a staff of eight (four cabinetmakers and four surface decorators and polishers). The specialty of the house, says the owner, Kenneth Dell, is eighteenth- and nineteenth-century pieces; it is not unusual to see one there worth half a million dollars, like the extremely rare leather-topped mahogany pedestal desk attributed to Thomas Chippendale Sr. that Dell resurrected some months back. But Dell takes on all manner of projects. Recently, gouges and lacerations in a small Art Deco table were repaired for $100; a weathered chestnut-brown leather-and-brass barber's chair from the thirties with a disconnected footrest and some minor dings and damage was restored for $250. Higher up the food chain was a $300,000 George II walnut secretary-bookcase (part of a suite made for the king of Spain). Dell had to reglue loose veneer and crossbanded molding, and ill-fitting sections and an equally ill-fitting drawer had to be wangled into alignment ($1,600). An unexpected bonus: While they were working, the restorers discovered several secret compartments in the desk that Dell guessed hadn't been opened in over a century (empty, alas). *(545 Eighth Avenue, near 37th Street, ninth floor; 239-6635.)*

Timothy Riordan is a veteran of Sotheby's restoration division who has been on his own for the past seventeen years. He prefers repairing Regency and Federal (or earlier) pieces; Victorian items, in the estimation of this extravagantly ingratiating man, "usually cost more to repair than the piece is worth." He favors repairing and polishing furniture rather than losing the original finish by stripping and refinishing. He's worked on modest pieces, like a late-eighteenth-century English country oak ladder-back chair, the seat of which was badly broken; a new piece had to be fitted, spliced in, stained, finished, and polished to match the original patina ($300). The considerable work on a set of eight "glamorous but exceedingly damaged" mahogany Regency side chairs (a real find at the William Doyle auction house) included everything from mending wobbly and broken legs to fixing dings and scratches to polishing and reupholstering the seats; average cost, $380 to $425 per chair. Generally, Riordan tries to keep his minimum fee at $150. *(50 Webster Avenue, New Rochelle; 212-360-1246 or 914-235-6424.)*



A third-generation Florence-born furniture worker, **Angelo Montaperto** learned his trade by making case goods such as desks and dressers. He will take on simple jobs like regluing and strengthening a chair frame or replacing a turned or carved leg ($300). But his skills are more seriously challenged by a George I sideboard, oak with inlaid mahogany and raised beading around the drawers, whose structure is wildly off-kilter. "The carcass has to be reframed," Montaperto says. In addition, he has to close gaps, fit drawers, attach moldings, repair broken parts, make a few new pieces, and then clean and polish the entire piece ($4,000). *(216 West 18th Street, Room 602; 691-5006.)*

What's the damage? Below left, at Joseph Biunno Ltd., Jose Briceño sanding curtain rings; below, a restored nineteenth-century reproduction chair.



"The carcass has to be reframed," Angelo Montaperto says of a George I sideboard that will cost $4,000 to fix.

Surface Decoration and Gilding

Five generations of Irish artisans in the furniture trades produced the charming and gregarious **Dee Keegan**, in America only since 1986. She, too, is a veteran of Sotheby's, where she dreamed of opening a school based on the old-world guild system. Her institute, the Renaissance Trade School, has now been in operation for several years in Hudson, where her workshop is also located—and where she has lots of space. Her specialty is painted surfaces and gilding, and she has worked on everything from castles and vintage cars to Victorian sewing boxes and telescopes.

Keegan recently refitted a broken finial onto a vintage Edwardian chiffonier sideboard (adding an internal armature for stability, filling in the cracks, polishing, and antiquing it) for a mere $75. A small imitation Victorian bamboo stand had a broken section that had to be replaced, matched, and touched up ($150). A bedside Art Deco locker, with a veneer that had previously been stripped, painted, and poorly varnished, had to be restripped, reveneered, and refinished. In addition, the piece needed a handle for a drawer, and splinters in its surface had to be filled in ($400). A major overhaul of a Regency long-case (grandfather-style) clock cost $1,500. Keegan also produces a series of informational videos on antique furniture styles and periods. *(At Walker's Mill Antiques, 549 Warren Street, Hudson, New York; 518-822-0770.)*

The **Fitzkaplan Studio** (Diane Fitzgerald and Eve Kaplan) specializes in painted decorative finishes, lacquer, and gilding, and employs about half a dozen artists, who charge $50 per hour.

The experienced partners work mostly on furniture, mirrors, and objects (like candlesticks), but they will tackle anything; a veritable mountain of furniture and accessories is piled just inside the studio's entrance. One unusual item plucked from this repository was a wooden Persian wedding mirror—a sort of mirror in a box, behind altarlike doors—the surfaces of which were all radiantly festooned with bright florals. Missing pieces had to be constructed and painted, and gaps sealed ($1,000). A pair of eighteenth-century Venetian throne chairs, also wood, partially gilded, were in woeful condition, their colors mismatched, shedding their gilding in clumps. Restoration for the pair ran about $1,300. A sumptuous cinnabar-lacquer altar table with an over-the-top gilded garnish was cracked down the center; after the structure was repaired, the background was painted and the gold embellishment was hand-applied to match the rest of the field ($1,200). *(131 Varick Street, tenth floor; 989-8779.)*

A specialist in gilding, the accommodating, Lebanese-born **Hicham Ghandour** attended F.I.T.'s restoration program and trained in a Florentine furniture workshop; he's been in business seven years. Although he works mostly for decorators, he rarely turns down work for other patrons. One set of eight mahogany dining chairs (another terrific Doyle purchase) will ultimately be reupholstered, but first, Ghandour is resurfacing them (filling in the grain and open pores with epoxy) and cleaning and polishing the wood ($2,500). Working with a client to find the right gilding technique for the object and for the pocketbook, he does both oil and water gilding, the latter being the more costly and time-consuming. *(150 West 28th Street, Suite 1605; 727-0733.)*

Ceramics and *Objets*

"That's 'girlie' majolica," snorts restorer **Amy Kalina**, referring to a fanciful and ornate MacKenzie-Childs table base broken in eight pieces ($1,200 to repair). "I do everything from things like this to ivory boxes, ancient Persian bowls, Staffordshire ceramics, art pottery, alabaster paperweights, parian ware, and anything else that could be classified as an *objet*, from Ming-dynasty to Pottery Barn," says Kalina, who has degrees in painting and in restoration and has worked as a painter, a graphic artist, an illustrator, and a textile designer.

Her recent triumphs include eight Russian painted, glittered, and lacquered snowmen ($800); a 48-inch-long wooden sailing boat that had a fissured hull ($500); a horn drinking mug with a silver rim and foot with a cleft down the side ($90); and such humble things as a cherished coffee mug with its handle in three sections (reconstructed with internal armatures for $50). In business seven years, Kalina charges reasonable rates, and she's flexible "in case a client doesn't want the whole spa day," she says. The chink on that unpedigreed teacup could cost about $35, while a hairline fracture in a piece of chintzware is about $125. Kalina is currently toiling on magician David Copperfield's collection of penny-arcade mixed-media memorabilia. *(373 Broadway, near White Street, Suite C12; 343-8852.)*

"My patron saints are cats and cleaning ladies," Jareth Holub cracks. His **Ceramic Restorations** is a tiny, neat nook of a studio; every available surface is occupied. Holub was a painter and sculptor before becoming a restorer eighteen years ago. Half his clients are private customers; the rest are galleries, auction houses, dealers, and arts institutions. He doesn't work on metal or most glass, but will accept all types of ceramicware, including pottery, porcelain, majolica, terra-cotta, bisque, earthenware, and bone china. Like Kalina, he offers various levels of repair work. Hence, some jobs can take as little as three or four days, others six months, particularly when he must create missing components. Simple regluing starts at $20; creating a new piece for a gorgeous $8,000 Rookwood vase was $225; fabrication of missing fingers (a common problem) on a figurine starts at $40 per finger. *(224 West 29th Street, twelfth floor; 564-8669.)*

Matthew Hanlon's airy, bright loft near the Empire State Building overflows with broken stuff. Half his work is for Sotheby's, and the rest is for the design community and private customers. Awaiting his attention (and that of his three staff) are terra-cotta pots, bronze sculptures, and decorative objects made from a panoply of materials, including tortoiseshell, ivory, mother-of-pearl, and marble. The most common repairs here run from a low of $250 to a high of $2,500; he charges $90 an hour.

Building a seamless new wing tip on a Royal Copenhagen bird, requiring casting, carving, and painting, ran about $250. Carving a three-inch-long hand for an Art Deco Chiparus sculpture (drawing from his cache of 150-year-old ivory) ran $2,500. A third-century-B.C. Roman frieze (about four feet by three feet), made of Carrara marble, was broken in eight chunks and stripped of some surface decoration; Hanlon reassembled it and contrived its missing parts from composition marble ($8,000). *(24 West 30th Street, eighth floor; 685-4531.)*

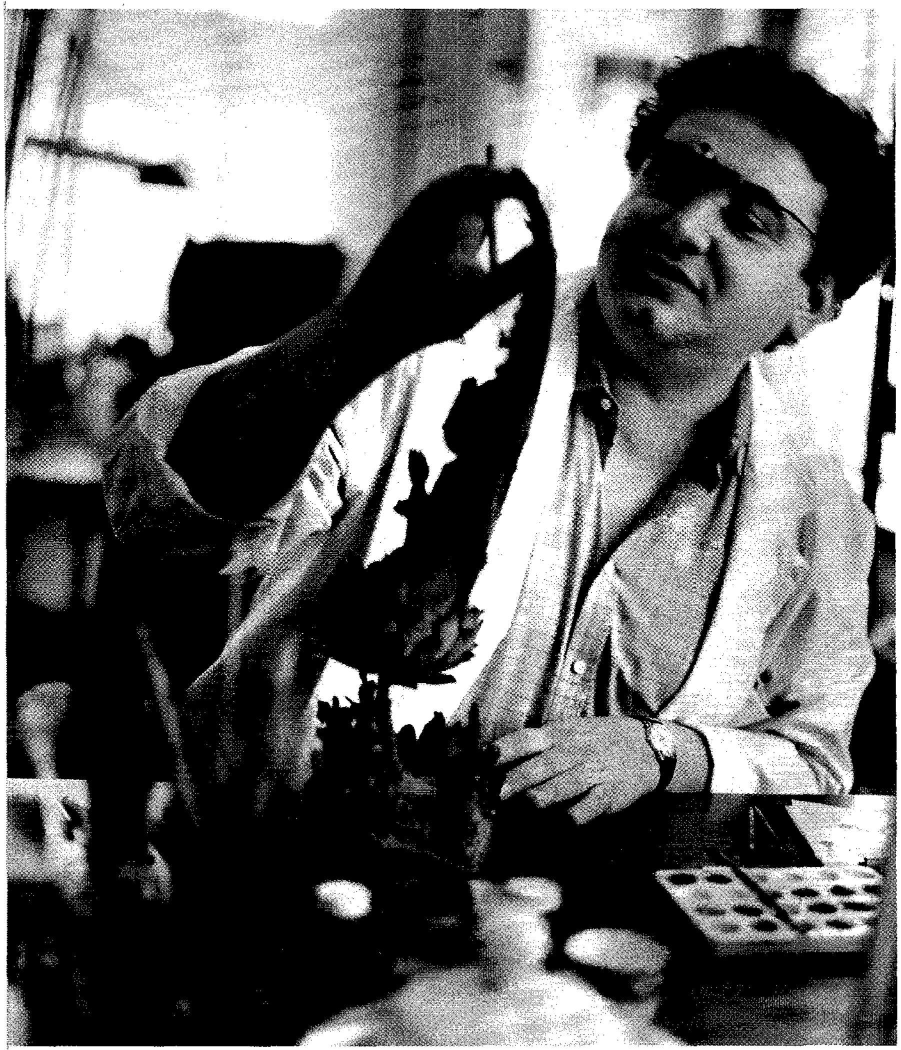
There is nothing I wouldn't entrust to Rena and Anatoly Krishtul, who founded **Ark Restoration and Design** several years after emigrating here from the Ukraine city of L'vov in 1982. Arriving with virtually nothing, Rena pined for all her "beautiful things" from home but couldn't afford to purchase valuable pieces, so she bought "pretty but broken and cheap stuff" at flea markets and set about fixing it. With Rena's background in the design and manufacture of glass and porcelain and Anatoly's degree in engineering, they educated themselves well; their work is meticulous, and they're always in demand by galleries, dealers, and *very* wealthy private clients.

Their workshop is pristine, fastidiously organized, and well equipped. Among the more intriguing projects underway were a 1,000-year-old wooden Buddha (termites turned his roly-poly tummy into a cavern); a pair of gushingly ornate eighteen-inch gilded vases with eagles on all sides from the Russian imperial factory, probably made for Alexandra II, missing much of their gilding and a spout; and a stunning Mogul treasure box in the shape of a crane, carved from a single piece of jade, that had a dismembered chain and injuries from a previous, poorly executed repair. Although they also work on unpretentious items and do minor repairs, the Buddha repair ran $8,500; the Russian vases, $1,700; the Moghul treasure box, $1,800; the Ming vase, $2,400. *(350 Seventh Avenue, near 29th Street, tenth floor; 244-1028.)*

Silver

William Manfredi trained in an Italian silver factory, where, he admits, "they melted everything I made for the first three months." Although he had been a sculptor for ten years and had studied for an M.F.A., Manfredi learned a deeper respect for metal and was humbled by the experience. That was 27 years ago; he's been repairing metalwork ever since, focusing on silver, gold, bronze, brass, and copper. "I'll work on anything—from rings to cannons," he says, figuring that he has repaired 50,000 objects; call Sotheby's Restoration and ask for a silverworker, and you'll get Manfredi's name.

I go to pieces: Below, Anatoly Krishtul, of Ark Restoration, with a Ming dynasty copper-alloy Buddha; right, a 2,000-year-old Chinese terra-cotta soldier awaiting repair.

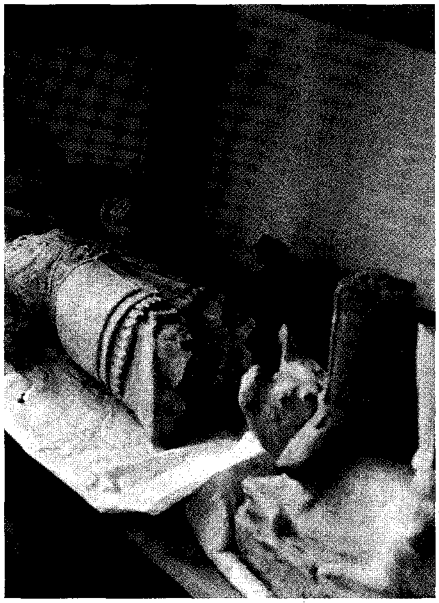


For a late-nineteenth-century American silver kettle stand that is missing a limb, he is re-creating and appending the section ($150). An eighteenth-century French wick cutter also needs a new piece fabricated, as well as a cleaning and polishing ($150). A cruet stand requires a tricky soldering job (between $200 and $300). *(46 Great Jones Street; 260-5591.)*

Bob Routh presides over the precious objects at **Thome Silversmiths**, a respected name in silver repair since 1931. Routh has been doing this for more than 40 years, and his workshop will undertake anything from classic soldering tasks to major restoration on flatware, hollowware, trays, and sculpture; in between are polishing and plating assignments (not only on precious metals like gold and silver but also on more base materials like brass and copper) and removing dents and blemishes (which can start at $45 to $50). Repairing a handle or hinge can start at $50 to $60. *(49 West 37th Street, Suite 605; 764-5426.)*

Glass and Mirrors

For nearly 30 years, Augustine "Gus" Jochec of **Glass Restorations** has been tackling minor chips in glasses ($20 and up); stress fractures ($25 and up); and the orphaned stems and bowls of wineglasses and the like ($30 and up). With a combination of liquid penetrants, vibrations, and tempering, he can even coax stoppers from carafes ($30 and up). He will undertake time-consuming jobs—like making new parts for delicate Steuben or Baccarat animals (many a fish, bird, or bunny finds its way into his shop, minus a fin, wing, or ear) reconstruction of which starts at $80. A large Venetian-glass Tiffany lamp, broken in seven pieces, needed restructuring; then he had to shorten and reassemble it ($400). A modern Polish art-glass vase with a fault line from the neck to the shoulder was cut down below the shoulder, creating a novel and pleasing shape and height, for $45. *(1597 York Avenue, at 84th Street; 517-3287.)*



> "Termites turned a 1,000 year-old wooden Buddha's roly-poly tummy into a cavern."

Anton Laub Glass repairs and installs everything from storefronts and shower stalls to graceful Victorian jewel boxes and glass-mosaic-covered *objets.* The company can also strip and resilver both old and modern antiqued mirrors, at a cost of about $27 a square foot. Unlike cracks in ceramic artifacts, however, those in mirrors cannot be repaired or filled in. On the other hand, very small chips along an edge can be resurfaced.

Laub's shop is one of a handful of places that can replace the very thin mirror (one thirty-second of an inch thick) inside a compact (a four-inch-diameter sterling-silver antique English compact mirror was $25 to replace). The company can copy designs on vintage—etched or sandblasted—mirrors, and can even gold- and silver-leaf the backs of mirrors. Laub also repairs leaded or stained glass (both in the shop and on site), with a $75 minimum on site, and is dexterous in repairing and restoring Venetian mirrors, which are heavily hand-beveled, V-grooved, and etched (from $100 up to thousands). Recently, Laub resurfaced a Deco table, mirrored on both the legs and the top ($160). Replacement pieces for a beveled mirror on a fifties commode ran $160. *(1873 Second Avenue, at 96th Street; 734-4270.)*

Clocks

"The kinds of clocks I work on, people have to be crazy to keep," observes clock repairer **Sid Shapiro**. "They're not museum pieces and they're probably not even great timekeepers, but they have sentimental or decorative value, and people love them." An aerospace engineer by training, the self-taught Shapiro has been repairing clocks for nearly 25 years and specializes in antiques dating "from the invention of the pendulum in 1656 to early-twentieth-century clocks." There is only one modern clock—the classic, Swiss-made perpetual-motion Le Coultre Atmos—that he is willing to repair. Why this exception? "It doesn't get wound, it doesn't have batteries; it just gets its energy from the air, from the temperature—a miracle of engineering."

A "dead" antique German wall clock, worth less than $1,000, "wasn't worth repairing," he felt, but the owner insisted, and for $500 it was brought back to life. A Dutch musical long-case clock, which plays twelve tunes and is worth probably $25,000, cost about $2,500 to repair. Simple jobs start at about $150; house calls are $100. *(914-359-4229 or 212-925-1994.)*

British-born John Metcalfe calls himself—and his shop—the **Antiquarian Horologist**. He learned clock and watch repair at technical college in London. "After your initial schooling," he explains, "you have to branch out into one or the other, and I always knew I was a clock." He started collecting timepieces at age 10 and admits that they "were my obses-

Illustration by Bob Hambly.

Pre Fix

1. Don't try to repair something yourself. "We charge more to *unglue,*" cautions Amy Kalina, who repairs ceramics, and that's true for most of her colleagues as well. You'll cause more damage and create more work for the repairer if you try to do it yourself.

2. Call first; only the biggest ateliers with many employees keep regular hours.

3. Whenever possible, get two assessments of damage and cost of repair, especially on complex work. And remember: High-end repairing is labor-intensive and usually expensive.

4. Always ask for written *estimates of the cost and how long* the work will take to complete. Set a ceiling for extensive jobs that may be priced by the hour. For those requiring hard-to-find or custom-made elements, set a time limit.

5. Even if a shop advertises a minimum fee, inquire anyhow, especially in the case of solo artisans. Some will take on smaller jobs for downtime; particularly interesting *objets* often captivate an expert, who may take one on for a nominal fee, hoping for future business from a satisfied customer.

6. Always ask if the business is cash-only; many are, and most will require a deposit. The charge for an on-site visit for an estimate is usually *deducted from the repair fee.*

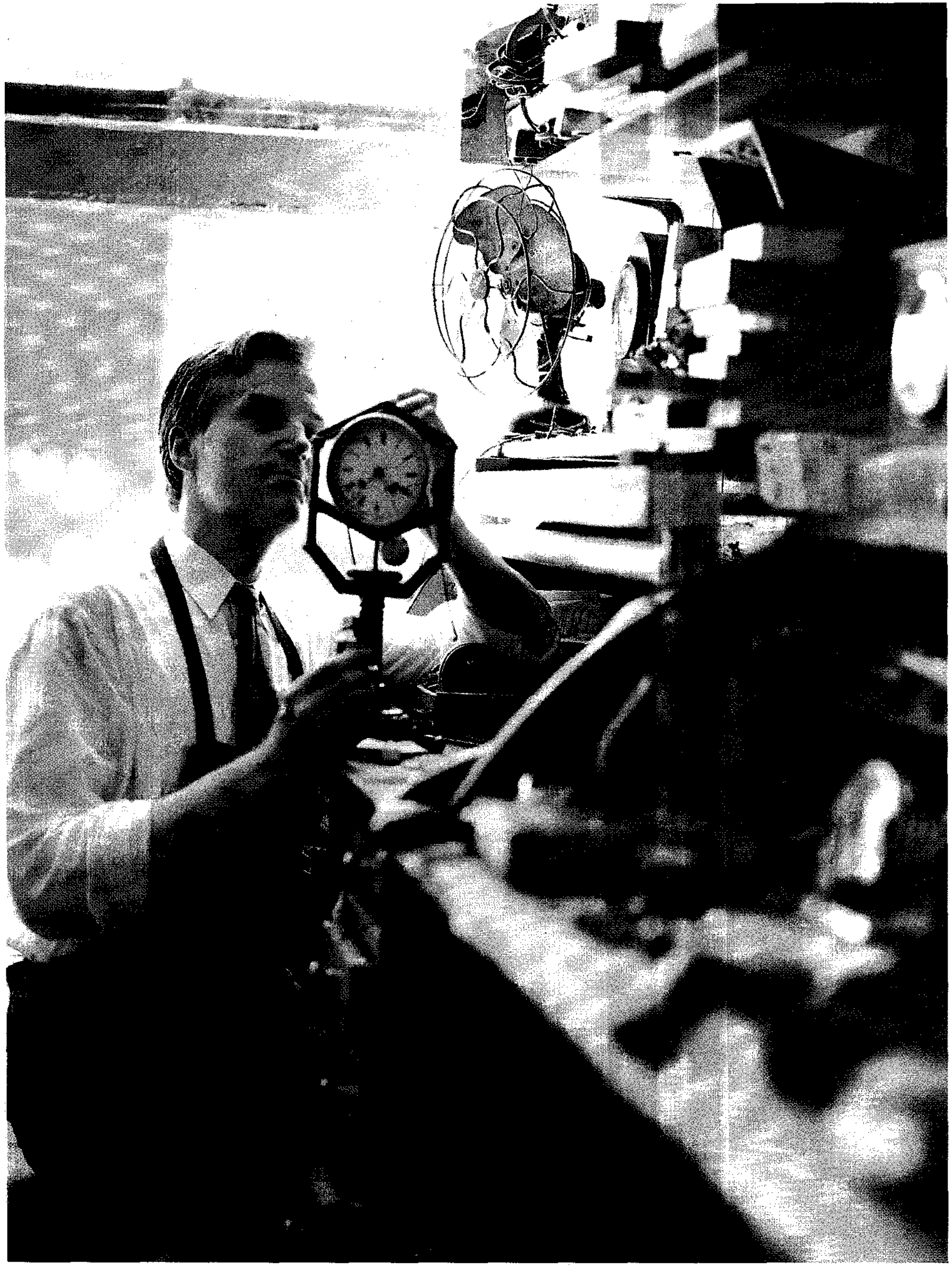
7. With larger pieces, be sure to ask about additional charges for pickup and delivery.

8. Inquire about warranties (particularly important with clocks).

9. Don't overlook businesses outside the city; sometimes they offer better prices—and they usually have more space for large jobs.

10. Always ask about insurance while your piece is away from home. Some practitioners carry a standard conservator's policy and your pieces may be covered; others carry nothing.

R.J.K.



No cuckoos, please: John Metcalfe, the Antiquarian Horologist, testing a mid-nineteenth-century French clock.

> "After your initial schooling, says horologist John Metcalfe, you have to choose: watches or clocks. 'I knew I was a clock.' "

sion." He's been toiling on their mechanisms for nearly 30 years. He will work on any mechanical (not battery-operated) clock, although he doesn't much like the cuckoo variety: "They're not repairer-friendly, and they're so mind-bendingly annoying that they try the legendary patience of a clock repairer." He usually charges $95 for a house call in Manhattan, and all repairs are charged at a flat rate. For a striking clock, his starting fee ranges from $225 to $250. Complicated clocks will be more; long-case clocks are generally $600 and up. *(1 Beekman Street, Room 507; 587-3715.)*

(See also "Jewelry," below, for Murrey's.)

Caning

"We can do everything in rush or cane for anyone, from the Metropolitan Museum to Mrs. Smith in Forest Hills," **Yorkville Caning** owner David Feuer promises. This truly resplendent work can be very pricey when executed with natural rush (river grasses commonly called cattails) or with the natural cane of the rattan plant; both are worked by hand by Yorkville's masters, some of whom have been with the company 30 or 40 years. A fifteen-inch-square chair seat in natural rush or cane starts at $150; a more extensive job—a 1912 chaise, totally hand-caned, for example—cost $1,200. Work on single chairs is common here; 10 percent of the company's business is work on chairs people have picked up at yard sales.

But there are also less expensive alternatives. For rush, the less-costly paper derivative fiber rush is an option (and it takes one fifth the time it takes to work with natural cattails); for cane, there is prewoven, machine-made cane, which comes in huge sheets on a roll that is simply cut to shape and routed into a furrow around the seat (Yorkville stocks a huge selection of this material). The same fifteen-inch-square chair seat in the paper rush would run $65 and up; in the machine cane, just $40. The minimum job is $95. The shop will also do regluing, plugs, dowels, and other work. *(31-04 60th Street, Woodside, Queens; 212-432-6464, 718-274-6464, or 201-569-2821.)*

Textiles

Although you'll have to cross the Manhattan moat to get there, Patsy Orlofsky, the director of the **Textile Conservation Workshop**, encourages clients to visit the two-story aerie in South Salem that is home to the 21-year-old studio. The new, state-of-the-art suction table—a huge porous structure that literally draws the stains out of everything from a small sampler to a large wall hanging—is worth the trip.

Twelve accomplished artist-scholars pamper and coddle fragile materials of all manner: archaeological and ethnographic textiles and tapestries; laces and screens; needlework samplers; domestic textiles like quilts and coverlets; clothing, vintage ball gowns, christening dresses, and costumes; flags, banners, and political memorabilia; ecclesiastical textiles and Judaica. They will view anything on-site at no cost and give a verbal estimate and advice. Likewise, Orlofsky says, the staff is extremely generous on the telephone with clients and will give instructions to the fearless who want to try, for example, to launder a vintage tablecloth themselves.

The staff makes house calls, ganging up a few for a day's trip into the city, to amortize the $60-per-hour location fee. (The regular fee for work is $50 per hour.) All items receive a proposed-treatment report ($75) and before and after photographs for documentation.

They receive between 300 and 400 items a year to work on, many by mail. An elementary job, like washing and preparing a christening gown for storage (with acid-free materials) might run $150; washing a quilt, perhaps $300; cleaning and reframing a sampler, $200 to $400. On the other hand, there are tapestries requiring exhaustive repairs that can remain on the premises for a year or more ($25,000 to $45,000). *(3 Main Street, South Salem, New York; 914-763-5805.)*

"We will work on anything that has quality of provenance or design," says **Gina Bianco**, a textile and costume conservator. "And if it is important within a family's history, and they cherish it, we might take on something like a beautiful christening gown." Bianco has been working with textiles for seventeen years, and her workroom will expertly and lovingly tackle textile conservation and cleaning, upholstery-fabric conservation, textile mounting, and specialty design and construction of art textiles, whether a pre-Columbian Nazca poncho, a set of Duncan Phyfe bed dressing, or a contemporary Duane Hanson. She will fashion special textiles into custom-made pillows, "built like a suit," she proudly declares. And indeed, they are perfectly fitted and constructed. *(924-1685.)*

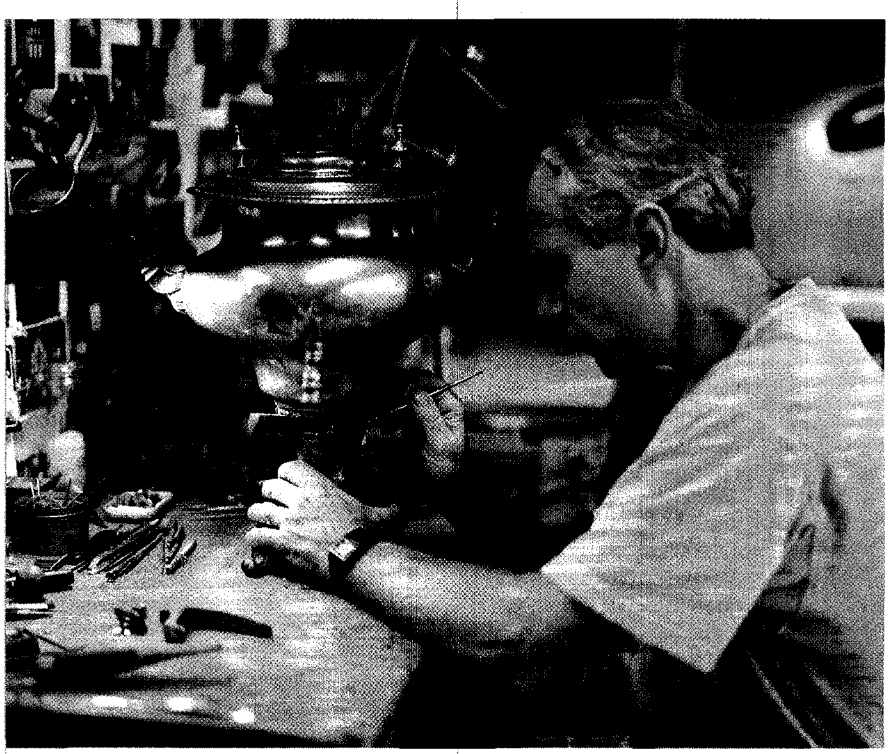
A hole in one of your favorite cashmeres got your goat? **French American Reweaving** can repair any moth hole, cigarette burn, tear, rip, or wayward seam. Owner Ron Moore can also wave his magic wand to mend, patch, or remodel torn pockets, worn crotches, slashes, and the like. The minimum job is $45. *(119 West 57th Street, Suite 1406; 765-4670.)*

Carpet Cleaning and Repairing

Perhaps only half a dozen cleaners maintain their own rug-cleaning plants anymore. This type of operation requires an enormous amount of space; rugs pass through elaborate sets of rollers or brushes, caressed by warm water and detergent, and then are hoisted into an enormous drying room, where the moisture is removed and where they sort of saunter unhurriedly along a conveyor belt. When dry, they are checked, wrapped, and rolled up for delivery. You would be wise to send your rugs to one of the companies that owns and operates its own plant (as the two mentioned below do). Both, by the way, do wall-to-wall broadloom and can also do area rugs in your home.

In business in the Bronx nearly 80 years, **Majestic Rug Cleaning** can usually guarantee a turnaround of about a week. The fee scale has three tiers: The least costly is for remnants and other types of bound carpets; the second category is for things like braided and Rya rugs and machine-made Orientals; and the third is for handmade carpets such as fine Orientals, kilims, and needlepoint and Navajo carpets. A six-by-nine-foot handmade rug would cost $75 for cleaning; a nine-by-twelve, $130 (including pickup and delivery). Majestic rebinds carpet edges by machine, charging $1.25 per linear foot; hand-binding and -overcasting are generally $10 per foot. Refringing with cotton is $12 per yard. Repairing areas that are spoiled and "decayed" (heavy plants can cause tremendous water, mildew, and rot deterioration on carpets) starts at $25. Majestic can usually find a carpet piece in the right colors, weight, and texture to patch into a worn area, which must be excised first. *(644 Whittier Street, Bronx; 718-542-7474 or 212-922-0909.)*

Long Island Carpet Cleaners is a family-owned fourth-generation operation that cleans and repairs everything from the finest Orientals to hooked rugs to synthetic broadloom. Average prices (pickup and delivery included) for cleaning a rug sans backing (like an Oriental, Persian, or kilim) are $254.25 for a twelve-by-fifteen, $151 for a nine-by-twelve, $113.50 for a six-by-nine, and $65.25 for a four-by-six. Those with a backing, like a linen-lined Chinese carpet, will cost more (as the rug cannot go through the heavy machinery and must be done by hand): A nine-by-twelve is $177.50. Silk rugs run $5 per square foot. The company can remove badly stained areas and insert replacement sections (all types of discards are kept on hand for precisely this purpose),



Heady metal: Below, William Manfredi cleaning a nineteenth-century Russian samovar; left, restored Tiffany silver from the 1870s.

stitch tears or open seams, realign the fibers of pulled loops, bind edges, replace old fringe, and so on. The minimum repair fees for rugs not being cleaned are $30 (under six-by-nine) and $50 (larger than six-by-nine). *(301 Norman Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-383-7000.)*

Upholstered-Furniture Cleaning

Although the carpet-cleaning businesses above also do on-site furniture-cleaning, carpets are their specialty. Conversely, the businesses listed below also clean carpets, although upholstery is their main line of work. Just about all upholstered goods can be cleaned on site in your home.

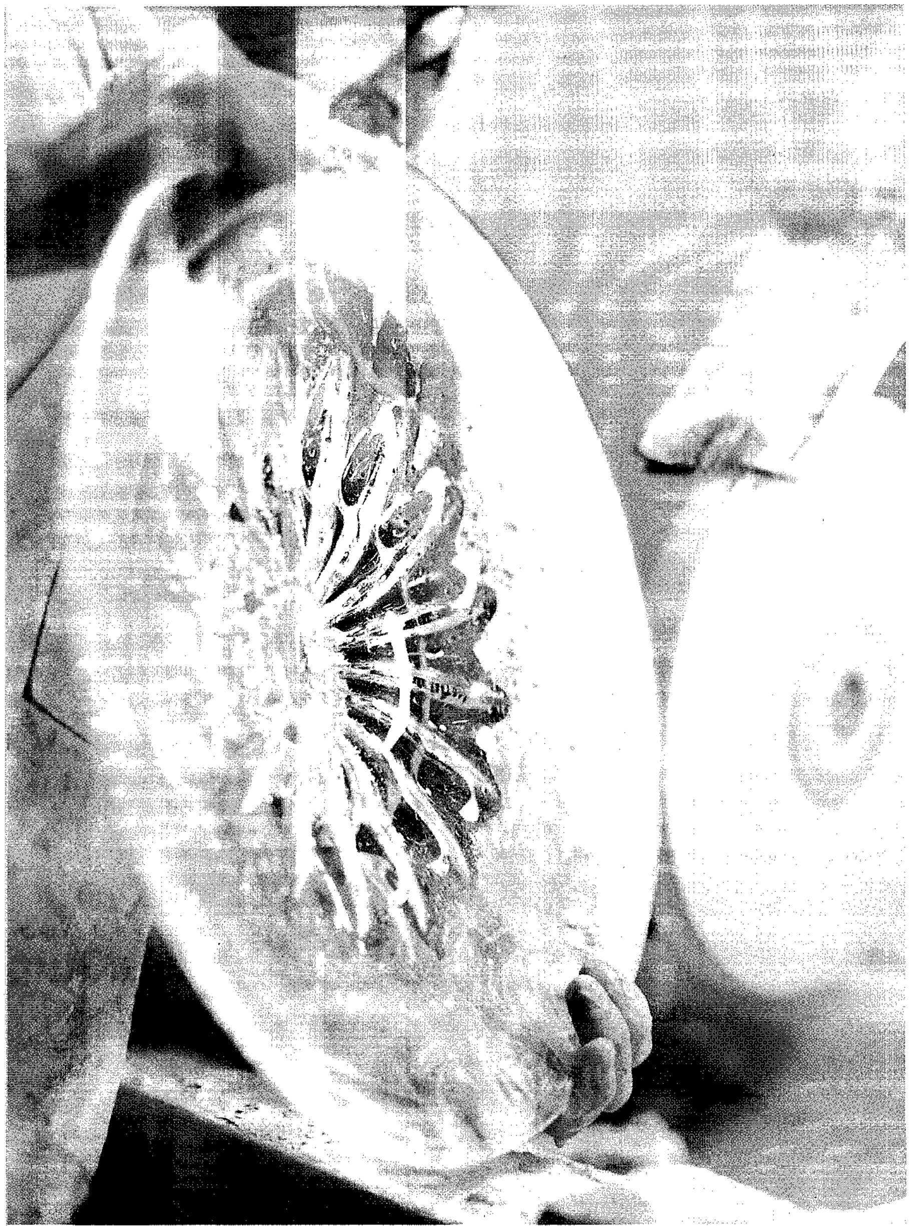
Yet another family-operated shop, **Fabra-Cleen** is owned by Brian Kornet, who describes his business as "textile maintenance cleaning." It undertakes all things textile, from sofas, chairs, and benches, to draperies, window shades, and blinds, even the metal or vinyl variety. Fabra-Cleen has even gone on-site to clean a mammoth, soot-covered 150-year-old silk tapestry in a church. Cleaning upholstered furniture starts at $16.50 per foot (measure across the back of the sofa); a club-style chair is about $50 to $60; a dining-room chair ranges from about $20 to $30, depending on whether it has an upholstered back. Loose pillows are about $6 each. *(111 Albany Avenue, Freeport; 212-777-4040, 718-776-3564, or 516-377-0993.)*

Leather Furniture and Objects

Italian-born Dino Carlino bought the **Robert Falotico** business a few years ago and continues the leather restoration for which the company is known among decorators and antiques dealers. Whether the leather is on a desktop, a wastebasket, a screen, a card table, or a small object, Carlino can repair and revitalize it. Although he prices his time at about $75 per hour, he will do small jobs that may require slightly less time.

Two brown woven-leather country-style dining chairs required new leather straps and reconditioning of the existing, unmarred ones ($175 each). To replace the leather on a desktop, one of his most common repairs, Carlino excavates (from the edges) all the old, shabby leather, repairs and cleans the surface as needed, then reapplies new leather, which runs about $75 per square foot, including the gold tooling around the border. Additional gold-tooling ornamentation runs $10 per foot. If the top is clean and the customer supplies the leather, then it is $55 per square foot for his labor. He also reconditions leather sofas and club chairs, work that can run several hundred dollars depending on the condition of the item. Repairs of small items, like a cache box, cost about $25 to $30. *(315 East 91st Street; 369-1217.)*

For large leather furniture, **Precision Leather Crafters** is an ideal resource. It can work in diverse skins and will recondition and refinish sofas, chairs, and oversize or odd items, including trunks and barber chairs. Reupholstery of a full-size leather sofa starts at $2,400; reconditioning of a three-seater starts at $600, of a club chair, at $250. A client recently had a chocolate-brown trunk from John Philip Sousa's band that required refurbishing, refinishing, relining with canvas, and re-



Let the chips fall: Above, polishing chips out of a Steuben bowl at Glass Restorations; right, Czech perfume bottles; opposite, grinding chips off a Lalique perfume bottle.

placement of all the leather handles and grips ($850), but lesser jobs (like repairing and reconditioning the leather on a humidor-style cigar case) might be $45. *(73-34 Bell Boulevard, Bayside; 718-465-3661 or 800-547-6808.)*

“At Leather Crafters, a chocolate-brown trunk from John Philip Sousa’s band needed a total refurbishing. Cost: $850.”

Lamps and Appliances

At **AABCO A/C, TV, and Vacuum Repairs**, there isn’t much that the deft repairpeople don’t fix, but you’ll want to remember them for their ability to rewire lamps, recondition and restore old sewing machines, and even resuscitate vacuum cleaners. They can handle floor and table lamps with bases constructed from wood, brass, steel, glass, iron, and ceramic. Simple rewiring starts at $29.95; halogen repairs start at $39.99. *(1594 York Avenue, at 84th Street; 585-2431 or 585-2463.)*

Although the repair department at **Gracious Home** fixes everything from small electrics like irons and coffee-makers to vacuum cleaners and humidifiers, one thing it gets plenty of calls for is lamp rewiring. Replacing a socket on a basic three-way lamp starts at $10; rewiring the whole thing (socket, switch, and plug) starts at $25. Replacements on an old-fashioned standing floor lamp with three separate bulbs start at $50. Gracious Home will convert a European lamp into a domestic-current lamp, starting at $5. It also takes halogen lamps, with repairs starting at $30 and dimmer replacement starting at $50. *(1220 Third Avenue, at 70th Street, 517-6300; 1992 Broadway, at 67th Street, 231-7800.)*

Jewelry

Vintage and valuable—or just cherished and not-so-valuable—watches, precious and costume jewelry, precious-metal objects, and clocks of all sorts can generally be repaired at **Murrey’s Jewelers**. Owner Earl Kahn boasts, “We try to make it like the day it was born,” and with nine jewelers and watchmakers on staff, Murrey’s truly can tackle all types of projects. Jewelry repairs range from the routine (like a simple soldering job starting at $8.50) to the dramatic, like redesigning and transforming a dated piece into a fresh bauble. One woman recently presented Kahn with an unstrung strand of 7-mm. pearls, along with an eighties tennis bracelet; Kahn designed a knockout three-strand pearl bracelet with diamond stations and a diamond clasp for $1,500. A male customer, in possession of an antique Roman coin, wanted a ring, but he insisted that both sides of the coin be visible. No problem: the ring shank sports a gizmo that allows the coin to swivel ($1,000). Murrey’s will resize diamond eternity rings ($150 and up) and can adapt rings for arthritic fingers with swollen joints, using an expandable shank mechanism that opens at the knuckle and closes at the base of the finger ($275 and up). *(1395 Third Avenue, at 79th Street; 879-3690.)*

Carmen Riascos proudly tells her fairy-tale story: coming to the United States in 1976 from her native Panama not speaking a word of English, and landing a job as a messenger for a jewelry store. Drawn to the beaded gewgaws and trinkets in the shop, she studied the jewelry, bought beads, and taught herself the art of stringing. By 1980, she was copying famous makers’ wares and working for a tony Madison Avenue shop. Shortly thereafter, she went out on her own, and today she does the complex and intricate bead- and pearl-stringing for firms like Verdura and Fred Leighton. She charges $25 a length (“length” usually means a choker length, about sixteen inches). Pearl-weaving for chokers starts at about $35, depending on the complications. *(42 West 48th Street, Suite 501; 398-3566.)*

Oddities

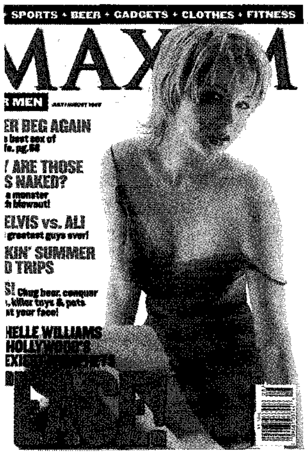
The plastic on the old Philco radio still gleams, and the case is a masterpiece of design, but the guts inside gave up the ghost a long time ago. Fear not. At **Waves**, owners Charlotte and Bruce Mager can get you back in tune. Originally collectors of old radios, they wound up with too much stuff and started to sell off their wares. Along the way, Bruce had to learn how to expertly repair these tube models and wind-up phonographs; he maintains an immense stock of old capacitors and resistors and observes, “We can fix anything from Atwater Kent to Zenith.” They charge $15 to look at an item and prepare an estimate; most repairs start at about $65. The most common brands they see are Philco, Fada, Emerson, Grundig, Telefunken, and RCA. *(Chelsea Antiques Building, 110 West 25th Street, Suite 1005; 989-9284.)*

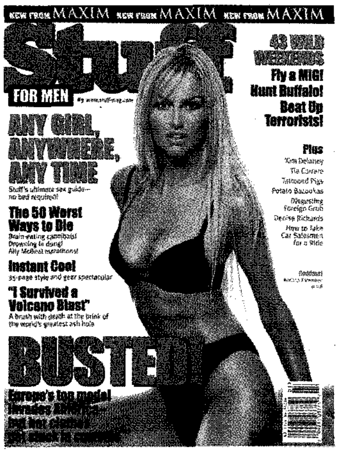
Whenever you see oddball but stunning pieces of silver, vintage umbrellas, beat-up carving sets, ladies’ embroidery scissors, or anything else with an exquisite handle but a beyond-repair body, think of **Mort Klein**. The former special-effects magician for TV commercials uses his alchemy nowadays to metamorphose unusual and unusable handles into original magnifying glasses, makeup brushes, lorgnettes, letter openers, and anything else that requires a grip. Klein’s stock-in-trade is repairing walking sticks, but he also relishes making these novelty items, marrying the old with the new, with sterling silver or gold. Prices range from $35 to $150. *(860-5631 or 800-FIX-STIX.)*

Whether it’s a graceful vintage lace parasol, a clunky golf bumbershoot, or a magician’s trick umbrella, just about anything it’s missing—spokes, tips, handle—can be found in the workroom of **Uncle Sam Umbrella Shop**. Long recognized as *the* purveyors of brollies of every size, shape, color, style, and fabrication, the company also repairs, rewires, and reworks them. New tips are $2; retooling broken ribs is $10 to $35; and recovering an entire frame starts at $50 for regular umbrellas and $150 for beach umbrellas. Uncle Sam can also mount a silver band on a handle so you can have your initials engraved on it. *(161 West 57th Street; 582-1976.)* ■

The Sultan of Schwing

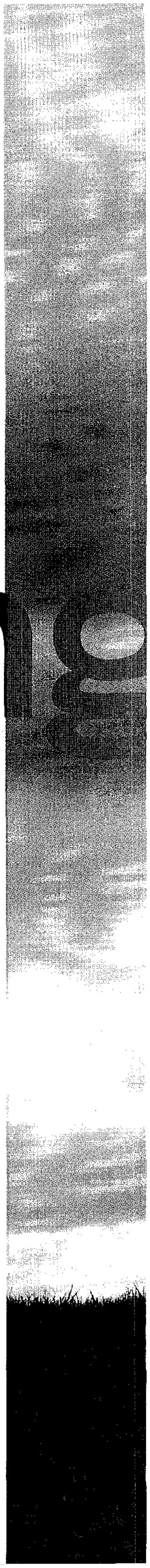
With his magazine *Maxim*—and now *Stuff*—**Felix Dennis** aims to put man in touch with his inner frat boy. Nobody needs a lesson in how to fold a pocket square anymore: This is the new high-five journalism, and beer and (semi-clothed) babes have never looked so good.

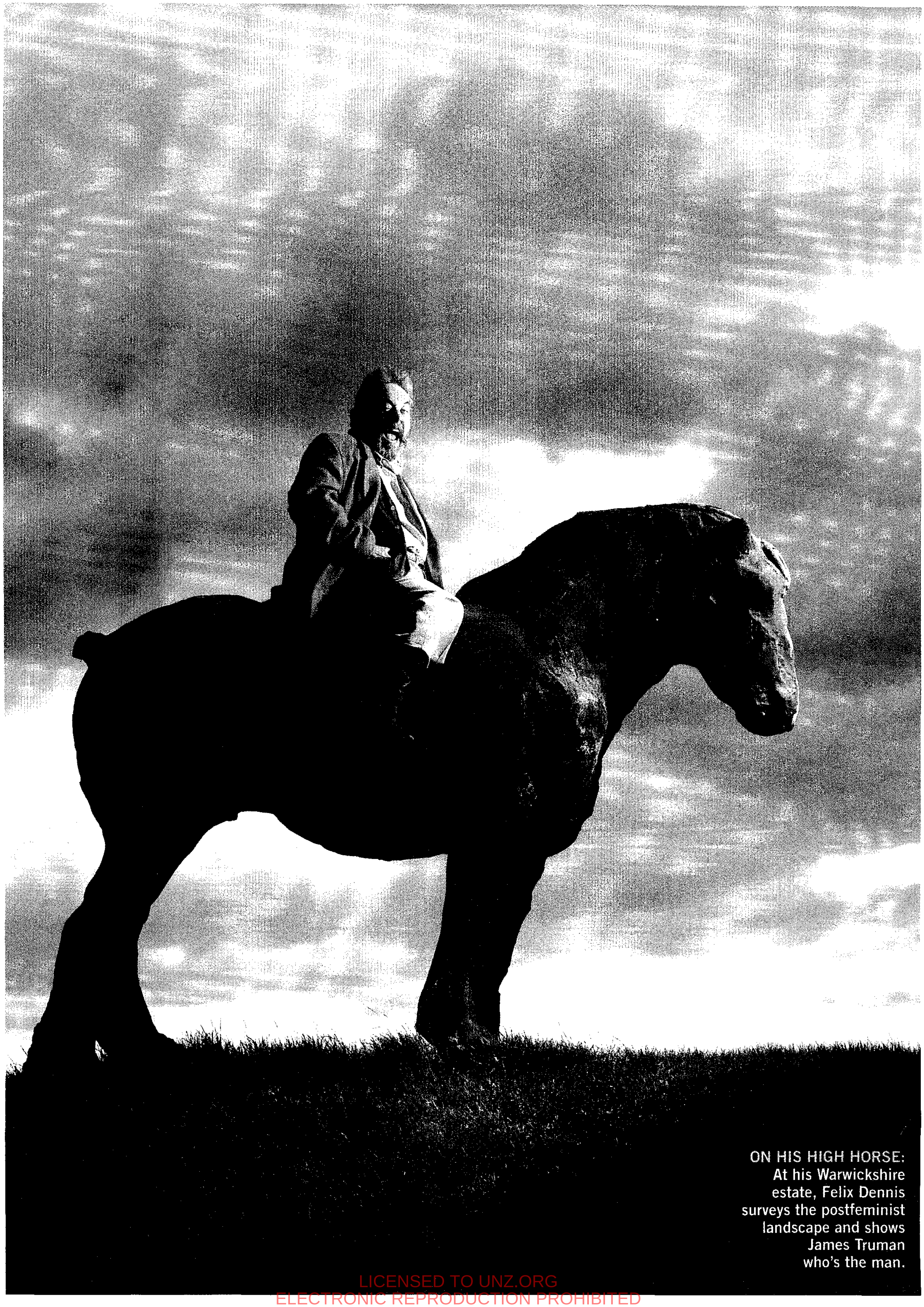

SPORTS • BEER • GADGETS • CLOTHES • FITNESS
MAXIM
ELVIS vs. ALI


NEW FROM MAXIM
Stuff
FOR MEN
43 WILD WEEKENDS
Fly a MiG!
Hunt Buffalo!
Beat Up Terrorists!
ANY GIRL, ANYWHERE, ANY TIME
The 50 Worst Ways to Die
Instant Cool
"I Survived a Volcano Blast"
BUSTED!

By Alex Williams

Photographed by Chris Floyd





ON HIS HIGH HORSE: At his Warwickshire estate, Felix Dennis surveys the postfeminist landscape and shows James Truman who's the man.

IT'S NEARLY 8 P.M. AT TAMMANY HALL, A NEW MIDTOWN BAR THAT IS UNCROWDED EXCEPT FOR TEN YOUNG TRADERS AND investment bankers who have slipped into their casual-Friday outfits a few days early. Old friends from the Street, they've decided to get together for a little informal beer bash and talk golf, Hamptons shares, and Internet start-ups. • Suddenly, the party is interrupted mid-Heineken by a couple of amiable men in Italian suits with a stack of magazines, an open-bar tab, and a barrage of questions: "Have you read *Maxim*? Do your buddies on the Street read *Maxim*? Are these the longest legs you've ever seen on a woman?" Copies of the latest issue, with TV's Michelle Williams cooing on the cover, are passed around. • But these guys don't need to be told about *Maxim*—the read Wall Streeters admit they're rolling up inside their *Journals*. "It's *Playboy* for normal people," offers a tall investment banker, 32, who's been hooked since he stole an early issue out of the backseat of a car-service Lincoln. • Who knew that men needed a magazine to answer those burning questions that tend to come up between the seventh and eighth holes: Can you really get a Ferrari for a hundred bucks at a police auction? What are the odds that the 19-year-old nymphet in your chat room is really a hairy, 47-year-old ex-con named Otis? Is the buzz you get sipping absinthe really so Peter Max that it's worth the brain damage? • The suits hovering around the bar tonight are Lance Ford, *Maxim*'s publisher, and a few buddies in search of some real live *Maxim* readers to see how they've taken to the magazine's "beer and babes" formula. The traders aren't complaining. After all, *Maxim*'s picking up the check.

Ford knows what the industry is saying: The soft-porn-pinup covers, gross-out photos, and down-and-dirty articles on bedding argumentative women are written for "men who not only move their lips but drool when they read" (as rival editor Art Cooper of *GQ* put it delicately).

But *Maxim* is already delivering 950,000 readers every issue to advertisers, outdistancing mighty *GQ* and venerable *Esquire* (which each promise 650,000) and *Details* (which guarantees 475,000). Bolstered by these glad tidings, its execs now find themselves on a mission to prove that *Maxim*'s average reader does not, in fact, command the deep fryer at Burger King. According to an independent MRI study conducted this spring, *Maxim*'s median reader is 30 years old and earns $62,000 a year.

"Sixty-two thousand? That sounds low. At least for the guys I know who get it," says a 27-year-old equities trader at a prestige investment bank, effectively making Team Maxim's evening. "Five years out of school, the average is more like $125,000 to $225,000."

Trader No. 2, an Ivy League graduate, tries to express the magazine's appeal in terms everyone gathered around the bar can understand. "You know how in college there's always a sorority that has this certain attitude like they're untouchable, they have this image they have to exude? And then there's this other one—they're just as cute, but you can always jump their bones if you want to? Well, *Maxim* is the *other* sorority. They think like you think—they just want to party."

Against all odds, *Maxim* has already proved itself a success. But somehow, it's not quite enough. Stone Cold Steve Austin is "a success." Internet porn is "a success." What *Maxim* wants now is far more of a long shot—it wants to be a cultural force, a *Ms.* for red-blooded testosterone-sozzled males. In other words, *Maxim* wants America to respect it in the morning.

Maxim founder Felix Dennis, British press tycoon and professional bad boy, insists he has come to America—more precisely to East 49th Street, where he spends a good part of the year in a two-bedroom near the United Nations decorated with erotic Oriental art—to remind us of the openness and passion that once made this country great. He wants to be our spiritual guide through this neurotic age of sexual wimpiness and AIDS fear. The *Iron John* drumbeat-in-the-forest thing didn't work, and Dennis thinks he can help man find himself at his most elemental. Not surprisingly, New York *Times* op-ed columnist Maureen Dowd has already weighed in on the *Maxim* phenomenon. "Let's not talk about Bill Clinton. He is so over," she recently declared. "Let's talk about dirty magazines."

> ***Maxim* is the 800-pound three-toed sloth hanging from the ceiling of the Four Seasons. "I have struck a chord beyond my wildest dreams," says Dennis.**

"IT BECOMES DIFFICULT AFTER A WHILE to keep on saying that *Maxim* is produced by morons for morons," Dennis is saying.

It's a rain-dusted afternoon at the Old Manor, Dennis's 1,000-acre South Warwickshire estate, a 90-minute drive from London in his cobalt-blue stretch Rolls. The house is only a few miles away from Stratford-on-Avon, which somehow seems appropriate: Felix Dennis is a character better suited to the pages of Shakespeare than to those of *Forbes*. Like the Bard's great comic rogue Falstaff, Dennis is a robust creature of appetites whose foghorn personality could shake plaster from the ceiling of Grand Central Terminal. He's got the moist, saddish hazel eyes and the fleshy, bearded jowls of a loyal and friendly basset hound, but in person he can be as unpredictably volatile as a Rottweiler that hasn't had its breakfast.

Dennis is circling his office, a glassed-in second-story offshoot of his tastefully appointed fifteenth-century farmhouse. As always, he's clutching a Silk Cut cigarette in his fist and a cordless phone in the other, managing the impossible—to look like a sultan dressed in a gray-fleece sweat suit. His publicist in New York, Drew Kerr, has called him with the equivalent of a transatlantic high-five: The second-anniversary issue of *Maxim*, wrapped in a mylar bag and containing an NC-17-worthy "50 Sexiest Women in the World" bonus booklet, is selling out so quickly that it's already available on eBay for $10.

Dennis can't wait to trumpet the news in a press release. But first, he wants a quote from Wal-Mart or some other big American retailer illustrating how the sales of this issue stack up historically. He finally finds one executive at a large American chain who says it's flying off the stands like no magazine he's seen since *Penthouse* dropped Vanessa Williams's infamous lesbian-themed photos on Reagan country in 1984.

That will not do.

"We don't use the *P* words around Dennis Publishing," Dennis says ominously, referring to *Playboy* and *Penthouse. Dawson's Creek* bonbon Michelle Williams may have complained that she "felt like a piece of meat" during the photo shoot for the blistering, come-hither cover of *Maxim*'s July-August issue (right before Mike Soutar, an amiable, 32-year-old Scotsman, took the helm). But Dennis is careful to point out that *Maxim* shows bare nipples only in its Italian and Greek editions.

It was the British "lad mags" of the nineties—*Loaded, FHM (For Him Magazine),* and *Maxim*—that kicked a Doc Martens heel into the gut of the traditional men's titles. Gone were the Côte d'Azur fashion spreads, the how-to-fold-a-pocket-hankie pieces, and the quasi-literary hagiographies of buffalo-necked footballers. In went the pints of Fullers, the affordable gadgetry, the D-cup soft porn delivered as steadily as the London *Sun* tabloid's daily "Page Three" girls.

Loaded was the proto-read, but *FHM,* which launched nine months before *Maxim* in England, quickly became the biggest sizzler. Felix Dennis, controlling owner of *Maxim,* wasn't going to let that happen here. And it hasn't. *Maxim* is the front-runner, and the copycats are already mewling by the screen door: There's the homegrown competition like *Gear* and *Manifest* (something like a black *Maxim).* And more Brit wit is on the way; a U.S. edition of *FHM* is scheduled to hit in the year 2000, and some think that *Loaded* can't be far behind.

The magazine-world Establishment never tires of dismissing *Maxim* as a "*Cosmo* for boys"—which is perfectly fine by Dennis. *Cosmopolitan,* the happily trashy service bible for the blue-eye-shadow crowd, is a juggernaut, with a circulation of almost 3 million. Both *GQ* and *Esquire* sell fewer than a quarter of that many copies.

"I've never understood why men buy so many fewer magazines than women," says Dennis, who hired a woman—American Clare McHugh—as the first editor of *Maxim* in the U.S. "But then, we weren't doing magazines for men the way publishers have done magazines for women. Now that we are, men are buying them."

Competitors here are showing grudging respect—and hopping the train. First stop: *Esquire*'s "Triumph of Cleavage Culture" issue. "In England, four or five of those 'lad' books took the country by storm," *Esquire* editor-in-chief David Granger observes. "But now their influence over there is starting to wane, and newsstand sales are falling off. However, I do think we're in for a few years of that 'lad book' influence in the United States.

"There's a good side to this," Granger adds. "They're enticing people to read magazines. On the negative side, it encourages some magazines to get stupider."

Perhaps the ultimate gesture of recognition came when the two-year editor of *Details,* Michael Caruso, was fired, and Mark Golin, late of *Maxim,* was installed in his chair. "James Truman talks about *Maxim* incessantly," says one ranking Condé Nast editor. "He tells all his editors to read it. He likes the fact that it has a sense of humor but isn't mean-spirited. He thinks it's the wave of the future."

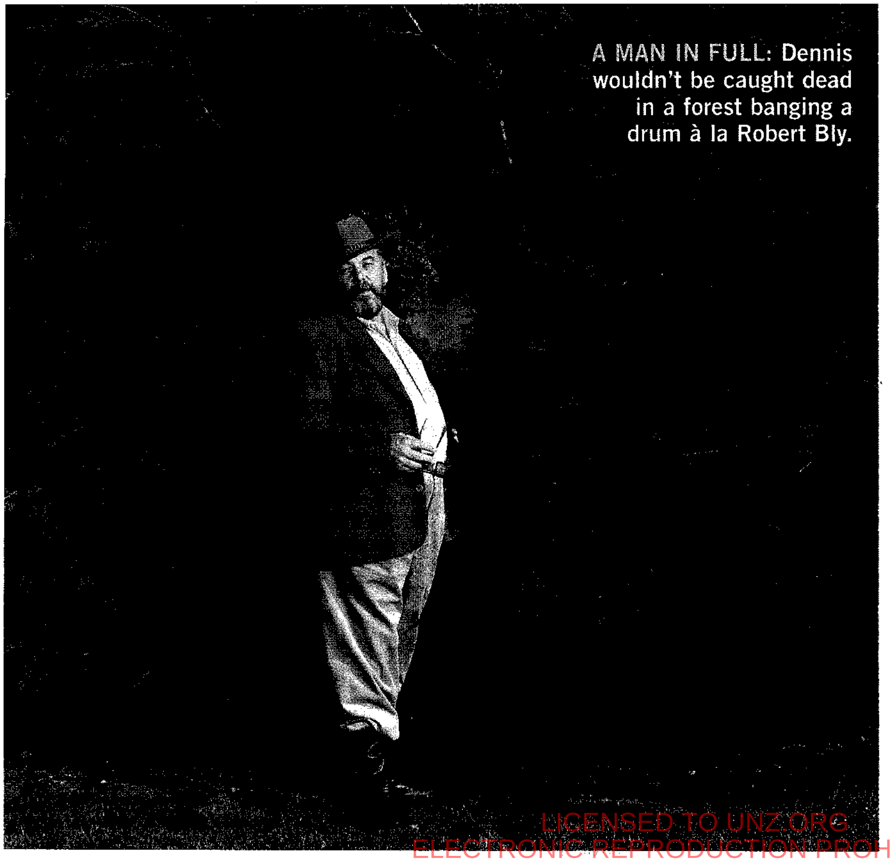
OFFICIALLY, OF COURSE, THAT'S NOT the word over in Times Square, where Condé Nast has just relocated its offices. When asked if *Maxim*'s average reader was really 30 years old as *Maxim* executives maintain, Condé Nast president Steve Florio erupts with a five-second cackle worthy of a *Cosby Show* laugh track. Florio then says he—and everyone else at Condé Nast—is declining to comment on competitors like *Maxim.*

Maxim has become the 800-pound three-toed sloth hanging from the ceiling in the Grill Room at the Four Seasons. "I have struck a chord beyond my wildest dreams," says Dennis. "I don't see why *Maxim* can't sell 3 million copies—I don't think there is any conceivable top on this."

With that sort of outlook, it's no surprise that this spring, Dennis Publishing launched a second publication called *Stuff,* a bi-monthly, *Maxim*-style magalogue displaying all the blast-furnace barbecues, lightweight chain saws, and electronic body-fat analyzers the modern man needs. A leisurely amble through the first three issues of *Stuff* turns up these highlights: "50 Things Women Don't Want You to Know" (No. 50: One out of every 100 has an extra nipple); a feature on the health benefits of junk food; and a how-to piece on making moonshine. Even the most high-minded prig has to admire the service pieces: Where else are you going to read that if you wrap some pepper in a Kleenex and wave it under your girlfriend's nose at the point of climax, you'll give her the same thundering orgasm that some guys get from autoerotic strangulation? Dennis maintains that in some outlets, *Stuff*—edited by Cockney import Andy Clerkson, 32—is already outselling *Maxim* on the newsstand.

Like Hugh Hefner before him, Dennis has realized it's sex that sells. An added bonus: *Maxim,* which contains acres of skin but no nudity, is legal for the *South Park* demographic. "*Maxim* has no 15-year-old readers," Dennis deadpans. "And there is no drug problem in America, and the president would never tell a lie."

Anyway, nudity is looking pretty passé. "*Sports Illustrated* outsells both *Penthouse* and *Playboy* with its swimsuit issue," notes *Gear*'s Bob Guccione Jr., a child of the seventies porn revolution and a Dennis admirer. "Men don't want to see women pulling their vaginas apart as if they've lost a contact lens down there. It's



A MAN IN FULL: Dennis wouldn't be caught dead in a forest banging a drum à la Robert Bly.

just not"—he pauses—"news. It *was* news when I was growing up. But now, in the post-herpes, post-AIDS age, guys want to put the brakes on that kind of thing. Guys want more mystery."

Dennis himself sees a future beyond skin mags; he may be going after the smart set soon with a Stateside version of his news-review magazine *The Week*. Aimed at *The Economist*'s demographic, it's sort of a smart encapsulation of the week's big stories. "It's up to 55,000 paid subscribers in Britain," says Dennis, "which is sensational. You ought to try living in a country of 60 million, mate."

IT'S PRETTY TAME STUFF, BUT THEN, SO IS Dennis's own sex life these days. He may have three personal assistants—one of whom helps him schedule time with his ten girlfriends. But he isn't nearly as much of a lech as he was twenty years ago. There are no longer any girls in their early twenties hanging around, for example. "Most of the women I see, I've been seeing for a very long time—some of them for more than ten years," Dennis says. "I encourage them to have boyfriends and to get married. I even go to their weddings."

The presence of an alpha female in the Dennis household also keeps things reasonably subdued: the olive-skinned, French Alps–reared Marie-France Demolis has been Dennis's main companion for thirteen years.

"She spends a lot of time with me in various homes," says Dennis. "And if I do turn up with somebody Marie-France doesn't like much, she won't hesitate to let me know. So to that extent, there is compromise."

Demolis is unfazed by this arrangement. "What it is, is what it is," she says, laughing. "It's quite unusual, but it's not hard to live with. And it has its rewards. Felix is a very generous, very compassionate man."

"People are always asking, 'Would you have three or four together?' " says Dennis. My answer to that is, *Not as often as I'd like!*" He laughs heartily. But in truth, that isn't going to happen anytime soon; Dennis claims he stopped practicing penetrative sex before he ever heard the word AIDS. "Maybe I just got too fat and got tired of jiggling," he says.

Indeed, Dennis's Manor is more Never-Never Land than Playboy Mansion. The office nests atop a private studio where stray Les Pauls lean against drum kits. Dozens of snapshots are tacked to a bulletin board in the kitchen, all testament to a life lived at Marshall-stack volume: There are male friends on tropical beaches, clowning and mugging, and plenty of female friends sunning themselves—often topless. In one photo, Dennis, nude except for a raincoat and hiking boots, is flashing the camera; a shred of a Post-it note covers his crotch.

But it's at Highfield, his *Treasure Island*–themed "leisure center"—a $7 million behemoth of an out-building constructed from 700 British oaks some 100 paces from the main house—that men can really be boys. The only palm trees in Warwickshire rise from the center of the Vegas-like pool, the spot where, after much rumination, Dennis ultimately decided against adding a working volcano. Rising up toward the vaulted oak ceiling is a series of catwalks, staircases, and crow's nests—too dicey for most adults to negotiate. (At one point, he mentions the prospect of a late-night swim. "I didn't bring a suit," I tell him. "We don't use them," he says.)

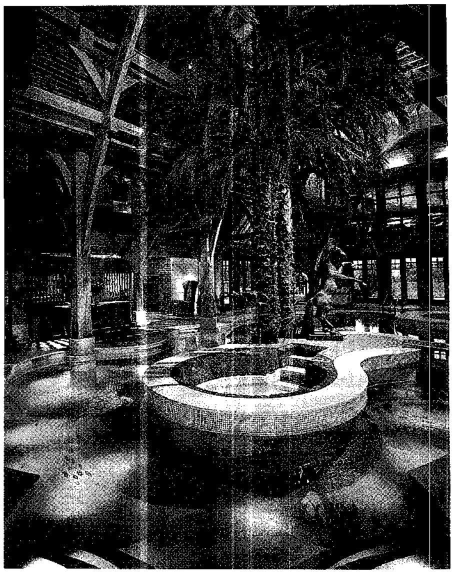
Downstairs, there's an Art Deco–style screening room with leather overstuffed chairs that would pass muster with Jeffrey Katzenberg. Next door is the gym, with a fully-stocked bar lining one wall: There's nothing like a pint after a torture session on the treadmill.

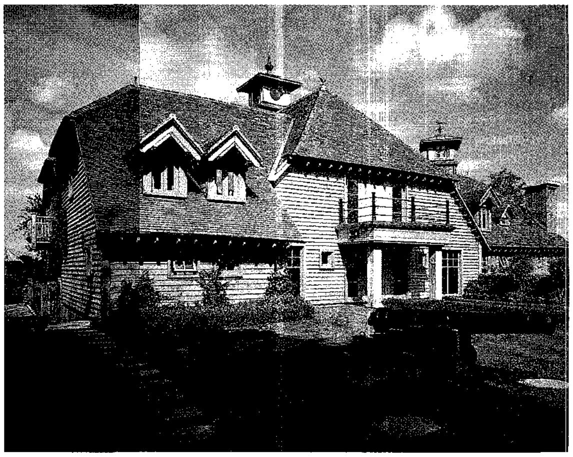
'MAYBE I IDENTIFY with Stevenson's young hero, Jim Hawkins, who also didn't have a father," Dennis says of the book *Treasure Island*, claiming it's a far more complex work than most people realize. "I like the ambivalence of Long John Silver. By the end of the book, he's brave, wicked, and good, all at the same time." Dennis, who never attended university, can scarcely discuss a Pamela Anderson photo shoot without quoting Montaigne, Dorothy Parker, or Kipling.

It's nearly midnight, and the Manor is all but silent save for an angry breeze. Overhead, large glass panes, operated on an electronic sensor, open and close like gills of a giant halibut.

Dennis was born in Kingston-upon-Thames in Surrey, an industrial district south of London, in 1947. He is the eldest of two brothers ("My brother Julian is a very regular guy—married, with two kids," Dennis says. Julian is managing director of a Dennis Publishing subsidiary). His father abandoned the family when Felix was 2; his mother worked as an accountant by the day and went to night school. The three of them lived in her mother's house, where there was no electricity—not even an indoor bathroom. The radio was powered with an old car battery.

Dennis says he became a feminist after watching his strong-willed mother, Dorothy Sawyer, struggle in a sexist culture. "My mother was a proper accountant, but she couldn't even get credit [at the local shops] because she was a woman," he says indignantly. "Even the mechanic next door got credit!"





AND HE'S SPENT: Clockwise, Highfield, Dennis's $7 million playhouse; nymphet-free swimming; yo-ho-ho and a bottle of Sominex.

Sawyer lives just half a mile away, in a large, tan two-story house Dennis built for her. That afternoon, when she pays an unexpected visit to his office, gruff Felix Dennis is transformed into an eager-to-please schoolboy, scurrying around to tidy up. "Well, at least you're a clean-cut, presentable sort," he says, shooting a nervous glance at me.

His father, whom he doesn't remember, was captured by the Japanese in Burma near the end of World War II. I express sympathy over his father and how he must have been treated in the infamous Japanese POW camps of the South Pacific. Dennis takes a different view.

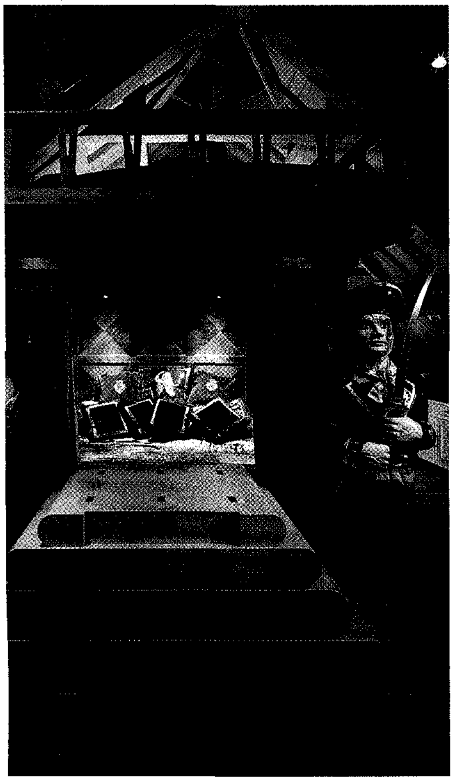
"Do not judge people you do not understand," he snaps. "The Japanese considered it charity. They were giving the prisoners a chance to earn their manhood back."

Dennis is a born provocateur: A staunch Labour Party supporter, he'll argue the idiocy of recycling in front of a Greenpeace audience. A fiercely proud Englishman, he'll nevertheless growl that

Photographs by Ian McKinnel (3).

England should just drop its pretenses and become "a territory of America, just like Puerto Rico. On one condition: We get to keep our accents."

Dennis's driver, Lloyd—an affable South Londoner of Jamaican descent—recalls the time he was ferrying Dennis and a young financier. The financier snubbed Lloyd without so much as a nod when he opened his door, so Lloyd reflexively told the financier to learn some manners, then waited with trepidation for Dennis to get angry. Dennis, however, turned instead to his guest and calmly asked him how much money he'd made Dennis Publishing. "Five million pounds," the financier responded. "Five million pounds is nothing," Dennis shouted. "I want you to apologize to Lloyd or get out."



Dennis left school—and home—at 15, holing up in Harrow-on-the-Hill, a neighborhood outside London swarming with penniless young musicians. ("Elton John was just down the road, only he wasn't called Elton John back then," Dennis says.) A drummer and a singer, Dennis jammed with all the icons of the sixties blues scene—Eric Clapton and Jeff Beck, for example—before they "achieved semi-godhood status."

"Did I play behind Rod Stewart? Yeah. But was I ever 'Rod Stewart's drummer?' *Nah,*" says Dennis. "I'd be in the No. 2 band, and maybe the No. 1 band's drummer wouldn't show up." By day, he was on the street peddling copies of Richard Neville's influential underground magazine *Oz*. "Next to being in Pink Floyd, it was probably the hippest job in Britain," Dennis says.

Oz taught him a few crucial lessons: Women make terribly useful bait when the customer is a man. "I couldn't sell anything on the streets, and I couldn't understand it," he remembers. "Then one day, one of my girlfriends came out with me, and in her short skirt and white lipstick she sold about a hundred copies while I was off getting the coffee."

Oz veteran Roger Hutchinson, however, doesn't recall anyone—in a miniskirt or not—outshining Dennis.

"The underground press was a part of a broad social movement, and there were a lot of people who were involved in it just to sort of *hang out,*" says Hutchinson, now a left-leaning author and journalist in Scotland. "They weren't in the 'publishing business.' Felix was. Felix knew how everything worked. Felix was one of those rare people who could have brought out a magazine all by himself. He could have written it, laid it out, sold advertising, balanced the books."

"I used to walk around in suits, much to everyone's hilarity. They were in spangles and fringes," Dennis recalls.

Dennis got his first taste of public controversy in 1971, after *Oz* published some dirty cartoons and its three editors—including Dennis—were arrested. What ensued was the longest conspiracy-to-corrupt trial in British history; it dominated the front pages for weeks.

The jury found them guilty of lesser obscenity charges—later overturned on appeal—but as the judge deemed Dennis "very much less intelligent" than the other two, he only served eleven days in jail. He walked out with a shorn head to find his London flat mobbed with reporters. A sympathetic John Lennon sent a limousine over to whisk Dennis away to his Ascot estate.

"I had been to Ascot before with a bunch of people from *Oz* to record a single," Dennis remembers. Lennon was laying down the early tracks of 'Imagine' with Phil Spector, who also helped out with the *Oz* recording. " 'God Save *Oz*' was basically 'Give Peace a Chance' with a slightly different tune," Dennis says. "Not the high point of Phil's career."

Following *Oz,* Dennis rolled ahead of the trends, first attempting to cash in on the underground-comics craze, then hitting it huge overnight with *Kung-Fu Monthly,* inspired by the Bruce Lee mania of the seventies. (Dennis would later score big coups off *Star Wars* and *E.T.,* publishing special collectors' magazines.) In the eighties, he jumped on the Macintosh revolution and unfurled *MacUser* in Europe and a host of other niche magazines under the umbrella of what was now known as Dennis Publishing. By the nineties, he had also co-founded a Connecticut-based computer mail-order company, Micro Warehouse. He made $83 million when he sold most of his stake in 1995.

But despite his good fortune, Dennis never lost his sixties sense of outrage against what he perceives as fat, complacent, and pampered authority.

"Si Newhouse doesn't run a publishing company," Dennis snorts. "He runs a company which provides him with huge numbers of pieces of cardboard, which in Britain are called 'stiffies' and which he calls party invitations. Si knows that he is loved as long as hundreds of pieces of cardboard are arriving to invite him to whatever it is. The magazine that is producing the most stiffies is a winner."

In fact, while Si's boldfaced editors are rarely far from the flashbulbs, Newhouse himself is nearly a recluse. But Dennis is equally dismissive of his fellow émigrés. "Quislings," Dennis snorts when Tina Brown, Anna Wintour, and James Truman come up. "I am not James Truman. I don't despise Americans. I love them. I *am* one of them."

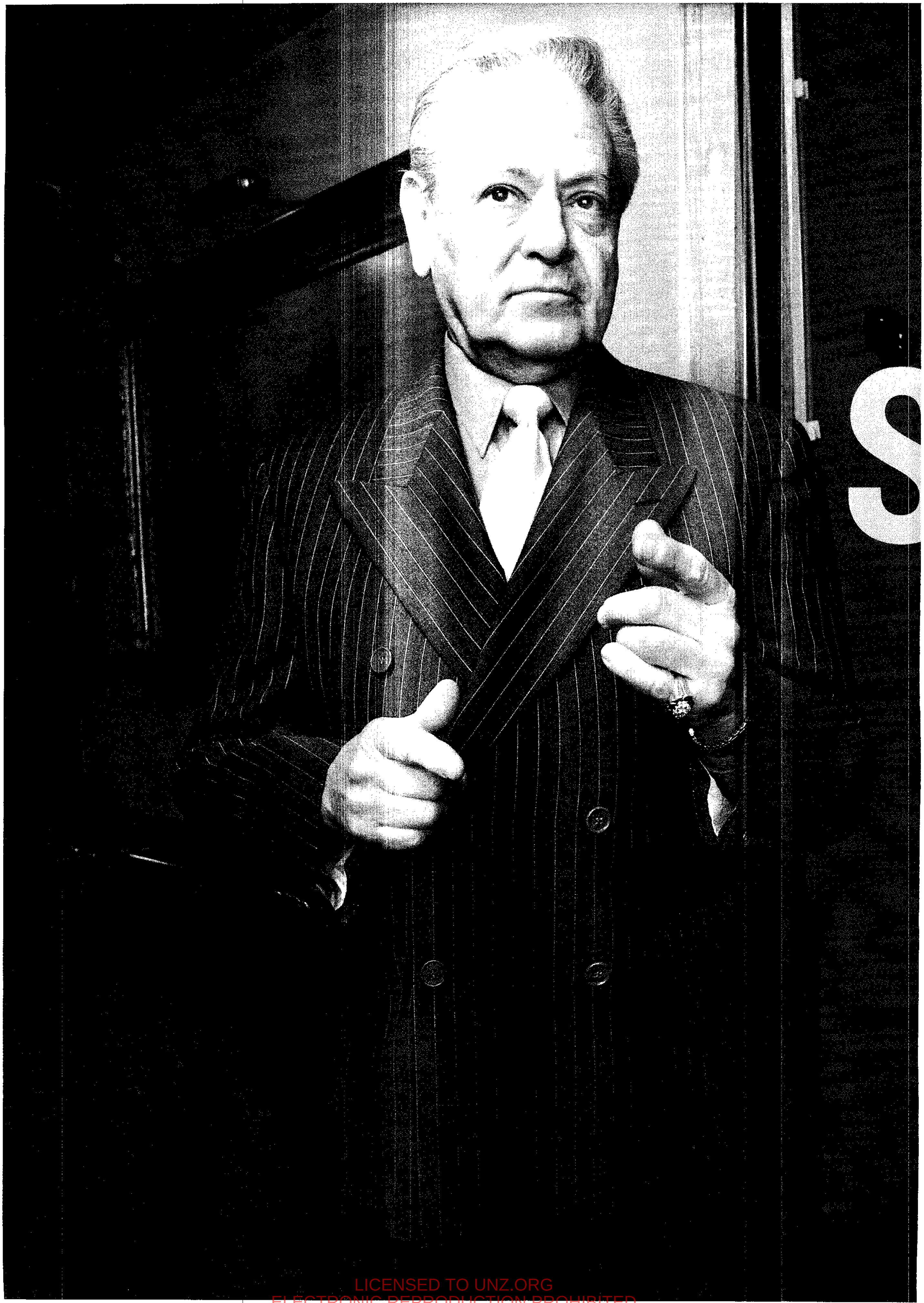
He does spend a lot of time with Americans, whenever he's ensconced in his midtown apartment or the sprawling, Navajo-themed house he owns on Lake Candlewood in Connecticut. He fits the tristate area in between visits to the Caribbean island of Mustique, where he now owns David Bowie's old seaside place. People who've had a rough time in the press are sometimes invited to stay, like yachtswoman Tracy Edwards, whose mast blew out in the middle of a race in the South Pacific.

After Newhouse's dollars had lured Mark Golin away from *Maxim,* Dennis installed Sammy, the office hamster, in the top job. It was a silly stunt, but stunts can be useful. Another rich ex-hippie, the Virgin emperor Richard Branson, also understands this. Have enough madcap, ocean-hopping balloon adventures and the press will simply paint you as a clown and only lightly take the piss out of you.

"It's been my job for many years to play the fool, because fools are always let off," Dennis says. "The Brits love the underdog. We despise success here in Britain—just despise it."

This might explain why Dennis isn't seeking accolades. At one point, late at night, he leans in and says defiantly, "Dennis Publishing will not only refuse to be nominated for any National Magazine Award, but we will refuse to attend to collect that award. We will be down the street in a bar, communing with our readers."

That's too bad. What better revenge than to watch the New York publishing Brahmins coolly poke at their salads as the winner in the feature-writing category is announced: "*Stuff* magazine, for 'I Saw My Wife Get Killed By a Bear.' "



THERE'S OMETHING ABOUT GENO

A legend among his character-actor friends at Marylou's and Elaine's for his impeccable style and his long romance with the wiseguy life, Geno Durante hasn't been seen much in the movies, but he's played one role to perfection: himself.

Photographed by David Barry

By Eric Konigsberg

THURSDAYS AFTER CLOSING, Geno Durante has a private appointment at Jasper's, a hair salon on Avenue U in Brooklyn. Not long ago, he sat in the chair of the man he knows as Alex the Sicilian barber, who has been doing Mafia members' hair for 30 years. Durante was only in for a styling, because he'd had it cut the week before.

"You like De Niro?" Alex asked.

"Yeah, he's good, but he's getting to be the same in everything," Durante said into the wall mirror.

Sammy Davis Jr. came on an AM station. "Now, there was a piece of talent," Durante said. "When you think about it, there was nothing Sammy Davis couldn't do."

Geno Durante is a short and thick-chested man who over the past couple of years has become a popular figure with a number of Italian-American actors, directors, and Mafia soldiers. He is particularly admired by actors who play Mafia soldiers, who seek to imitate what they repeatedly describe as his "real" quality. You can often find Durante late at night at Elaine's or at Marylou's, a restaurant in Greenwich Village, or at any of a handful of after-hours bars on the West Side, along with people who range from show-business hopefuls you've never heard of to Antonia Dellacroce, whose father, Aniello Dellacroce, was John Gotti's mentor in the Gambino syndicate, to Danny Aiello, Chazz Palminteri, Dominic Chianese, Eric Roberts, Harvey Keitel, Dabney Coleman, Joe Pesci, and De Niro.

You might say Geno Durante is an inspirational figure to these people. He had, through the sixties, a loose friendship with the Gallo faction of what is now the Colombo crime family, working as a bartender in a few clubs overseen by its associates. And so actors occasionally request his counsel when playing gangsters. His cultlike status is evidence of just how deep into a hall of mirrors the mob's relationship with the movies has traveled.

Not long ago, the director Abel Ferrara approached Durante at Marylou's and asked him to take a walk outside. It turned out Ferrara was planning to make a film based on the story of the Gambino hit man Roy DeMeo, whom Durante once knew, and wanted to enlist him as a consultant. "None of the people around today have the information you have," Ferrara told him. "You lived it."

DURANTE, AN ELECTRONICS SUPERVISOR at a factory in Brooklyn, arranged his time sheet to give him Fridays off so that Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights he could drive his Coupe de Ville, a 1988 model with only 13,000 miles on it, down the equable silence of the Belt Parkway into Manhattan and stay out drinking wine spritzers and settling arguments and telling dirty jokes and complimenting waitresses on their figures until it is light out the next day.

Some of Hollywood's interest in Durante, if you want to call it "Hollywood" and "interest," has to do with the way he looks and dresses and carries himself. Durante is 67 years old, with a lead-white pompadour that rolls across his head in a motherwave, a strong chin, and blue eyes made liquidy by cataracts. His walk is more of a relaxed march, like that of a boxer taking the ring before a bout. His style of dress is equal parts high pimp and City-of-London wideboy gone Carnaby Street dandy, with a streak of good old reliable Nathan Detroit on the side.

The actor Chris Noth saw Durante another time at Marylou's. He kissed him on both cheeks, goombata-style, and said by way of greeting, "Let me put you in my next movie. I love the fucking clothes you wear." At this particular moment, Durante was wearing a double-breasted pink jacket of shantung silk and salmon-colored linen trousers, the slubby textures of which stood in contrast to the candied finish of his end-on-end, black-on-black shirt and his satin tie (also pink). His jacket narrowed to the waist, with a double vent and four buttons on the cuffs (real buttonholes) and lapels halfway to Canarsie. His pants had two rows of reverse pleats and creases that held their edge and cuffs that broke across his instep. His shoes were dainty, pointy-toed black slip-ons he calls cockroach catchers, because of the way you could line one up with the corner of a room.

Chris Noth kisses Durante on both cheeks,
you in my next movie," he says. "I love

Durante wears a square-edged gold ring with a hypertrophic garnet-colored solitaire on one pinky finger and, on his other pinky, a very intricately cut ring with five diamond chips in the middle of a raised gold base. "It's the nice high raise on it that makes the ring," Durante said. The ring was designed by Durante's brother, Chick, who was a designer for Cartier. "Chick's signature is the high raise," Durante said.

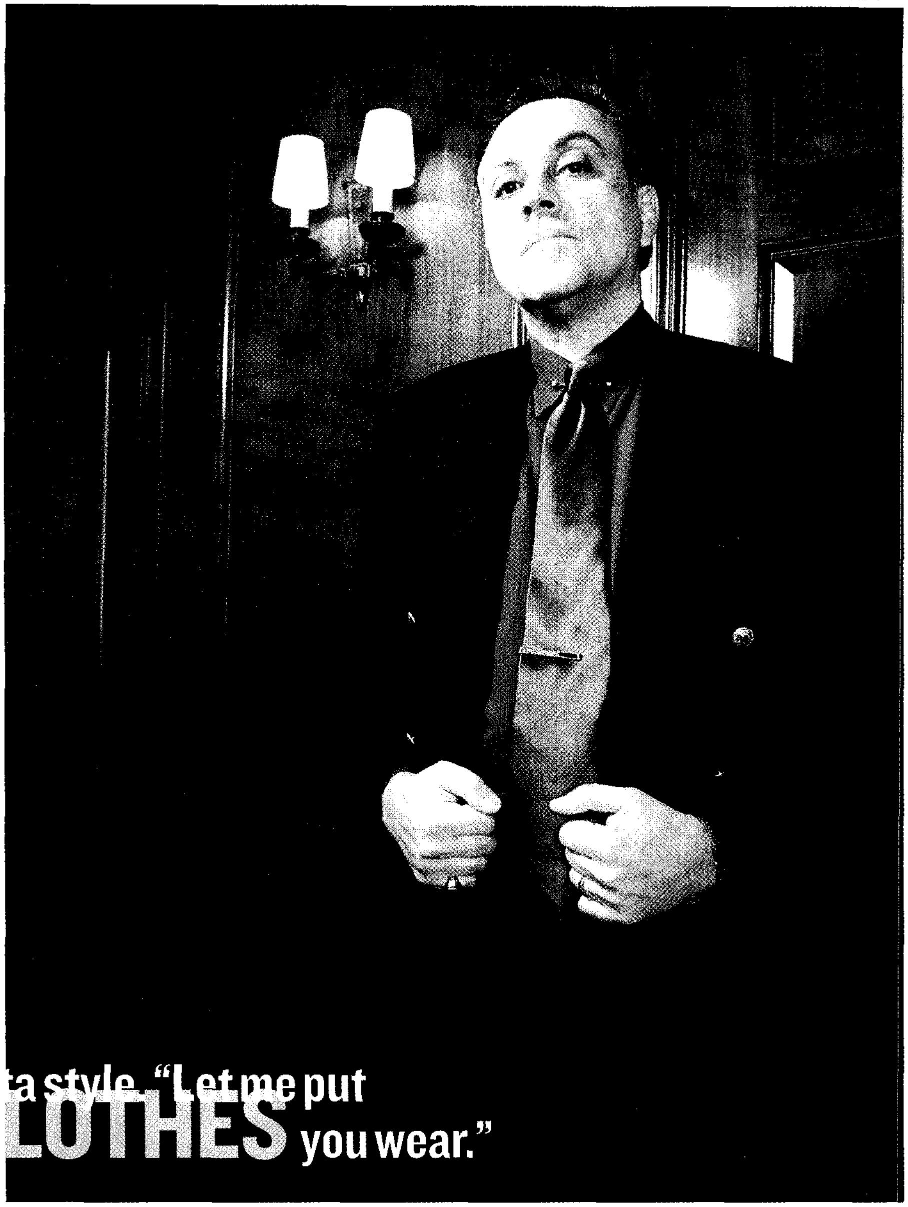
"A lot of guys don't wear pink," Durante said as Noth turned his attention to someone else at the table. "I like pink." He has jackets of aquamarine, jade, copper, banana yellow, and maroon. He bought four silk jackets just like the ones he had before he went to Vegas and went up a size on account of the buffet tables. This forced him to get rid of about ten other jackets, giving them to a drug dealer who used to hang out at some of the spots Durante likes. Durante has ten more for him already. "I got 200 ties, cheap and good," Durante said. He buys clothes at Barneys and he buys clothes at the faceless department stores on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn. "I'm a tonal dresser, which means I just dress to suit colors and tones. I always liked a Harlem style of clothes. I was wearing purple suits before it was purple suits."

Durante has a double-tiered, wall-to-wall closet fifteen feet long, with a ladder for the upper track's clothes, but his wardrobe is so big that it spills into his basement and most of his garage. He has more than twenty suits, 50 sport jackets, 100 dress shirts, all on hangers, and on the two levels of shelves he has 50 pairs of shoes. "I'm like a Filipino queen," he said.

He takes meticulous care of his wardrobe. "Summer clothes, you got to take them to the cleaners after half a day," he said. "Pleats are a pain in the ass." He said that just the night before, he'd pressed and starched 22 dress shirts and hung them on a steam pipe across his den.

"Everything I do I collect," Durante said. "I started with women; it got expensive. Now it's magazines, books, old 78 records, Cadillacs. I only got a Taurus and my Cadillac, but the Caddie I treat like a collectible—magnesium wheels and the whole megillah." He also has more than 27,000 videos, mostly commercial films, though there is a substantial cache of adult titles. His actor friends—Tony Danza, Joe Viterelli, Noth—often phone, trying to hunt down a copy of some obscure movie. Durante rents a minimum of five movies each time he stops in the Royal Video Exchange on Flatbush Avenue, then sets about dubbing whatever he's brought home, feeding them into the 23 VHS machines stacked like pizza ovens in his living room.

He says that if his wife, Terry, a kindergarten teacher, had a lot belongings, they'd need to throw one of their two adult sons out of the house, but fortunately, she doesn't. "My wife was never much for things, for clothes," he told me. "Until she got the teaching job, she was living out of a soft bag."


a style. "Let me put
LOTHES you wear."

Vince Curatola, co-writer and -director of the mob flick–morality play *The Trial.*

SEVERAL CHARACTER ACTORS WHO form the core of Durante's social life have been involved in making their own movie, *The Trial,* to the tune of a $100,000 budget. One night at Marylou's, Vincent Curatola, one of the film's co-writers and -directors ("Big John" Hoyt is the other), wrote out a treatment for me: "Mortimer Black, a.k.a. Lucifer, prosecutes Frank Rossi, who leads a miserable life (a wiseguy). Lucifer's entire prosecution is shown to the jury in a series of flashbacks." When all appears bleak, "a street preacher, a.k.a. Jesus Christ, appears to Mr. Rossi at the end of the film, promising Mr. Rossi that before this day is over, you will be with me in paradise, thus superseding the jury's decision to have Mr. Rossi walk the earth for 100 yrs. as a nobody . . . no more silk suits, no more money . . . Lucifer is enraged . . . There will be other souls to win, but not this time."

The Trial is a mafia comedy in the same grain as *The Sopranos* and *Analyze This,* exploring morality, guilt, and neurosis in this era of the mob's senescence. Production has taken more than two years, with shooting done primarily on weekends and everybody getting paid scale.

Curatola, whose family has a contracting business in New Jersey, couldn't come from a more different place than the film's veteran star and the group's other leading presence, Tony Sirico. Curatola studied filmmaking at NYU night school; before a friend got him into modeling, Sirico did time in Sing Sing and Auburn—once, it's been reported, for armed robbery. Curatola grew up rich—on his boyhood paper route in Englewood were Soupy Sales, Rocky Aoki, Dizzy Gillespie, Sarah Vaughan, Tony Bennett, George Eastman, and the Wrigley family—and he appeared on the scene at Elaine's only five years ago; Sirico still lives with his mother in Bensonhurst. Perpetually tan, with a bulbous nose and a handsome, hangdog face, Sirico has worked steadily as an actor since he and Danny Aiello played the Rosato brothers in *The Godfather, Part II.* He's had roles in the last five Woody Allen movies, charmingly playing gangsters or cops.

"I been shot on-screen 25 times," Sirico told me. "I can't exactly do Shakespeare. In Woody's movie *Celebrity,* I play a serial rapist who's represented by the William Morris agency. I like playing good guys and I like playing bad guys. In *The Roaring Twenties,* Jimmy Cagney plays Eddie Bartlett, a tough guy with a good heart. When he shoots, he shoots you in the chest; he don't shoot you in the back. And I watched him do that, and I fell in love with him.

"*The Trial,* I'm a nice guy in that. You put my character on a scale, he tips to the right, not the left."

MOST OF DURANTE'S FRIENDS HAVE roles in *The Trial* and are even investing tremendous hope in it. But Durante told me he was keeping it at arm's length. "What the fuck would I want a fucking part in a movie for?" he said one night.

He had just come to Marylou's, striding that bantamlike stride into the Jerzy Kosinski Room and finding Curatola, Big John, Frankie Gio, Dave Salerno (who is known as Coffeecake), and a few other movie-business candidates. Everybody stood up.

Curatola planted a double kiss on Durante. He is a sleek man with a flying-V of a face, and he wore an expensive-looking herringbone suit and a beige cashmere turtleneck. Durante asked if he'd gotten it from wardrobe.

The whole table was excited about some of the additions to *The Trial's* supporting cast. Michael Wright, a black actor who just a few years ago starred in *Sugar Hill,* was slated to play Mephistopheles (though the plans have since fallen through). Michael Rispoli, who's in *Summer of Sam* and *The Sopranos,* will also appear. Same for the journeyman Victor Argo and, they hope, Chris Noth.

"So tell me, I get a union card if I act in your movie?" Durante said, baiting Big John.

"Gee, I don't know, Olivier." Big John walked to the bar.

Durante couldn't think of a comeback. "What's with Big John and the baseball cap?" he said finally. Big John had on a cap from the set of a big-budget action movie. "He goes to Elaine's and now he's wearing a cap like all the Hollywood schmoozers."

Curatola, Coffeecake, and Eugene Rondinelli, a 30-ish guy known as Young Geno, ran through some improv exercises while Durante watched. Young Geno took the role of a young thug while the other two were being older thugs.

"I'll do what I gotta do," Young Geno said to Coffeecake.

"You gotta do what you gotta do," Coffeecake said.

"That's no good," Durante interrupted. "You have to do more than just repeat what the other guy says."

For effect, Curatola talked like Pacino in *Scarface,* lisping like a Castillian. "A guy like yourself comes along, he better watch his step," he warned Young Geno. "You're a cub. We're wolves. We'll eat you."

"You got a big appetite."

"I'm gonna go away for a minute, and when I come back, you'll be gone," Curatola said. "Am I right or am I right?"

ONE THING GENO DURANTE ISN'T IS A wannabe or a hanger-on, because, as he himself put it when pressed about what sort of angle he's working in life, "I don't want nothing from nobody."

When I first met him, he had no interest in hustling for roles like his friends, not that he lacked similar opportunities. "A lot of movies have lost out by what he's rejected," another bit player, Mike Squicciarini, told me. "What he forgot, I want to learn."

Joe Viterelli, who played De Niro's fat bodyguard, Jelly, in *Analyze This,* saw Durante at Elaine's one night and grabbed him by the shoulders. "Nobody screws with you, Geno," he said, and walked away.

"Thank you," Durante said.

"Nobody screws with the union" was Viterelli's most memorable line in the 1996 blockbuster *Eraser,* in which he played a wiseguy who helps Arnold Schwarzenegger out of a jam at the Baltimore docklands. It's a line Viterelli delivers if somebody in a restaurant asks what movies he's been in. Other times, to mix it up, he'll identify himself as "the boss to Jennifer Tilly's bimbette" in *Bullets Over Broadway,* and when the interrogator nods his recognition, Viterelli will go into character and say, "Black pearls are supposed to be black."

ONE REASON DURANTE IS SUCH A figure of respect is that he's *always* in character, hitting his cues, giving a flawless performance every night. (Thirty years ago, Joey Gallo did this when he befriended Jerry Orbach, the actor who played him in *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight,* although the difference is that Gallo really was a gangster.)

There is a storyboard laid out in Durante's head, a running narrative of his life. The unedited version, just like the three-and-a-half-hour director's cut of *Once Upon a Time in America,* barrels through a bunch of plot points in the first third of the movie, then runs on adrenaline or some other stimulant most of the rest of the way through, up until the final movement, where things get interesting again and the viewer is left wondering how the story started at point A and so seamlessly ended up at point B, a vastly different universe, before realizing that in fact the two points occupy the same territory, out where the lines of perspective meet. Durante has never lost his fascination with the mob or the movies.

His house, in the part of Gravesend that abuts Sheepshead Bay, is the house he grew up in. His father was an unlicensed plumber, renting rooms from the father of a boss named Sally D'Ambrosio. "I was born in a gangster's house," he loves to say.

Until the plant closed earlier this year, Durante worked for Vertrod, a manufacturer of heat-sealing equipment and vacuum-packaging machines, for 44 years, a span calculated by measuring it against his wardrobe and recalling that the year he was hired was also the year he bought a pair of electric-blue, pistol-pocket, twelve-peg pants, which means 1955. He brought in the unions himself in 1960 (Teamsters 917) and was shop steward afterward. He designed most of the models they make. "When I got here, it was just a foot-pedal machine," he said once when I visited him at work. He opened a C-frame press, painted white and made for sealing medical equipment. "Look how tight that is," he said.

Though he drew only $1,200 a week, Durante never drives into Manhattan with less than $400 dollars on him, and usually tips 100 percent. "You play the table and the bar at Elaine's and that's how it works," he said. "I'm in there last week for $260." Durante worries when anyone else tries to pay, because his posse doesn't tip nearly so well, and besides, Elaine Kaufman isn't a woman you want to offend by not spending enough.

"I always wanted to be an entertainer," Geno says. "I was in Japan and then Korea for the last ten months of the war. One day some friends ask me to bartend at an officers' club. I wrote and performed *Trip-A-Let,* a three-act comedy show. I got top talent to headline for me. At the Air Force base in Japan, 27,000 troops came to see me.

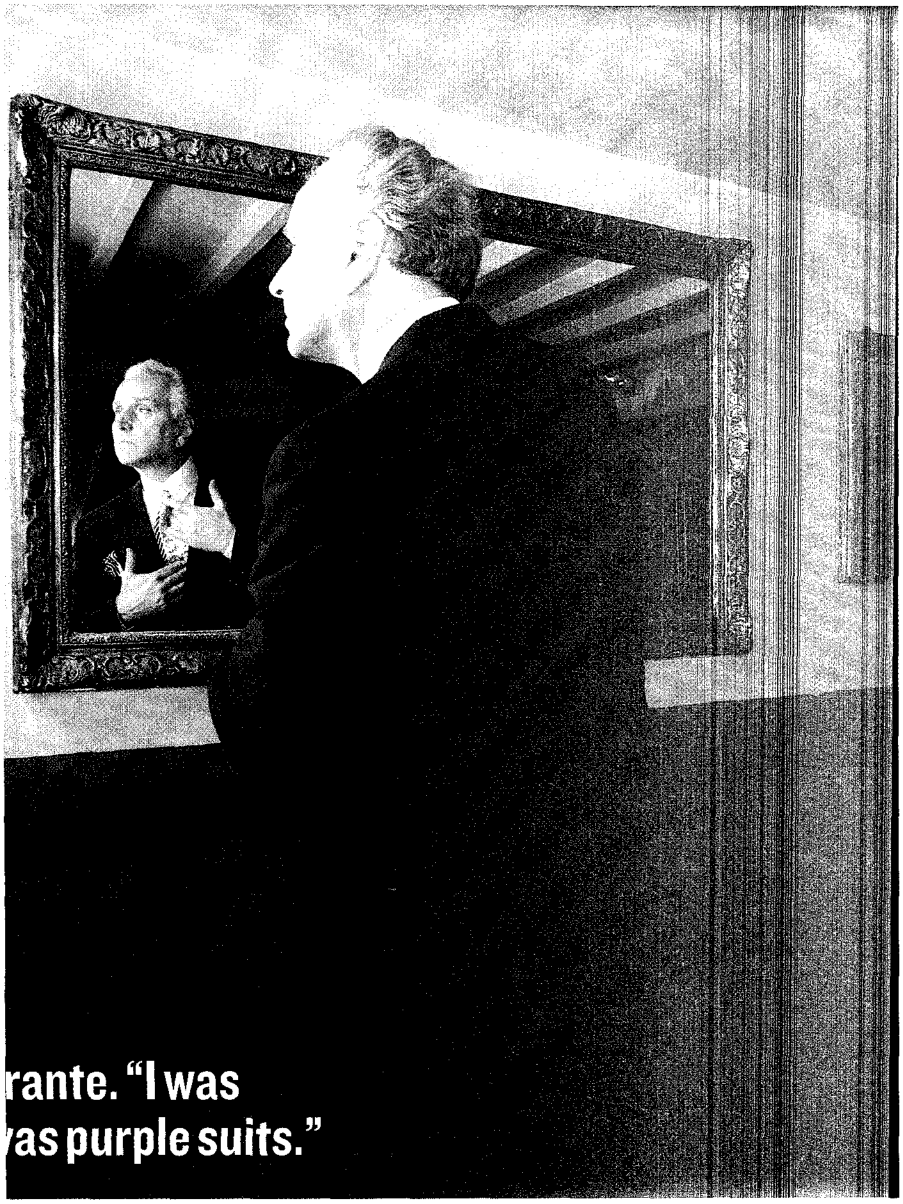
"After the service, I did comic impressions. I did Ned Sparks, Kirk Douglas. Emory Parnell. Naturally, I did Bogart, Cagney, and Henry Fonda. Henry Fonda's the medium of the register. If you can do him, you can do anyone. Now I got a four-tooth bridge on my bottom row that makes it so I can only do down-tone people, not up-tone people. I did a routine I called "People That Nobody Know." It was character actors—you'd seen their faces and heard their voices, but you didn't know their names.

"I was at a club called Ben Masick's Town and Country when I saw Billy Daniels singing 'That Old Black Magic.' I'd get a hard-on just looking at the guy. He was just so exciting, one of the great black celebrities. The guy was the most unique dresser I ever met—a picture box! I used to run all over just to see his clothes."

DURANTE MARRIED, RAN AROUND, divorced, and eventually remarried. "Those times, if you were a wiseguy, you had to have a girlfriend," he says. "There were so many clubs in Brooklyn, you didn't know how to kill your night. I spent so much money, I needed to moonlight. And so I became a very elegant bartender." First at the Lavender Lounge in East Flatbush and then Thursday nights at the Lock and Key and Tuesdays at the Coco Poodle, where the Gallos went. Eventually, he worked the Wander Inn, Phillip Foffee's Vanity Fair at 53rd and Fourth, and the Night Cap, at the mouth of Prospect Park.

"I worked around every gangster in Brooklyn," Durante often declares. He will tell you the story of how a guy known as Ernie the Hawk was discovered dead after being seen in the Coco Poodle. When some cops saw there were holes in Durante's boat, they thought he knew something about the murder, though the damage to the hull was actually caused by rocks. "I told them all the cops I knew were lousy tippers, and they let me go with a kick in the balls. Later, I see this Jewish gangster, and he jokes with me, 'Geno, you're off the hook. Paul Vario took the rap for you!' Paul

"I always liked a Harlem style of clothes," sa
wearing PURPLE SUITS befo



Dave Salerno, a.k.a. Coffeecake, after a character he played in *A Bronx Tale*, his first movie role.

Vario, that's the guy Paul Sorvino plays in *GoodFellas*."

Then there was Roy DeMeo, who ran the Murder Machine, a car-theft ring involved in killing 75 people. He used to come to the Lavender Lounge when he was only 16. "He'd stick his nose against the window just to piss me off, and once I grabbed him, said 'Come in,' and gave him his first drink," Durante said. "Later, when he was already notorious, I used to do impressions at the Gemini Lounge, his place. I'd put him onstage and use him as the straight man and I did Pearl Bailey."

At the Wander Inn, he met Tony Arguello, known as Tony Gawk and "closely associated" with the Gallo wars. "Tony Gawk—the best manager I ever had," Durante said. "There was Tony Gawk's version of a movie: Whatever he saw, he'd make it into a mob fable." For example, after taking in *Godzilla* at the cinema, Tony Gawk held forth at the Wander Inn with his review: "Godzilla is the biggest, toughest wiseguy who don't take no shit from no one." John Frankenheimer's *Seconds* he described as "Rock Hudson goes to the mob and asks them for a new life, but then they fuck him, and the moral of the story is, it's impossible to be happy if you ain't a wiseguy."

DURANTE TOOK ME FISHING ONE WEEKEND. He was up around six because he wanted to buy the fresh giant squid, the right lure for sea bass, but the Chinese tackle shop on Avenue C wasn't open. "I'm surprised they would be closed Sundays," Durante said. "They're not religious people, the Chinese." He said the tub of sliced fluke's bellies he had in his trunk would do.

His boat, a 31-year-old, 26-foot Luhrs monohull, is named the *Tee Gee and Two*, for T., Durante's wife, Terry; G., Geno Durante himself; and their two sons. We were met at the Pilgrim Yacht Club by his son Eugene, who is 27 and looks as though he was built along the lines of a shot glass. Arriving late were Durante's friend Gerry Murphy and his son Teddy. Gerry was in standard mob leisurewear: stone-washed Bermudas, a band-collared shirt with frogging and a crest on the pocket, and a white tam-o'-shanter.

"Where the fuck you been?" Durante asked. Murphy said Teddy had stayed out all night and overslept.

"I'm still drunk," Teddy said.

It was Murphy, one of the original wiseguy-actors in the business, who first brought Durante into the scene. Murphy's the easiest to pick out of the crowd because he is the only guy in town who still wears his necktie in the style of a sixties gangster—under his collar and untied but with one end crossed over the other, the position from Fig. 1 in any diagram instructing how to tie a tie. Durante keeps a snapshot of Murphy standing with Robert De Niro in his wallet, along with these pictures: Durante with Jack Warden, Durante with Cliff Gorman (from *The Boys in the Band*), and De Niro with a friend of John Gotti's.

Durante met Murphy on a cruise 21 years ago. They were on the same side in a bar fight, and afterward, Durante introduced himself and said, "Your face is familiar. Didn't I see you in *The French Connection*?" Murphy had in fact played a union boss in *Once Upon a Time in America* and acted in *The Brinks Job* but in *The French Connection* did only a small bar scene with Gene Hackman. He had been a construction worker when he met the director William Friedkin, who gave him his first break.

Durante eased his boat into Sheepshead Bay and got himself a drink in the cabin. "Does anyone desire anything?" he asked. He had beer, the makings of gin-and-tonics, and salami. Also, a bucket of tap water. "The sea is bad for the skin," he explained. "You rinse in fresh water, you get a nice feeling on your hands."

TEDDY WAS SEASICK, SO HE CROUCHED over the latrine hatch and vomited for a while. When his father laughed, Teddy raised an arm in the air and gave him the finger.

"Teddy, don't be doing that, you fuck," Gerry said.

Teddy flopped over on his back and passed out in the midday heat. We fished the Tin Can Grounds and Breezy Point, but nobody had much luck with the sea bass. We switched to fluke and tried the deep water outside Ambrose Channel, in the shipping lanes, so our lines couldn't hit bottom. Everyone put in $5 for who-ever caught the biggest fluke. Eugene was the best fisherman, so he took the worst rod and played air guitar while he sat in a plastic deck chair and held the reel between his knees. He didn't even bother to replace his bait when it fell off. "You don't need bait when you got my skills," he said.

Murphy laughed. "Oh, I like that—Skills Durante."

Durante is crazy about Eugene—he emphasizes the first syllable, so it comes out *Yoo*-gene—and before I'd left for Brooklyn, he said, "I'm sorry he's my son, because I go out with him and nobody wants to talk to me; they all want to talk to my son." Durante's second child is named James, after Jimmy Durante, who is no relation of theirs. He was in the waiting room when his wife was giving birth and he heard on the radio that the singer had suffered a stroke. "I thought he wasn't going to make it," Durante recalled, "then he lives. And Danny Stiles, the nostalgia disc jockey, comes on and says, 'Jimmy Durante is alive in Brooklyn!' "

Durante wore canvas Top-Siders, duck pants, a shirt with epaulets, and a necklace that vertically spelled out GENO in block letters. It was almost pretty in Ambrose Channel, even if to our left we could still see Brighton Beach and Shore View Nursing Home, and to our right was the sewage treatment plant on Knapp Street. Everyone stared as a beautiful 34-foot mainstream yacht floated within 40 yards of us. There were two black couples on the boat and a few children. "Look at that hull," Durante said with admiration. "You could sail to China in a boat like that. What the fuck are blacks doing with a boat like that?"

"Dad, knock it off," Eugene said.

"Sorry, but I'm just posing the question," Durante said. "I love black women. Black and white, it's a beautiful mixture. You don't think if it's good enough for De Niro, it's good enough for you or me?"

Teddy woke up, badly sunburned, and made himself a sandwich. Like Eugene, he has been working in the New York Police Department. Eugene said he had just put in for an assignment in the 70th Precinct, host to the Abner Louima incident. "They're getting rid of all the scumbag cops," he explained. "The Seven-Oh's going to be the cleanest squad in the entire force, the best place to train."

"Now I can see how you used to be a social worker and backpacked around Europe," Teddy said. "You got that idealistic philosophy."

"My own fucking son is a pig," Murphy shouted over. "I got a little granddaughter who's smarter than him. The other day, I bought her a present, and I says she only gets it if she tells me the Eleventh Commandment, and without a blink she says, 'Thou shalt not snitch.' I said, 'Now, that is a good girl.' " Then he got on the subject of asbestos suits against the city and disability claims people had filed for stunt-scene injuries.

I asked Teddy and Eugene if they ever thought it was weird to be working as cops given the sorts of characters their fathers knew and love to reminisce about.

Times were different back then, Eugene said.

"Most of the shit I saw you don't even know about," Durante said to his son.

"And I don't want to know."

Everybody was playing it for Durante, running through their wiseguy routines. At one point, I had the biggest fish of the day on my line, a baby sand shark that was more than two feet long.

"Look at that shark making a bitch out of you," Murphy said as I tried to reel it in.

"That shark's making a bitch out of you, Eric," Teddy said.

"The shark's calling you his bitch," Eugene said.

When I finally got the shark out of the water, Murphy suggested Teddy shoot it. "Teddy, get your piece," he said. "You got your piece on the boat?"

In the movies, "you're paid to basically water yo

Durante once said. But he's changed his mi

Later, Durante caught an eighteen-inch-long sea bass. "I recognize-a that fish," Eugene said.

"I recognize-a that fish," Durante said. It was the punch line from a story about Dominic Aniello, a kindly old man he used to bring fishing. The backstory, as they call it in the business, went something like this: They were betting on the day's biggest blackfish, but hardly anything was biting. Dominic finally caught one and put it in a bucket. While Dominic went to use the toilet, Durante put the fish on his own line.

"Look what I got," Durante had said as Dominic emerged from the cabin.

Dominic shook his head sternly: "I recognize-a that fish."

WHEN DURANTE DIES, HE WILL leave behind things in large quantities, and they will be perhaps the most substantial proof of his having lived. All of his fanaticism toward movies and the mob and hanging out at Elaine's are to him a struggle for permanence, each in a way affording an opportunity to affix himself to a moment in history more indelible than himself. "Collecting is how you make a passion out of a mild interest," Durante said one night. We had left Elaine's and were driving downtown, the Thursday-night circuit. He splashed some cologne on his face, from a travel-size bottle he kept in the glove box, and offered me some.

"Polo," he said. "It's nice, isn't it?"

Durante was in a particularly good mood, because first, Penelope Ann Miller and Richard Dreyfuss had been at the table next to us and asked if they could take his picture; then Jake LaMotta came over and complimented Geno on his clothes. Durante explained that the two of them had met in the sixties at a strip club where LaMotta was a bouncer.

We got to Marylou's. Coffeecake had been pestering Curatola all night for a speaking role in *The Trial.* He took the name Coffeecake for himself because it is the name of the character he played in *A Bronx Tale,* his motion-picture debut. He grew up with Chazz Palminteri, who wrote and starred in that movie and gave him a role.

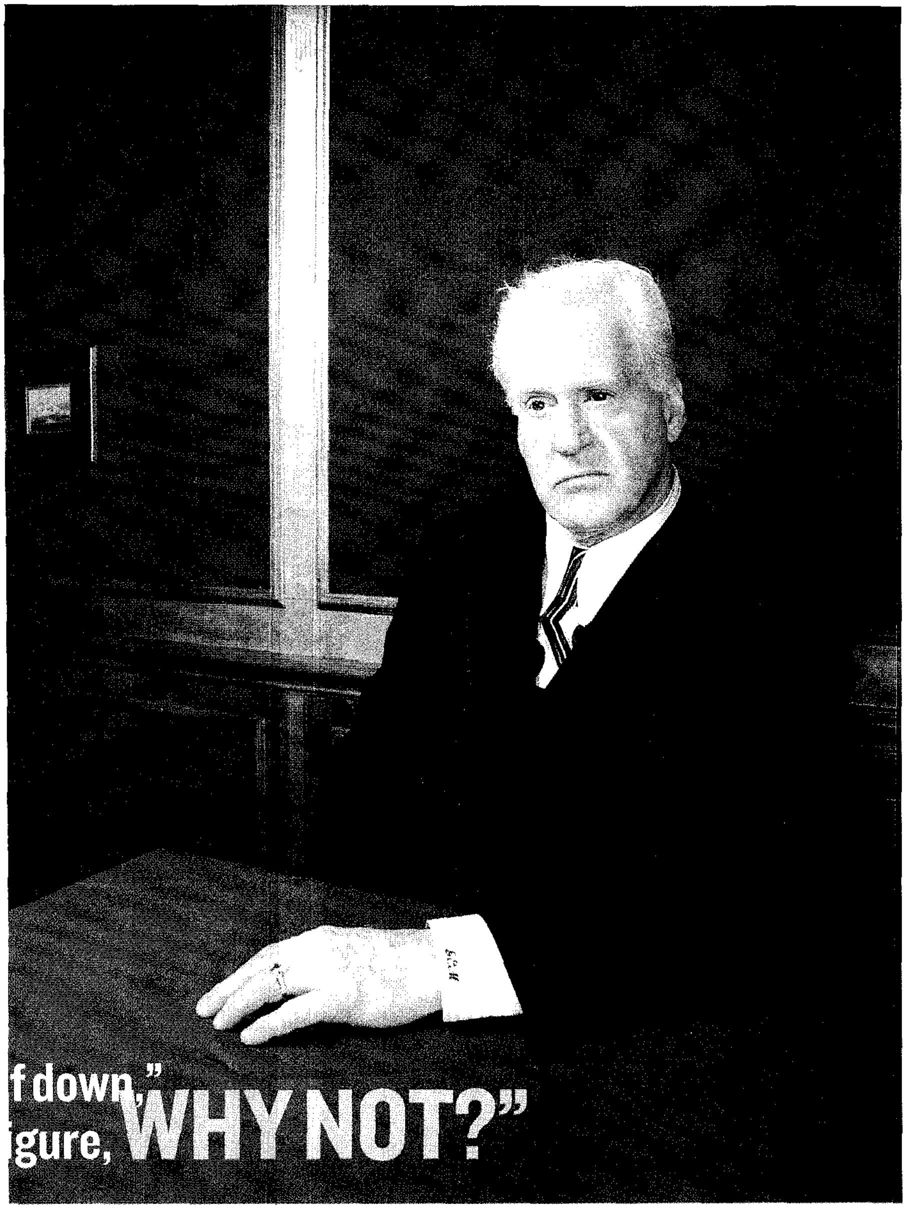
Unprompted, Coffeecake began reciting the lines he uttered six years ago in *A Bronx Tale,* from the basement craps-playing scene.

"*Wait a minute,*" he said. "*What?*"

In the movie, the character of Frankie Coffeecake had got his nickname on account of his bad skin, which is spongy, "like a Drake's coffee cake." He played him as a lovable loser, a dreamer, someone who was happy to belong, a guy whose presence was such a jinx they put a towel over his face when somebody else rolled the dice.

"Dave is gone," Coffeecake announced. "It's now Coffeecake. It's internationally known. It's all Coffeecake. I walk down Belmont Avenue, the Puerto Rican kids yell out, 'Hey, Cakes! Hey, Coffeecake!' "

Curatola winced, looking around the table. Sirico and the actor Ray Serra were involved in a conversation about how nobody who ever knew Carlo Gambino could tell he was a millionaire, because his business was his business. He had died in his bed, with his shoes off.



Wiseguy actor Gerry Murphy: *The French Connection* was his first movie.

Then Sirico said, "I'm going in the kitchen to take a piss, and I'm leaving. As Joe Pesci says to Frankie Vincent in *Raging Bull,* 'Fellas, go fuck yourselves.' "

"De Niro is a real director," Coffeecake said. "De Niro directed me in *A Bronx Tale.* When Chazz Palminteri and I were kids, we went to see *Mean Streets,* and the same weekend we saw *Bang the Drum Slowly.* We said, 'This guy De Niro's gonna be something.' Chazz, his success inspired me; when Hollywood recognized these guys I grew up with, that was a big day for me. Bobby De Niro said you can train Hollywood people for a million dollars and they never have the naturalness that I have."

Coffeecake crossed his arms in a pouting gesture and went back to shouting dialogue from a script, this one imaginary. "*Come on!*" "*What the fuck?*"

He stood and began shadowboxing. "I'm Coffeecake from the *Bronx Tale,* Geno!"

"Sit down, Dave," said Curatola, who normally is warm and self-deprecating but now was skittish. "You're not in the Bronx now. By the way, *A Bronx Tale* was a movie with a couple of stars and a bunch of amateurs. They printed 62 new SAG cards on that one."

Coffeecake lifted his drink in salute. "To the Cakes," he said. "It's not enough just to sit in the top of the Vatican. You have to get up and walk through the Vatican." He broke position and said, "I should write this down. It's very philosophical."

WHEN CURATOLA WOULDN'T GIVE COFFEECAKE any lines, it seemed unfair; he was lording his superiority over perhaps the sweetest and most loyal of the lot. Then Tony Sirico made noises about being too busy to act in *The Trial.* He had three films to shoot over the summer and a multiyear contract for *The Sopranos* (on which, it would turn out, Curatola landed a guest-star part), and at the time he was up for a lead role in the HBO prison series *Oz.*

Curatola got upset. He said he felt he was doing Sirico a favor by giving him the lead role.

"Vince is cracking up," Sirico told Durante on the way home. "But watch. Give the guy a run, and then he'll be back."

It got to the point that Curatola and Sirico could barely acknowledge each other's presence. Curatola and Big John even worried Sirico would abandon *The Trial* and thought of an alternative storyline in which another character would pull off the hit the script called for Sirico to do. Curatola made Elaine's his turf. Sirico claimed Marylou's and the West Bank Cafe, in Hell's Kitchen. Communication between them had to be conducted through Durante, both of them making pleas for his respect and loyalty.

"I'm like the captain of a ship, and I have to keep my men in line," Curatola explained to the table—looking mostly for Durante's reaction—after a painful tantrum. When Coffeecake had teased Curatola that his head was getting too big from sitting at Elaine's table, Curatola called Coffeecake "a loser" for having "no job, no money, no family, no career in movies."

Coffeecake tried to stammer a reply, but the words didn't come. He looked defeated and eventually said, "Okay, Vince."

"*Okay? Okay?* You live like a teenager on summer vacation, *okay?*"

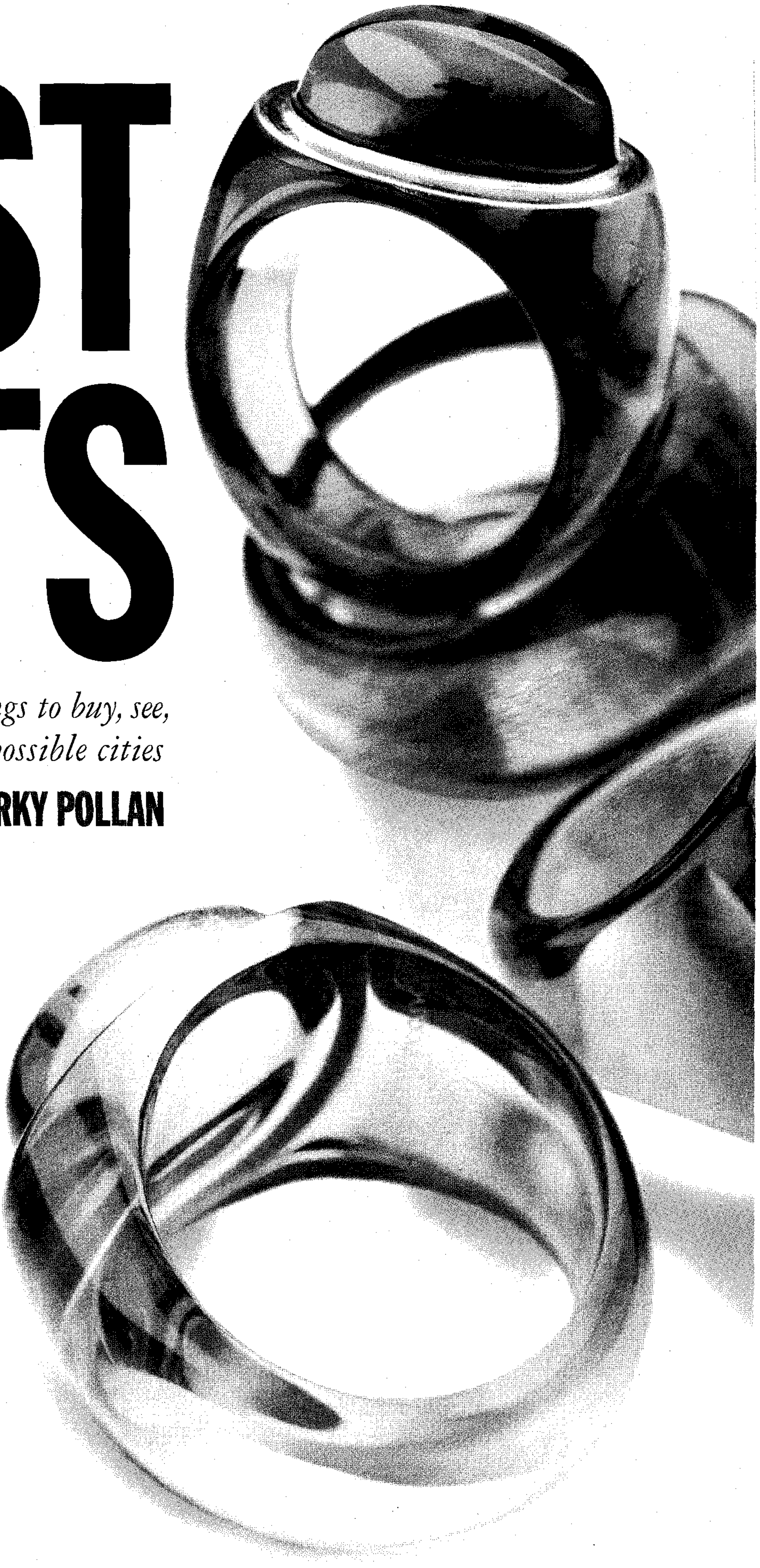
THE GANG IS NOT WHAT IT USED TO be," Durante said recently. "A lot of them don't want nothing to do with each other. Things changed." Indeed they did. Over the course of filming *The Trial,* Durante was somehow persuaded to take a role not only in the movie but in Chris Noth's TV series *Exiled* (playing a cop, no less, alongside Curatola). Everyone considered it a coup, getting Durante to do this. At last, the silent muse speaks!

I asked Durante if he thought he'd finally sold out. After all, his notion of his own celebrity was so impossible to dent that he had once, in a prideful moment, called this line of acting "a false pretense," in which the charge was that "you're paid to basically water yourself down." He gave his word that his integrity had been left whole by the experience and, in fact, he was keen for more. "I'm thinking, I was always a ham, an entertainer," he said. "So I figure, Why not? Now I'm working on getting my SAG card." ■

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

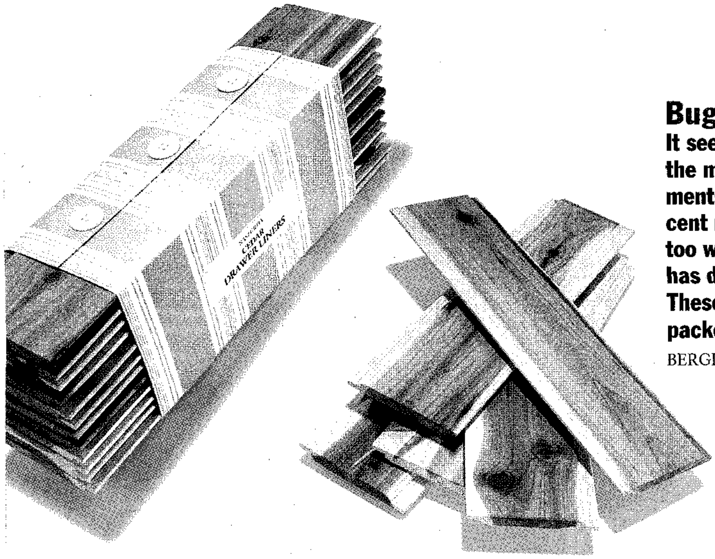


Baccarat Baubles

There's something intriguing about a grand house like Baccarat pursuing a new direction. For 235 years, the company was known for haute crystal tableware; now it's making a splash with jewelry. The Cabochons ($160) and the super-chunky Medicis (center, $255) are circled in eighteen-karat gold and come in punchy colors. And what would look cooler on steamy summer days than light-as-air, handblown crystal rings?

BACCARAT/*625 Madison Avenue, near 59th Street/826-4100*

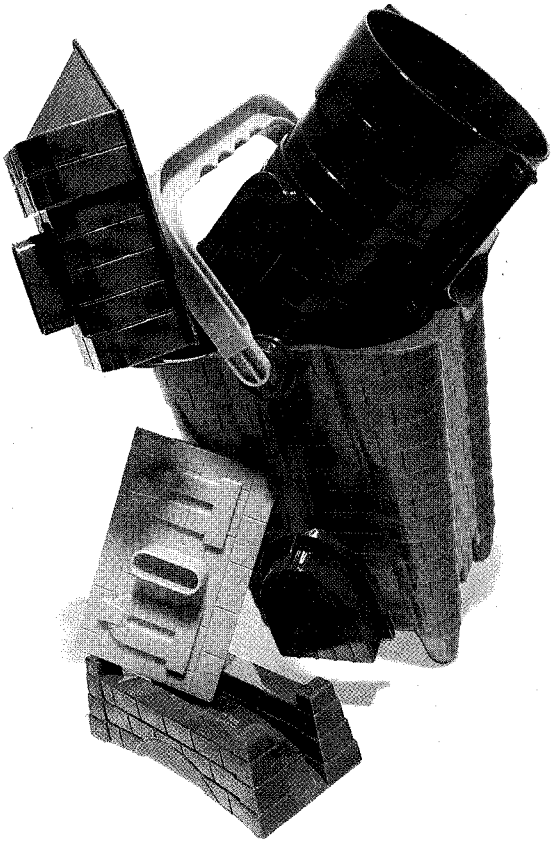
FRAGMENTS/*107 Greene Street 334-9588*



Bug Off!

It seems the more costly the sweater or shawl, the more fiendishly the moths will nibble. The old way to protect these pricey investments was with camphor (effective but nasty-smelling); a more recent means was cedar-scented wood balls (user-friendly but often too weak to do the trick). Now Nasturtia, a San Francisco company, has devised foot-long drawer liners made of 100 percent cedar. These slim, elegant, but powerful moth deterrents come neatly packed in sets of six or twelve ($14 and $24).

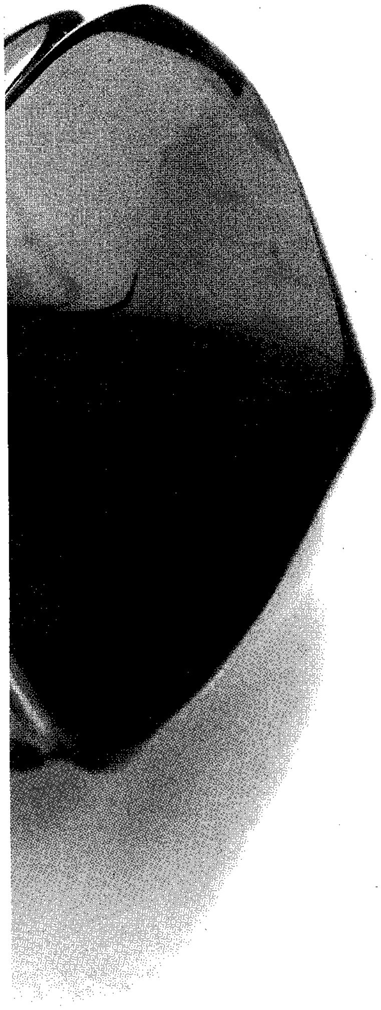
BERGDORF GOODMAN/*Seventh floor*



For Keeps

Leave the kids alone on a sandy beach with a shovel and they'll likely build some drippy sort of castle. Certainly there have been other castle-making kits around, but none has offered such elaborate possibilities as the Sand Castle Wonderland. It comes with every type of mold for creating medieval castle watchtowers, gateways, keeps, battlements, bridges, windows, even gargoyles. There's a shovel for packing the sand and a hammer for releasing it, and all ten tools fit neatly into the plastic "castle" pail ($20).

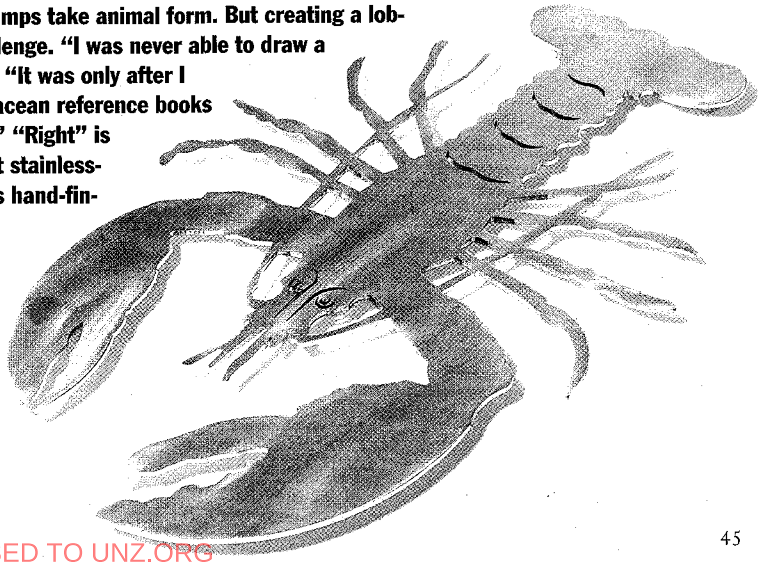
E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/861-2544*



The Lobster Was Tough

With a name like Amy's Ark it's not surprising that most of Amy Hess's candlesticks, bookends, and lamps take animal form. But creating a lobster proved quite a challenge. "I was never able to draw a proper one," says Hess. "It was only after I consulted various crustacean reference books that I could get it right." "Right" is now a splendid laser-cut stainless-steel lobster trivet that's hand-finished and signed by the artist ($88).

BARNEYS NEW YORK
Chelsea Passage



Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Discount Inferno

The megastores have landed—finally sating our hunger for power tools, cheap denim, and mayo by the gallon. **By Maura Egan**

Complaining that the superstore invasion is turning our sacred city into a suburb is practically required proof of residency in these five boroughs. Loehmann's in the venerated Barneys building in Chelsea?! Kmart in the middle of Astor Place?! Then we discovered Martha Stewart's 200-count cotton sheets at Kmart for less than a pillow sham in a SoHo boutique and unwashed denim jeans for a tenth the price of Helmut Lang's. Let's face it: Bargain hunting is the city's favorite extreme sport. We already pay through the nose in rent; we deserve a deal on toilet paper. So for a change of scale and some serious discounting, treat yourself to one of these outer-borough monster marts with extra-wide aisles and acres of parking (and no small amount of exercise either; some are so vast you'll need a compass to keep from getting lost).

The **Wal-Mart** in Uniondale, Long Island (1123 Jerusalem Avenue; 516-505-1508) is a shopping experience taken to a Vegas-like extreme. Where else can you buy 40-pound bags of charcoal, a gallon of milk, and men's cotton briefs—all in the same mile-long aisle? Ten minutes in this shopping arena and you will shrug off any notion that less is more. The crafts section alone will make you want to take up a new hobby: macramé, silk-flower arranging, perhaps wedding-cake decorating. Or if camping is your game, the store carries everything for the outdoors: baked enamelware, oil lamps, sleeping bags, and the like. For more menial tasks, there is a huge selection of brand-name appliances, from state-of-the-art Hoover vacuum cleaners to unnecessarily aerodynamically efficient Panasonic irons. The real treasure, however, is the clothing department, which carries the entire line of Dickies utilitarian wear, all for around $10, as well as forward-looking shoes, including a pair of Silver Series velcro-strap sneakers, which at $9.95 are impressively Prada-esque. The food section is a bit frightening: rainbow-colored sodas and industrial-size bags of cheese puffs, which the kids blithely rip open while Dad checks out the inflatable mini-pool. There are also the occasional enigmatic items (a.k.a. remainders) like the Le Bistro dog feeder, an automated contraption that dispenses kibble to your pooch, which you might feel compelled to buy because you may never have another opportunity to, and hey, it's on sale.

Target (135-05 Twentieth Avenue, College Point, Queens; 718-661-4346), also known as "Tar-*zhay*" pronounced with a French accent among loyalists, bills itself as an "upscale discounter," which means, in corporate jargon, that they don't want to be piled into the same category as discount dumping grounds like Odd Lots or Bradlees. The Minnesota-based retailer has succeeded in making it onto the cool radar with a witty advertising campaign and loads of celebrity endorsements (Camryn Manheim showed off her cubic-zirconia stud earrings at the Emmys). The store's flair for design and packaging boosts the "wow" factor (more company parlance), which simply means that customers can find products like designer tea kettles and beaded lampshades that look exactly like the ones at Pottery Barn but for a third the price. At the College Point, Queens, store, there are plenty of stylish cool-hunters sizing up Michael Graves's pop-inspired toaster and can opener. By the time you reach the register, your cart will be overflowing with Calphalon pans and beeswax candles, and at these prices, you won't feel guilty about throwing in those $8 flip-flops. Besides, the same ones would have cost you $28 at Banana Republic.

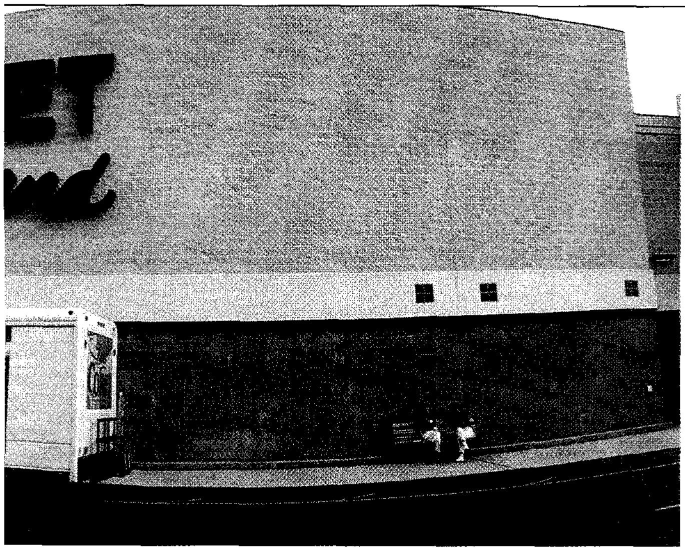
Underneath the BQE, tucked behind the industrial back streets of Red Hook, the **Home Depot** (550 Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn; 718-369-8400) stands like a bright-orange oasis. Even at 1 A.M. on a Thursday, the parking lot is abuzz with activity: A Hasidic family piles out of a beat-up station wagon, a couple struggles with a French door on their roof rack, and a few employees unload a late-night tropical-plant delivery. The store is open 24 hours, which makes it a life-saver for domestic-emergency purchases, such as a sanity-saving air-conditioner in the midst of a heat wave. Navigating the hangar-size

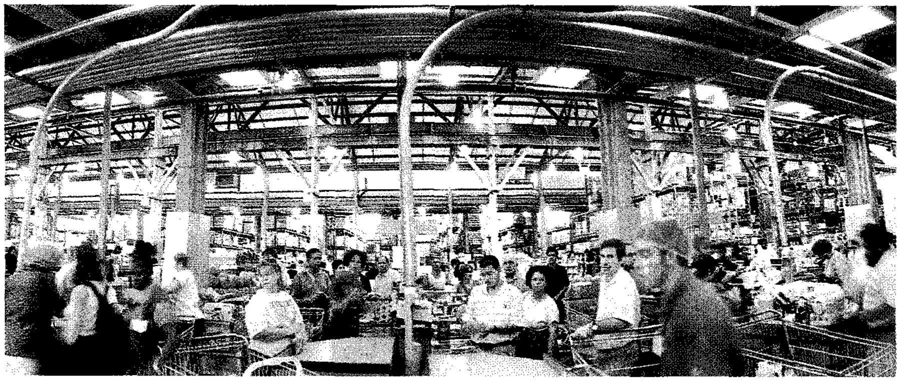
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Laundry List

People will care for things like their car with a delicacy usually reserved for the Shroud of Turin, but they'll subject the shirts on their own backs to a local launderer who has all the sensitivity of a sandblaster. For cleaning that will prolong the life of your shirts (rather than cut it short), send them out to Anita's Cleaners (1380 First Avenue, near 74th Street), which comes recommended by custom shirtmaker Ascot Chang. Actually, it comes more than just recommended: "We trained them," notes general manager Thomas Yu. "Our customers were complaining about the condition of their shirts, and it was almost always because of improper cleaning." To remedy this for their clientele (and anyone else who wishes to pay $7 per shirt), Chang's staff showed the staff at Anita's the proper way to hand-set collars and cuffs and make shirts look like they came straight from the tailor, not the Inquisition. SAM GROBART

Photographs by Warren Salowe.





Paper or plastic (or forklift)?: Left, New Yorkers converge on Target's College Point store when they want to buy a little bit of style without paying for it through the nose; below, Costco's virtual acres of floor space (and enough merchandise to stock Fort Bragg) make it the nineties' true cathedral of commerce.

warehouse can be a bit daunting, with mini-forklifts and cranes zigzagging through stadiumwide aisles of lumber, industrial doors, and toilets. Warning to home-improvement neophytes: This place has been dubbed the real-man's Ikea, so assembly will require more than a few screws and an Allen wrench. On a recent evening, the testosterone level is fairly high: A pair of Brooklyn artists size up some copper piping for their current project, while a group of construction workers admire the latest power tools in the sacred tool corral (where shopping carts, and perhaps even women, are forbidden). Still, for those not in the market for drywall, there are plenty of user-friendly items, like Weber grills, ceiling fans, and gallon jugs of insect repellent.

The Zamboni-like vehicle that mops the floor at **Costco** wholesale club (stores in and around the city; call 800-774-2678 for locations) all day long keeps the warehouse as spotless as any Madison Avenue boutique. Perhaps the membership policy ($40 per year for qualified individuals) also contributes to the tidiness by keeping out hordes of less-serious-minded browsers. The gleaming shelves are stocked full of bargains: Lexmark color printers ($154), portable helium tanks, Tag Heuer stainless-steel watches ($379.99). The real deals are the bulk items, but there is something unsettling about a 24-ounce bottle of Mylanta or a 128-ounce jar of Hellmann's mayonnaise. Frankly, I'm stumped about what you could possibly do with so much sandwich spread (of course, the 2½-pound can of tuna nearby should be a sufficient clue). The elderly couple next to me seem to know, as they stockpile enough for a possible millennium meltdown. For a bit of nostalgia, head to the frozen-food section, housed in a sleek Bauhaus-style freezer tower. This is the land of lost brand names: Ling Ling potstickers, Wilton mini–pizza bagels, and Eggo waffles all come in family-size boxes. Nearby in the vast meat department, butchers in lab coats replenish shelves with giant pork loins and London broils. The concept of meat in bulk is hardly appetizing, but it's an undeniable bargain: For $16, you can get three racks of Kirkland baby-back ribs or twelve pork chops, both of which are easily of supermarket caliber (one unsettling coincidence spotted in aisle 135—the car batteries are also named Kirkland). ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: I live in a one-bedroom apartment in the city, and I want to get a dog. Is a tiny pooch my only best friend?

A: Although urban dwelling may limit your options when you're choosing a canine companion, there is still a wide range of breeds well-suited to city living. Small lap dogs such as pugs, bichons frises, and Chihuahuas are obvious choices for confined living or limited running space, but the key to a good match between dog and owner in the city has more to do with an animal's energy level than with its size. According to Stephen Zawistowski, a certified applied animal behaviorist and science adviser at the ASPCA, it is imperative that prospective owners choose a dog whose exercise needs fit their lifestyle. "Someone living in an apartment needs to think seriously about choosing sporting or herding breeds. These dogs require extensive amounts of exercise, and unless you run from Battery Park to Times Square every day, a border collie or pointer isn't the dog for you." Larger dogs such as Labrador and golden retrievers are very popular in the city because they require only moderate amounts of exercise and are content to sleep most of the day. Your dog doesn't have to fit inside your handbag to be a good urban pet; just don't choose a dog that would be more at home chasing wild game on the prairie than a ball in the park.

SHANE ENGLISH

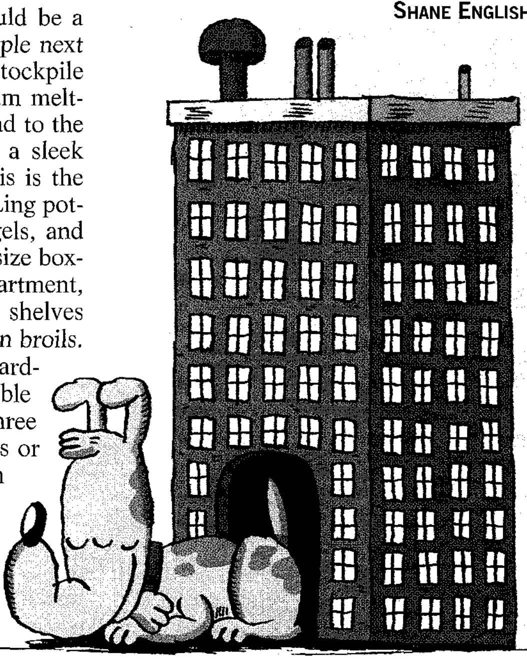
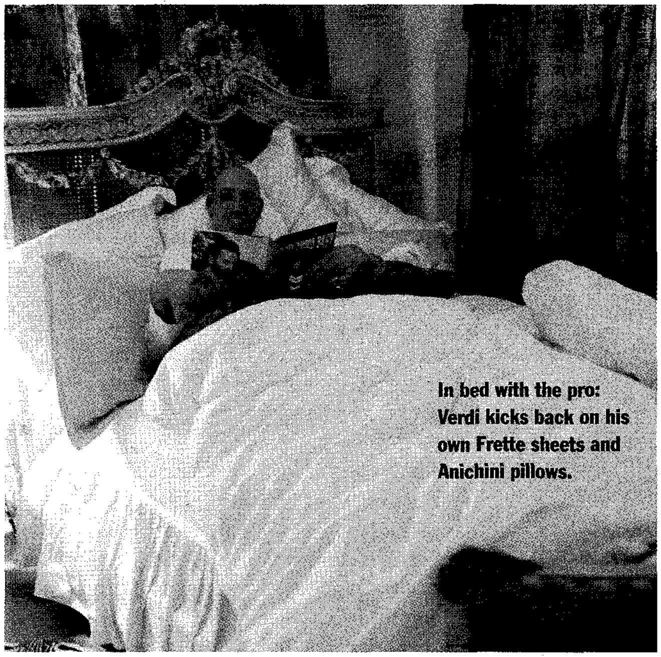


Illustration by Paul Corio.

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Make Your Bed

What’s your thread count? *A celebrity linen consultant (no kidding) seeks out backroom sources for super-luxe bedding. But at these prices,* **you won’t lose any sleep.**



In bed with the pro: Verdi kicks back on his own Frette sheets and Anichini pillows.

“YOU’RE SPENDING EIGHT HOURS A day in this bed—a *third of your life*!” pleads Robert Verdi, bedmaker to the stars. Metro Guide’s style host is at **ABC Carpet & Home**, insisting I banish the no-iron percales I’ve slept on since college. And he’s not used to skimping—his clients include Sandra Bernhard, Courtney Love, and chef Bobby Flay. As for my budget, he sees the truth in a second: I blow my credit on shoes. But Verdi promises real finds, and we set off in search of Egyptian cotton.

First, we discuss bed taste. (“Sandra’s is sexy, feminine, Moroccan-love-den-feeling. Bobby’s is neutral, masculine—fresh for the beach. Courtney? She likes the *most* luxurious, shiny fabrics . . .”). Minimalists don’t need bedskirts or decorative pillows. If, like me, you want a whole parade of “girly” (read: ornate and pricey) stuff, start small: “Beds are aspirational,” Verdi muses. “Like cars and apartments—you spend what you can now, and eventually, you trade up.”

During sales, ABC (where Verdi’s also a consultant) has deals on great down. Pick up pillows, a mid-weight duvet, and a light summer one—“for dead of winter, you can put two in a cover,” he says. Right now, you’ll also find half-price Frette sheet sets (from $450 for queen-size) and Anichini tapestry pillows at 30 percent off (from $45). But for up to 90 percent off, Verdi hits ABC’s **Warehouse Outlet**. Top picks: crocheted spreads, skirts, and shams ($7–$10), and Italian cotton sheets, shams, and duvets ($40–$60). You won’t find a matched bed set here, but, Verdi gripes, “Don’t you *hate* that?”

For sheets, Verdi loves **Harris Levy**. The shop brought Pratesi to New York in the fifties and continues to import small brands (which sell for a lot less). Verdi likes a Pratesi-looking embroidered Italian sheet set ($500 for queen-size) and a similar Portuguese one ($254 for queen-size). “There are only a few mills in Europe, so the fabrics are the same,” he confides. The shop also takes 15 to 50 percent off Palais Royal, Peacock Alley, Laura Ashley, and Wamsutta.

“If you can’t afford great furniture, don’t have a beautiful bed frame or a $5,000 armoire, play up the bed with pattern and color,” Verdi says. Catalogs from **Garnet Hill** and **The Company Store** sell inexpensive pillows, patchwork quilts (from about $130), and shadow-striped sheets (from $19 at the Company Store; from $60 at Garnet Hill). Starters for us, these are Verdi’s extras. “At some point, you say, ‘Oh, we need a great *second* or *third* set.’ This is it.”

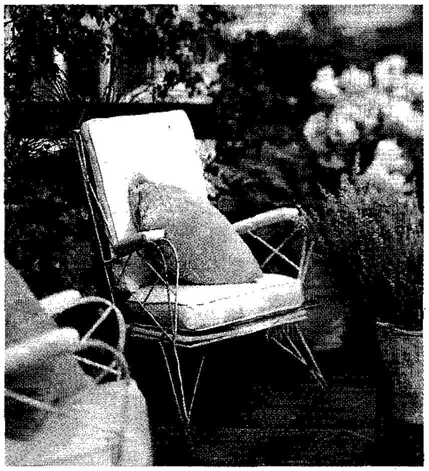
ABC Carpet & Home, 888 Broadway, at 19th St. (473-3000), Warehouse Outlet, 1055 Bronx River Ave. (718-842-8772); Harris Levy, 278 Grand St. (226-3102); Garnet Hill (800-622-6216); The Company Store (800-285-3696).

Picks of the Week

Kalinka’s bright, printed summer frocks, cozy knits, embroidered peasant tops, A-line skirts, and sexy lace eveningwear have been seen on the likes of Laura Dern and Michelle Pfeiffer. At the sample sale, they’re half off: Skirts are $65–$120; dresses are $90–$350; tops are $40–$80. Sizes 4–10. *333 W. 39th St., fifteenth floor (564-7112); cash only; Mon.–Sat. 9–8; 7/19–7/24.*

Potted Gardens, the downtown garden shop, is clearing tons of antique-y furniture and accessories (pictured, below) at up to 90 percent off. You’ll find country tins and boxes ($1–$10); stone planters ($45–$125); and vintage counters, cupboards, and iron garden furniture $50–$900). *27 Bedford St. (255-4797); A.E., M.C., V.; Tue.–Sun. noon–7; 7/20–8/1.*

Riflessi’s huge sale offers half off men’s businesswear from Giorgio Armani, Cerruti 1881, Ermenegildo Zegna, and others: Suits and sport jackets from $395, dress shirts from $49, ties from $33. Free alterations. Sizes 36S to 60XL. *260 Madison Ave., near 38th St. (679-4875); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–7:30, Sat. 10–7, Sun. 11–6; 7/19–8/8.* ▬



DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to “Sales & Bargains” and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: left, Robert Wright; right, Helen Norman.
Pajamas from Brooks Brothers.

PETER RAINER

Strangelove

The sexual reverie of a doctor's wife sends him on a tour of the city's dark side in Stanley Kubrick's powerful (if sometimes silly) 'Eyes Wide Shut.'

Eyes Wide Shut IS BEING BILLED AS more than a movie, more than even a Tom Cruise–and–Nicole Kidman movie: It's a Stanley Kubrick movie, which means, if his rep holds, that it's supposed to somehow intuit what's going on in our innermost lives and divine a millennial mood we may not yet even be aware of. The film is poised to be an epochal pop-cultural event, an art blockbuster. And since it's Kubrick's last, the genius-visionary mystique machine has been turned on by the media full-blast. *Eyes Wide Shut* is going to be read or, more to the point, misread as some kind of valedictory. But Kubrick never intended for this film to be his last—he was, for example, famously caught up in preparations for a movie about artificial intelligence. Besides, for a director whose themes were as churningly repetitive as Kubrick's, there can be no proper valedictory because the moment of serene repose never arrives.

Nothing's sweet: Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman in Kubrick's final film.

It is this quality of personal obsession that makes *Eyes Wide Shut* such a hammerlock of an experience. It's a powerful movie without always, or often, being a very good one; watching it is a bit like being inside the twistings and conniptions of a control freak who longs to lose control, only to pull back tighter than ever. The oracular power often attributed to Kubrick's films from at least *A Clockwork Orange* on is keyed to the playing and replaying of a few themes and variations on paranoia and depravity. For all the vaunted bigness of his movies, they're not very symphonic—there are too few notes for that.

It's perhaps no coincidence that Kubrick punctuates the *Eyes Wide Shut* soundtrack with repeated earsplitting strikes of a single piano key whenever things get particularly deranged. The derangement starts early. Dr. William Harford (Cruise) and his wife, Alice (Kidman), segue from their swank Central Park West apartment to a pre-Christmas party at even swankier digs—an eerie aerie belonging to one of William's wealthy patients (Sydney Pollack) that resembles something out of *The Shining*. The coruscated moldings and gleaming amber interiors are infernally luxurious; the Christmas-tree bulbs are like warning lights. Alice finds herself dancing with an aging Hungarian roué (Sky Dumont) who has a desiccated line of patter; he quotes Ovid to her and invites her to check out the sculpture garden with him. She demurs, waving her wedding ring as if it were a talisman. But the film's vampiric tone has been set—we're watching a movie about sex as the Other.

The tone is amplified when William, having been courted by two leggy models, is called upon to revive a nude woman who's OD'd in his host's private quarters. Her pristine body is photographed like carrion before the feast. At home afterward, Alice and William get stoned in their crimson-sheeted bed and the obligatory postcoital scene runs to jealousy: Alice accuses her doctor husband of party-time infidelity, he jokingly brings up the roué, and then she drops the bombshell: A reverie she had of being deeply smitten and willingly borne away forever from her husband and young daughter by a handsome naval officer she spied during the family's Cape Cod summer vacation. William listens to her rapt monologue with eyes wide open—Kidman gives a harrowing rendition—and the screen-filling close-up of him that Kubrick bestows is a doozy: This naïf looks positively poleaxed.

The Harfords, it would seem, are not the sort of couple who get turned on by one another's erotic indiscretions. That would make for a different movie. This one—written by Kubrick and Frederic Raphael and closely patterned on the 1926 Arthur Schnitzler Freudian fantasia novella *Dream Story*—is about the damning effect of carnal urges. William may be the shining prince of the Upper West Side who flashes his medical I.D. card as if it were a sheriff's badge; he may have women slavering all over him. No matter. Alice offers up her reverie and William looks into the chasm, where he imagines Alice and the officer locked in lust. (The couplings he fantasizes are rendered in a radioactive-

Photograph courtesy of Warner Bros.

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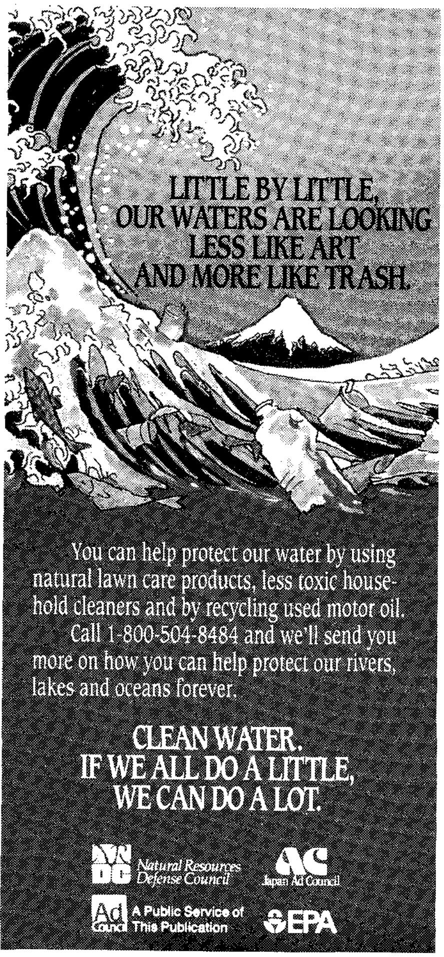
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looking black-and-white.) He moves into a night world that encompasses both the ratty Village apartment of a sweet-souled hooker (Vinessa Shaw) and, later, an elaborate masked ball in a forbidding upstate mansion: It's erotics high and low, and Kubrick seems to be making the tired old point that upper-class sex is more decadent than the lower varieties.

Coming a little more than halfway through this two-and-a-half-hour movie, the masque is the film's centerpiece, and it's around this time that things start to get really, if unintentionally, silly. The way Kubrick stages the scene, it's like the Vanderbilt mansion meets Hef's place. People in gargoyle masks stride through echoey amphitheaters in caped costumes and monk duds, chanting and acting all incantatory while masked women mince about buck-naked and lead men away to some unspecified delectation. William glides goggle-eyed through the rutting tableaux, and who can blame him? (A few digitized figures were inserted into the scene to block the view and secure the film's R rating.) It's quite possible that Kubrick never saw a lot of the tony blue-movie schlock that this sequence conjures up, but he arrives at the same place anyway. Who would have believed Stanley Kubrick as a deluxe Radley Metzger?

Kubrick is perhaps the least sensual of all the major directors, and so, when it was announced, however sketchily, that he would be making a movie about carnal knowledge, skepticism yielded to curiosity: Maybe he could do for humping what he once did for nuclear proliferation and space travel? But Kubrick can't give us the pleasures of the illicit in *Eyes Wide Shut*, only the terrors; and without those pleasures, what is there for the good doctor to be drawn into or renounce? (In the movie's archetypal scene, William on a house call is lured by an amorous patient while a corpse rests in full view.) For all its supersophisticated stylistics, the film basically issues from a zone of bourgeois complacency. The message is: Play around, get in trouble.

But it goes deeper than that. Alice's indiscretions are reveries; William's are bona fide. The film is a male fantasy of how women's imagined urges can destroy you just as if they were real. ("No dream is just a dream," William says at the end.) Kubrick's view of females is double-edged: With their sexual capacity, their instinct for infidelity, their aphrodisia, they are the annihilators of male contentment. And yet there are women in *Eyes Wide Shut*, like that sweet-souled prostitute, who are a balm; at the masked ball, an enigmatic siren offers herself up to save William's life, sacrificing herself to redeem his transgressions. So men are a party to annihilation, too. *Eyes Wide Shut* just might be the most elaborate male mea culpa ever committed to film.

Still, none of the personal destructions on view resonate, because the movie seems to be populated by the soulless. The dead—the corpses and cadavers—are of a piece with the undead. The casting of Cruise and Kidman, movie stars who give off a chilly fortitude, is all too perfect. Kubrick brings out the alabaster whiteness in their skin; he bathes them in blue light. Their acting, except for Kidman's monologue and a few racked moments from Cruise, is overdeliberate; they seem not so much directed as commandeered.

Kubrick wasn't able to relinquish his customary iron grip over his material and move into more perilous and mellifluous realms of desire. William's dreamlike passage has the force of an obsession, but it's Kubrick's, not William's. Kubrick's passion, finally, is not for letting go but for holding on. It's an understandable response—a human response, especially as one gets older—and so there is a poignancy to it. But the only overwhelming emotion I felt from *Eyes Wide Shut* had nothing to do with the movie, really. What I experienced was a sadness that, with this last film of Kubrick's, there will be no others, and a vision, which certainly had its triumphs, has been taken away.

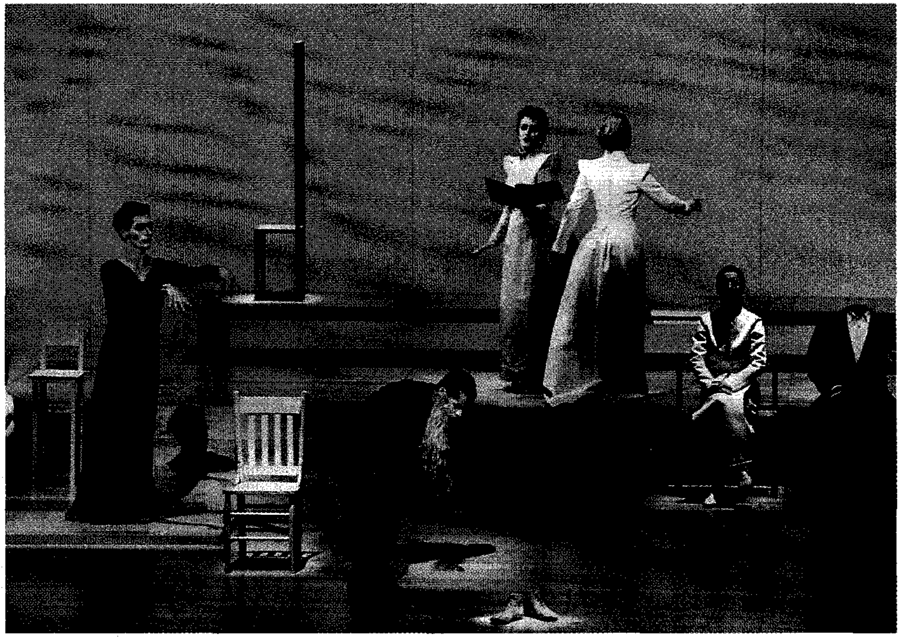
IN BRIEF: IN THE OTHERWISE INANE COMING-of-age comedy **The Wood**, there's a sequence that's more upsetting—without trying to be—than anything in *Eyes Wide Shut.* We've been following, in flashback, the horny-guy exploits of a trio of African-American high-school buddies in the L.A. neighborhood of Inglewood. Stopping off at a local convenience store to stock up on breath mints before a big dance, they find themselves caught in the middle of a holdup. Guns are drawn; the terrified store owner, probably Korean, doesn't resist; the robbery is short-circuited when one of the buddies recognizes the gang-member leader as the brother of a girl he's sweet on, and everybody piles into the getaway car. This is all played for laughs, and there are no repercussions. It's one thing when one of the Tarantinoids pulls off this kind of conscienceless jamboree; at least the pop-nihilist context has been set. But seeing this sort of stuff in a movie that's about as trenchant as *Booty Call* is unsettling: Have we arrived at the point in our movies when an inner-city convenience-store holdup is viewed as simple slapstick? The people who made this movie have either seen too much mayhem—or they haven't seen any. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

The Daze After

Robert Wilson's 'The Days Before' is smug, pretentious, and, worst of all, boring; Brian Friel's adaptation of 'Uncle Vanya' is in every respect the opposite.



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SENSE AND NONSENSE is that all sense is at least potentially different, whereas all nonsense is basically alike. This is particularly true in the theater. A stage work usually lasts a couple of hours, which is too long to be striking, the way a Surrealist painting is, and too short to get under your skin, like a pored-over volume of Rimbaud or Lautréamont. Two hours is just the right length to be a crashing, uncommunicative bore.

That is the case of Robert Wilson, whose **The Days Before: Death, Destruction & Detroit III** opened the Lincoln Center Festival 99 not with a bang (except in its music) but with a whimper. To be sure, like all successful charlatans, Wilson is cunning. He figured out how to make a show happen—be a Happening—even before it starts. The New York State Theater can accommodate multitudes, and the sold-out world premiere of *The Days Before* was to have begun at 7 P.M. on a canicular New York evening, with doors scheduled to open at 6:30.

Alas, until 7:15, the doors remained shut tight: While Nero fiddled inside, outside the roaming burned. The locked-out crowd had two choices: remain uncomfortably warm in the plaza, or crowd into the box-office area and swelter unbearably. What did most people do? The latter: pack themselves into that sizzling cage like sardines in a hot tin can. Since they all had assured seats anyway, why subject themselves to that inferno? Because these were not thinking people; these were Robert Wilson fans.

A parboiled audience is putty in a snake-oil salesman's hands: In air-conditioned comfort, flimflam seems like manna from heaven, and a bare-assed emperor seems swathed in Armani. *The Days Before* was, of course, the same self-indulgent claptrap with which Wilson has regaled us for a quarter-century, although it did feature the dulcet tones of Fiona Shaw as narrator and tossed Tony Randall and Isabella Rossellini into the stew like a couple of pope's noses.

What you got was a mind-numbing hodgepodge of music by the Japanese noisemaker Ryuichi Sakamoto, a text based largely on an unreadable novel by that high-toned con artist Umberto Eco, with additional verbiage (e.g., "This is not that, that is not this" repeated ad nauseam) from *Tone Poems* by Christopher Knowles, whom Wilson discovered 25 years ago as an autistic youth and, shall we say, adopted, and who, once again, performs in this Wilson olio. Add to this confusing video images projected onto several peripatetic screens, a set featuring a few odd abstractions, and a good-size cast of bizarrely shaped individuals in waggish costumes and makeup.

Although it is all "conceived, designed, and directed" by Wilson, the actual design executants are, like the performers, recruited from all over the globe, which is what makes them so madly chic. Thus, near the start, Dadon Dawadolma intones a monotonous and endless Tibetan chant. Thus, near the middle, Semiha Berksoy, a 90-year-old Turkish opera squawker, campily bedizened and reclining on a sofa, is slowly propelled across the stage as a recording of the *Liebestod* is encroached on by her decrepit screech. The audience roars with laughter.

Mostly, it is the usual dream or nightmare images, beginning with a scrim displaying the enormous picture of an object that is part eggcup, part ice-cream cone, part nothing. Next, a performer in a crude owl mask, and another in a childish rooster one, cavort about in what only Wilson would consider choreography, by one Suzushi Hanayagi. Actually, reading the program with such mellifluous names as Makram Hamdan and Restu Imansari Kusumaningrum was more fun than watching the stage.

And it is in the program that Wilson indulges in one of his pretentious autodidact's maunderings about how he "explores the process of destruction and reconstruction, drawing from apocalyptic his- *(continued on page 54)*

Death, destruction, and didacticism: The cast of *The Days Before.*

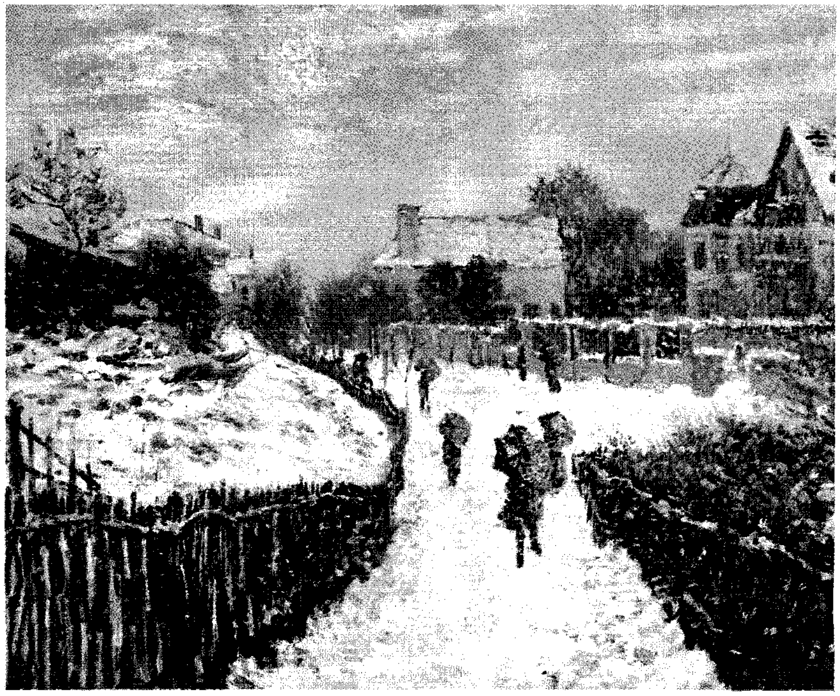
Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

ART MARK STEVENS

Christmas in July

This summer's bag of goodies includes the Brooklyn Museum's refreshing 'Impressionists in Winter' and Surrealists at the uptown Guggenheim.

MUSEUMS OFTEN RELAX IN THE SUMMER, ASsembling "this and that" roundups or presenting shows that have a whimsical or eccentric angle. This year, for example, the Brooklyn Museum of Art is exhibiting **Impressionists in Winter: Effets de Neige**, a particularly handsome crowd pleaser—the great scholar Kevin Kline is the narrator of the Audio Guide—that has an unexpected theme. Organized by the Phillips Collection in Washington, the show includes 63 snow scenes by Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, Caillebotte, and Gauguin. Its wit comes from playing against popular expectations about a very familiar style. Impressionism is supposed to be summery; and so, during the Egyptian heat of a New York July, why not turn away from those humid water lilies—and dream of snow falling on the Seine?



Monet's *Boulevard Saint-Denis Argenteuil in Winter* (1875).

The wit is educational, too. The reduced palette of winter—when a painter must work with a smaller range of color than during other seasons of the year—lends instructive emphasis to the Impressionist desire to express the subtlest effects of light. Only the wiliest mix of whites, grays, and a touch of pink, for example, will capture the furtive gleam of light upon snow during an overcast December sunset. The frosty circumstances also provide a brilliant foil for the warmth of Impressionist paintplay; inspired daubing of the brush frequently enlivens a cool scene. The Impressionists themselves, who made it a point to work outside, obviously relished the challenge of winter painting. With the pleasure of an artist upsetting conventional thinking, Pissarro asserted that "there is nothing more cold than the sun at its height in the summer, contrary to what the colorists believe. Nature is colored in winter and cold in the summer."

Not surprisingly, Monet—who lived for light—was the most determined winter painter. A contemporary of the Impressionists once went for a walk in the country on a day "cold enough to split rocks. We glimpsed a little heater, then an easel, then a gentleman swathed in three overcoats, with gloved hands, his face half-frozen. It was Monsieur Monet studying an aspect of the snow." "Effets de Neige" includes 21 paintings by Monet, among them several pictures of grain stacks under different light conditions and a series of ravishingly beautiful vistas of the wintry Seine. In looking at these pictures of the Seine—where the mist curls around the slow-moving ice floes—you can feel in your bones the way a river thaws and freezes. Although viewers typically want to be seduced by Impressionism, this show also contains some paintings that are admirably unpicturesque. For example, Caillebotte's *Rooftops in the Snow*, which was painted on cardboard, is a powerfully bleak image of blackened smokestacks on snowy roofs. An exacting evocation of a cold, overcast day in the city.

New York Collects Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950 at the Morgan Library is a plummy exhibition of more than 140 works by 82 artists. Organized by William Griswold, this is the first show at the Morgan devoted entirely to twentieth-century drawings. It embodies the determination of a museum already celebrated for its collection of old-master and nineteenth-century drawings to move decisively into the modern era. Seventy-three collectors have lent drawings or works on paper to "New York Collects," many of which will probably be given to the Morgan in the future. The quality of the work is remarkably high, and the great draftsmen of the century—among them Cézanne, Matisse, Picasso, Mondrian, and de Kooning—are well represented. In several cases, you can see a wide range of work by a particular artist. For example, five important drawings by Klee are on view.

In addition to the pleasure offered by individual works, this particular survey opens a *(continued on page 54)*

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Flower Power

Four centuries old and nineteen hours long, the exquisite 'Peony Pavilion' still mesmerizes as a tale of love begun in fantasy but realized in life.

LIKE THE PROVERBIAL BLIND MEN ATTEMPTING TO identify an elephant, audiences at the Lincoln Center Festival have been gingerly circling around **The Peony Pavilion** all month, and with some puzzlement. What is to be made of this 401-year-old Chinese opera, a nineteen-hour epic in 55 scenes by Ming-era poet-playwright Tang Xianzu (1550–1616) and currently being performed complete for the first time in centuries? A bit of advice for those about to embark on the final cycle over the coming weekend: Forget about definitions and preconceptions, make an inner surrender, and enjoy.

One aspect of the work can't be argued: As a sheer sensual experience, *The Peony Pavilion* is hard to beat. The stage of the La Guardia Concert Hall is a pretty breathtaking sight all by itself. Huang Hai Wei's elaborate set is dominated by the Ming-style pavilion where the action takes place, a gorgeous open-sided wood structure consisting of 60 hand-joined pieces, front-faced by an 18,000-gallon working pond stocked with ducks, goldfish, and water plants. Exotic birds in ornate cages adorn the pool, and their gentle calls fill the air. Luxurious painted silk-screen drops run across the rear of the stage, which includes a dais on the right to accommodate twelve musicians and a dressing area on the left where the performers—23 actors playing more than 160 roles—prepare for their entrances.

In your dreams: Qian Yi, far left, and Wen Yu Hang as the lovers Du Liniang and Liu Mengmei.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger.

Even Western ears resistant to the more frequently encountered Beijing brand of Chinese opera, with its harsh vocal conventions and grating instrumental textures, are likely to be beguiled by *The Peony Pavilion*. Considered a masterpiece of the comparatively muted and more subtly varied Kunju style, the opera slowly tells its tale through a flowing sequence of some 200 "arias" that have an attractively tuneful, lilting folklike quality. Instrumental support, which mostly doubles the vocal lines, is provided by bamboo flutes, two-stringed viols, lutes, dulcimer, and panpipes, gently seasoned by percussive punctuation. Unlike Western opera, where a fabulous vocal endowment and great singing can forgive most any visual or dramatic absurdity, a Kunju artist must present the total package: voice, figure, facial expression, and gesture, all in exquisitely balanced proportion. Indeed, body language here is just as important as vocal inflection in conveying feeling and emotion. When everything comes together—and in this production it surely does—the seductive combination has a hypnotic beauty that can be grasped and appreciated simply as an aesthetic abstraction.

Despite the opera's length and many characters, the plot is easily followed. The principal focus is on the two lovers: the young scholar Liu Mengmei and Du Liniang, a teenage girl closely guarded by her family, who first meet in an erotic dream. Unable to find Liu in real life, Du pines away and dies, but the judge of the underworld, struck by her beauty, allows her to return to earth to look for her true love. The couple is eventually united in reality, but not before encountering many obstacles, including parental opposition, invading Mongol hordes, interfering comic servants and rustics, marauding brigands, and a host of other characters. By the end of the fifty-fifth scene, we have experienced an entire world, a vivid storybook cross-section of life in China as it may have existed during the Song dynasty, between 960 and 1279.

The content, structure, and even the complex textual problems of *The Peony Pavilion* irresistibly suggest many parallels with Western drama. The most obvious one is with Shakespeare, almost an exact contemporary of Tang Xianzu: Both writers drew from history and legend to create vast panoramas populated by richly drawn characters from every stratum of society. They also knew

Simon

continued from page 51

tory [what's that?], thought [fat chance], and imagination [heavily recycled]." And further, "A mediation structure of revelations [huh?] is interwoven through forms of narrative, philosophy, and memory." Seven paragraphs of this, laced with references to Knowles's "poetry" and Sakamoto's "layer of sound," are followed by a pointless diagram and a "scene description" of the twelve tableaux. Tableau x, for instance, features "arch angels, arc angels, and god," though you might easily mistake them for horseflies, horse manure, and mud. Will Wilson's formulaic images ever be recognized for what they are: a party bore's recital of his dreams to a captive audience?

THEATER

AT A TIME WHEN THE THEATER IS BESIEGED BY phony avant-gardists from the left and vapid epigones from the right, let us give thanks for Brian Friel. This Irish author of stories, plays, and play adaptations blends solidly traditional elements with canny forays into experimentation. His *oeuvre* comprises masterpieces such as *Faith Healer* and *Translations,* heartening hits such as *Philadelphia, Here I Come!, Dancing at Lughnasa,* and *Molly Sweeney,* and occasional honorable failures such as *Wonderful Tennessee.* He does not repeat himself, and each play, however unobtrusively, grapples with modes of artistic innovation.

Festival 99 offers three Friel works, presumably not selecting them but taking what Ireland's famed Abbey and Gate Theatres had on tap. The first item was the Gate's **Uncle Vanya** (1998). As Friel remarked in the introduction to *A Month in the Country,* Turgenev and Chekhov were innovators thanks to whom "the undramatic became the new drama." Ben Barnes's production took this too literally; it was slow-moving and forgetful of Chekhov's insistence on stressing the comic.

But Friel's English rendering is wonderfully fluid and racy, David Gaucher's set was simple yet evocative, Jacqueline Kobler's costuming artfully self-effacing, and Rupert Murray's lighting deceptively mellow. Absent such supreme Frielians as Catherine Byrne and Stephen Rea, there still were such old hands as Niall Buggy (though too puny and pathological as Vanya), John Kavanagh (a fine Astrov, whose balding pate could have used a romanticizing wig), and T. P. McKenna (a decent but too sympathetic Serebryakov).

Susannah Harker, though looking thoroughly Russian, overdid Elena's languor, and Donna Dent made Sonya more goony than pathetic. Eamon Morrissey's drolly beefed-up Telegin remained defiantly Irish. Still, Chekhov's mastery was slightly dimmed, yet ultimately undiminished. ▬

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Stevens

continued from page 52

revealing window onto modernism as a whole. Drawing as a genre is well suited to the exploratory spirit of twentieth-century art. It brings to life—often better than painting can—the fragmentary, the evanescent, and the quixotic. In his essay for the catalogue, Jack Flam quotes Ingres's famous observation that "drawing is the probity of art," suggesting that for the nineteenth century, this view of drawing "entailed objectively recognizable notions of skill and craftsmanship." For the twentieth century, however, probity "came to have very different implications . . . probity meant truth to one's own temperament and personal vision of the world."

ART

At the uptown Guggenheim, **Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, The Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections** is now filling most of the museum. Old friends who began collecting Surrealist art in the fifties, Ertegun and Filipacchi amassed enormous holdings; this particular pairing contains more than 700 works. All the leading figures of the movement—together with many secondary figures—are represented in the show, including Ernst, Magritte, Dalí, De Chirico, Bellmer, and Tanguy. Many artists influenced by Surrealism also make an appearance. Certain artists receive what amounts to a show within the show. About 40 works by Joseph Cornell and 50 by Magritte are on view. In an exhibit this large, there is room for many byways and curiosities. For example, the arts of bookbinding particularly shine, as befits a movement whose roots are literary.

The Guggenheim had good reason to organize "Two Private Eyes." More than any other museum, it has strong historical ties to Surrealism; Peggy Guggenheim even married the leading Surrealist Max Ernst. Some of the work in the show has not, however, worn well. There is much Dalí-derived dreck on display (such as the painting by Tanguy). The official Surrealists created a strangely airless academy of the strange. They seemed to enjoy their own jokes a little too much. Looking at dreamscape after dreamscape—one very much like the next and many lacking any formal visual power—can become as tiresome as listening to a long account of someone else's dreams. Yet every serious artist since the twenties has had to confront the implications of the style. Surrealism elevated chance into one of the great principles of the century's art. By mixing the good, the bad, and the indifferent into one big, baggy show, "Private Eyes" creates a vivid sense of the Surrealist milieu—of a period when almost all artists, of whatever talent or fundamental outlook, became conscious of the unconscious. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

how to treat universal themes and give them theatrical immediacy, generating an audience appeal that has lost none of its power. That two such potent creative figures from two diverse and widely separated cultures could function in so many similar ways seems almost too much of a coincidence. Cultural historians will have their own theories to explain it, but for the rest of us, after seeing a full-length production of *The Peony Pavilion,* the world suddenly seems like a smaller place.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Looking for musical parallels, I was continually struck by a kinship to early Italian Baroque opera, in particular the works of Francesco Cavalli, who lived a generation after Tang. Not only is there the same deft mixture of comical and tragical elements, but the fluid musical pacing—rapid dialogue recitatives interrupted by brief solo numbers that underscore and heighten the expressive effect of the moment—is astonishingly similar. Tang, of course, was not a composer but adapted his text to existing melodies (shades of *The Beggar's Opera*), most of which are no longer known today. In fact, what we heard was based on the earliest and most complete score for the piece, dating from 1792. Interestingly, the Chinese musicians who prepared this new edition worked with many of the same scholarly tools that Western musicologists in early-music circles now use to determine authentic performance practices.

Everyone involved with *The Peony Pavilion* at Lincoln Center seems to be passionately in love with the piece. They would have to be, considering the efforts it surely took to resuscitate such an exquisitely detailed and carefully integrated production after Shanghai bureaucrats sabotaged the performances originally scheduled for last year's festival. Director Chen Shi-Zheng has had to restage the work from scratch, working with a cast of practiced Kunju artists who must have come to New York at some peril to their future careers back home. As the young couple Liu Mengmei and Du Liniang, Wen Yu Hang and Qian Yi are spellbinding figures of idealized romance and occupy a special world of their own, created through gracefully stylized gestures, high-pitched vocal inflections, and the sheer beauty of their physical presence. They, like everyone else in the cast, perform with extraordinary discipline, a focused concentration that never threatens to falter for a moment throughout this huge epic. Their skill is awesome and their ferocious belief in the material totally infectious—more than enough to sway audiences still uneasy with the sometimes strange but always compelling conventions of Chinese opera. ▬

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Back to the Future

Chucking a century's agglomeration of revisions, the Kirov looks to the original to inspire its astonishing new 'Sleeping Beauty.'

'GO FOR BROKE" (LITERALLY AND METAPHORICALLY) may have been the **Kirov Ballet**'s slogan for its recension of the jewel in its crown: Marius Petipa's 1890 *Sleeping Beauty,* for which Tchaikovsky composed his most deliquescent score. Opening the venerable St. Petersburg company's two-week engagement at the Met, this radical and unthinkably costly production left its audiences astonished. Having decided that the marvels of its touchstone ballet had eroded gravely through latter-day revisions, the Kirov's new leader, Makhar Vaziev, marshaled a team of investigators and artists to go back to available evidence of the original production, which included early twentieth-century dance notation of the choreography and lavish pictorial information about the costumes and sets.

It sounds like a scenario for disaster—trying to make the historical theatrically viable. Yet the result is enchantment. In spite of deviations from authenticity that would dismay scholars and thorny contradictions such as the imposition of present-day ballet technique on choreography more than a century old, this *Beauty* charms, persuades, and eventually triumphs. Its foremost assets are a sensitive response to the music, leisurely pacing (the performance lasts nearly four hours, and not a minute is dull), and a resemblance, in look and ambience, to an antique storybook. As in the fairy tales of old, this version offers visions of sublime loveliness that one can unabashedly aspire to, incarnations of ugliness and evil recognizable as such without being terrifying, and sheer delight dancing hand-in-hand with fundamental moral propositions. Ballets attempting to live happily ever after are best transformed slowly and gently as they're passed down from generation to generation; the Kirov's *Beauty* has undergone a rude reawakening, but she's radiant nonetheless.

The Russians brought two other program-length pieces to New York, both standards in its repertory. *Giselle,* the emblem of Romantic ballet, has gradually metamorphosed at the Kirov into a strict, frosty ritual, which I think is contrary to its nature. The second act, dominated by female spirits raised from the dead, has grown so over-refined in style, it looks fetishized, the ensemble a group of automatons, the ballerinas in the alternating casts aiming to outdo each other in cobwebbyness. Most of the once-impassioned motivation of the main characters has been bleached away—this in the country of Stanislavsky.

The Fountain of Bakhchisaray, an *echt* Soviet concoction of the thirties, was given its first American airing, though we know it a bit from the vintage film that records the pitting of the pure-of-soul Galina Ulanova against the extravagantly sexy and murderously jealous Maya Plisetskaya in the rival women's roles. Three acts long, with prologue, epilogue, and a working fountain, the ballet is all bombast: plaintive romance and action-hero villainy, aristocratic display and hokey exoticism. The Kirov played it sincerely and to the hilt, which is the only way it can work.

The boldest move in the company's visit was the presentation of an all-Balanchine program: *Serenade, Apollo, Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux,* and *Symphony in C,* the last staged by John Taras and Patricia Neary, the other three by Francia Russell. Balanchine was, of course, one of the Kirov's most illustrious alumni, but during much of the Soviet era, while his genius flowered in America, his progressive choreography was anathema in his motherland. Once the political climate thawed, the Russians had difficulty mastering his advanced inventions. Finally, this season, they gave the most glorious examples of Balanchine dancing that I've seen since the New York City Ballet's when the choreographer himself was here to shape them. Part of this had to do with the fact that the stagers' concept of Balanchine came from the grand old days, part, I believe, from the

(continued on page 58)

Wide awake: The Kirov's Svetlana Zakharova and Denis Firsov in *The Sleeping Beauty.*

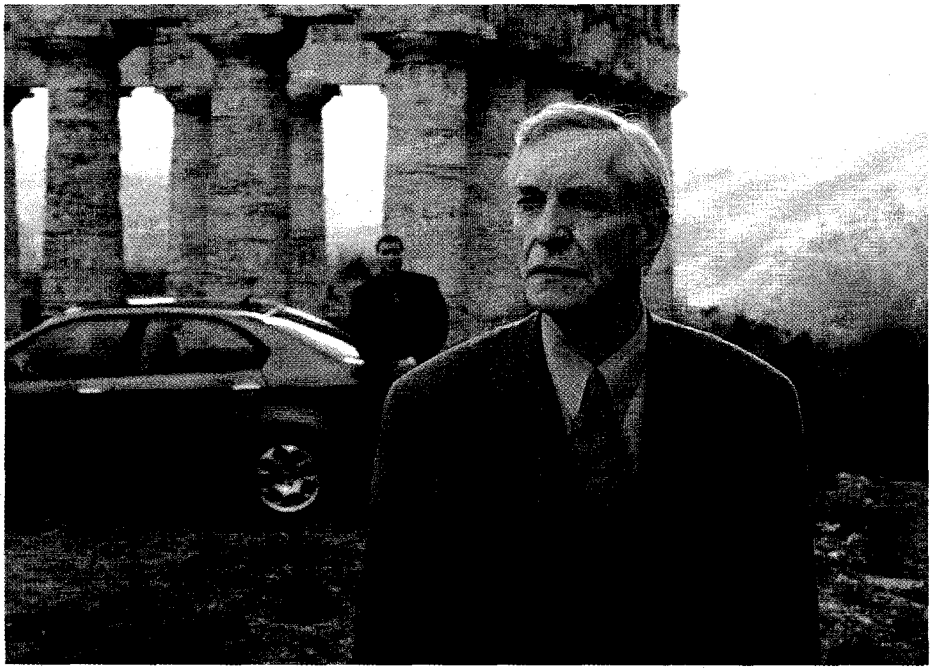
Photograph by Jack Vartoogian.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Dishonorable

Even within the stilted conventions of the myth-making mobster memoir, Showtime's 'Bonanno' goes way beyond the pale.

THIS WAS BEFORE IT BECAME CLEAR JUST HOW peculiar **Bonanno: A Godfather's Story** (Sunday and Monday, July 25 and 26; 8 to 10:30 P.M.; Showtime) really is. I was going to try to explain the popularity of Mafia movies by speculating that all of us want to be, if not mobsters, at least Italians. Spike Lee, for instance. To be sure, the usual anti-defamation groupies have complained that *Summer of Sam* insults their ethnic persuasion. But while Spike's too easily distracted, like an optic nerve on jumping beans, it should've been obvious ever since *Do the Right Thing*, as well as *Jungle Fever*, that he longs to be an Italian as much as Robert Duvall did in the first *Godfather*. Maybe, as in grand opera or sports broadcasting, we need to wave our hands around a lot. Maybe it's the heroic past: Caesar, Dante, Michelangelo, Julius La Rosa. Or the family values: strong men, loyal women, home cooking, upward mobility, great coffee, and a forgiving church when your subscription's about to be canceled. Or Sinatra and DiMaggio.



Say it ain't so, Joe: Martin Landau as don Bonanno in *A Godfather's Story*.

Why else would Martin Landau agree to play Joe Bonanno, the last of the extant old-school godfathers — drying out even as we speak like a reptile in the Arizona sun? Or, for that matter, Costas Mandylor to play his father, Salvatore, in the middle of an old-world turn-of-the-century Sicilian vendetta? Or Edward James Olmos to play his mentor, Maranzano, in the bloody skirmishing of crime families during Prohibition? As near as I can tell, about the only thing distinguishing Bonanno from the other hoods in expensive suits like Albert Anastasia, Joe Colombo, Frank Costello, Carlo Gambino, Vito Genovese, Sam Giancana, Vincent "the Chin" Gigante, and Charles "Lucky" Luciano is that he survived to write his autobiography.

Which is the peculiarity of this Bonanno. It is based not only on Joe's own book, *A Man of Honor*, but also on *Bound by Honor*, the equally self-serving memoir of his son Bill, who just happens to be the co–executive producer of the five-hour mini-series. If Joe did only seventeen months in prison for contempt, Bill spent twelve years behind bars. Thus we are vouchsafed an unapologetic point of view from deep inside the very top of the wiseguy pyramid. It will perhaps not surprise you that the Bonannos never shed blood except with the utmost reluctance after every reasonable alternative had been explored. Nor will it surprise you that, just like Marlon Brando, they were opposed to trafficking in narcotics, in spite of the greed of the other families. As we are assured by regular swine-flu booster shots of rhetoric, they were men made entirely out of "honor" and "tradition." Indeed, by the twelfth time I heard the word *honor*, I reached for my harmonica.

What *will* perhaps surprise you is that in the world according to the Bonannos, the anti-fascist newspaper editor Carlo Tresca was murdered not by agents of Mussolini but by a Frank Costello worried about what Tresca, who couldn't be bought, was doing to the don's reputation in New York's Italian community. Joe tells us that he valued Tresca's courage and was opposed on business principles to the rubbing-out of cops, pols, and journalists but nevertheless had to respect Costello's "right to protect himself," and so, in his own words, "I washed my hands" of the affair. Nevertheless, "it was the most difficult moment of my life as a godfather." Well, you've got to feel for him. And what I feel—since Tresca happens to be a personal anarchist-hero of mine, of whom most Americans will not have heard until this mini-series—is nauseated.

And what is likely to astonish you is the blithe assertion by the father-and-son Bonannos that the Mafia, with some help from the usual anti-Castro Cubans, killed John F. Kennedy. Not Joe B., of course, who happened to be in Canada at the time. Nor Bill B., to be sure, who heard about it on the phone. But such godfathers as Sam Giancana of Chicago, Santo

(continued on page 58)

Photograph by Attila Dory/Showtime.

RESTAURANTS HAL RUBENSTEIN

Snap, Crackle, Pop

Roy Liebenthal's Pop has all his regular accoutrements: ample attitude, seductive lighting, plus food that's almost as tempting as its patrons.

This year's model: The scene at Pop.

I HAVE A QUESTION FOR ALL THE Prada-toting, J.P. Tod–scuffing, Helmut-zipping hungry ones who stand outside Veruka and Asia de Cuba, all those places that make you mark time on the sidewalk while the genius with the clipboard searches for your misspelled name:

Are you nuts? Do you really enjoy starting off your night reduced to emulating a Dickensian street urchin, or did you simply pawn your self-respect for that pair of Gucci embroidered jeans? There are more than 10,000 restaurants in New York, and most of them would be more than happy to agreeably honor your reservation under an air-conditioned roof. True, almost none of them have Veruka's up-from-the-floor floodlighting, which turns its patrons into a cast virtually camera-ready for a remake of *Nosferatu*, or Asia's nostalgic-for-Dole-canned-pineapple cuisine, but surely somewhere there's a place for you where you don't have to put up with *faux*-velvet rope tricks. Studio 54 is dead, you know. Deal with it.

Even if for no other reason than the absence of checkpoint chumps, it's a pleasure to open **Pop**'s front door. Okay, so you can barely notice the name on it. And the maître d' is wearing headphones. Why? Hipness requires accessories, I guess. Frankly, I think he's listening to the Yankees game, but his voice is so soft and welcoming, his smile so easy and unforced, it's hard to sustain the desire to sever him from his battery pack.

And though the room is peppered with folks as deliciously desirable as you are, Pop's overall-clad staff isn't fazed, intimidated, or playing favorites. In fact, for all that's been written about Pop's expansive décor (Ali Tayar's interior is an homage to the Eero Saarinen–designed TWA terminal at JFK) and owner Roy Liebenthal's desire to put the "cuisine" of Café Tabac and the Lemon behind him, Pop's shiny-eyed, smart band of waitpersons (and a sommelier as congenial as he is knowing) is the place's most consistent treat.

Though it doesn't quite live up to its lofty press, Pop's décor doesn't deserve to be dismissed as easily as most air terminals. Actually, Tayar does himself a disservice. As gravity-defying as the original TWA terminal was, it was never a warm place, or a particularly flattering one. And although the cacophony of chattering patrons ricochets noisily off Pop's floating red metal ceiling, the space below is comfortable, like an effortlessly Moderne rec room, and lit more benevolently than Lauren Bacall being shot by *Harper's Bazaar.*

The menu is also ingenious, but not nearly as effortless. Liebenthal certainly upped the ante by hiring Brian Young, a talented sous-chef from Le Bernardin, and when Young's dishes echo the clarity of his alma mater, Pop's kitchen soars past its contemporaries' intentions. Crisp wrapped shrimp rolls have snap and body, a soft-shell crab has an eerily addictive ingredient laced into its crackling peppered batter, and coarsely shaved clam tartar almost vibrates in its invigorating bath of ginger, chives, and pepper oil. As precious as it is to call an entrée "a confit of swordfish," this dish is still a marvelous treatment of a fish rarely known for succulence. Wonderfully tender, it's thoughtfully accompanied by barley and roasted mushrooms in truffle oil. Chilean sea bass is roasted in a clear gazpacho, each orange or yellow tomato squirting sweetness onto its charge.

But like many less-seasoned cooks, Young forgets that solid editing is often as admirable, and as satisfying, as virtuosity. Too often, he complicates swell ideas by letting random fancies find their way onto the plate. Portobello-and-sweetbread dumplings mimic the harmony of a man running into his ex-mother-in-law. An herb-stuffed loin of pork is expertly cooked—and there couldn't be enough vidalia-onion rings—but the licorice-caramel sauce is a scraper-offer. The other

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Tobias *continued from page 55*

dancers' discovery that the man who fled Russia had worked wonders to which they wanted to commit themselves, body and soul. The stagings—supported by the most compelling ballet orchestra New York has ever heard—abounded in lush, sweeping energy, delicate precision, and an eager attentiveness to tone and texture. Being a member of the audience for this phenomenon meant reveling in the sheer aesthetic experience and moreover sensing that one was witnessing a significant moment in dance history.

A majority of the Kirov's current principals and soloists are quite young—relatively recent graduates of the celebrated Vaganova Academy. And their dancing is very much in ballet's new vein—brilliantly bold and clear. The physical effect is stunning, if verging dangerously on the gymnastic: sky-scraping leg extensions, leaps that lightly cleave huge expanses of space, turns too many and swift to count. In the narrative ballets, alas, emotional impact is often absent. The crop of featured young men is largely of middle height and compactly built, so a number of their female peers—the Giacometti girls: tall, slim to the verge of emaciation—lack compatible partners. The model for the Kirov's new female breed may be the more experienced Uliana Lopatkina, all thin, attenuated limbs and haughty sinuousness cultivated to the point of idiosyncrasy. For her a partner is minor accessory.

DANCE

The sole woman able to combine the favored futuristic virtuosity with old-fashioned virtues is Svetlana Zakharova. With her air of sweet radiance tinged with melancholy and her beautifully open upper-body carriage (throat and breastbone in dialogue with the heavens), Zakharova meshes feeling with dancing. She's the only one of her sisters who seems to perform the traditional repertory from impulse rather than technical dictates, and thus the only one who makes convincing sense of the ballets' stories. The more mature Altynai Asylmuratova, formerly the company's darling, has conspicuously lost ground in physical *and* dramatic power, but her style blessedly retains the classical harmony embodied by her legendary predecessors.

The usefully tall Igor Zelensky has acquired coherence in his dancing, yet still lacks authority because acting and even simple self-projection bewilder him. The junior leading men, admirable technicians to whom the notion of charisma is alien, don't appear destined for stardom. My favorite guy was the mime Vladimir Ponomarev, fiercely concentrated and complex as the Tatar chief in *Bakhchisaray,* a role made up of stride, posture, and gargantuan gesture—without a dance step in it. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Leonard *continued from page 56*

Trafficanti of Tampa, and Carlos Marcello of New Orleans, not to mention Johnny Roselli (Bruno Di Quinzio) with a high-powered rifle in a Dallas storm drain. This was after the mob had helped elect JFK as a favor to his father, Joe (Roger Dunn)—Joe B.'s old bootlegging buddy, whose unfortunate stroke on a golf course left him helpless to rein in a rampaging attorney general Bobby.

I have no wish to trip barefoot again over the grassy knoll of the Kennedy assassination. But at least when a James Ellroy or a Don DeLillo entertains similar scenarios, his book is advertised as fiction. And we all know that Oliver is Stoned. But Showtime? Forgive me for failing to pick and choose among production values. I've lost my sense of humor about the mob. *Bonanno* is inexcusable.

IT WAS EXACTLY WHAT WE DIDN'T WANT TO see on the local news in the holiday season at the end of 1993, and so, of course, Susan Muska and Greta Olafsdottir have produced, directed, and edited a cable documentary about it, **The Brandon Teena Story** (Monday July 26; 11 P.M. to 12:35 A.M.; Cinemax), that scalds the eyes and wounds the brain. Teena, born a girl in Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1972, decided to grow up a boy, dressed as a boy, dated girls, and even proposed marriage to one. When rumors of her/his secret began to circulate, she/he—the designations are used almost interchangeably by everyone interviewed on camera—moved to Falls City; hooked up with a couple of ex-cons, John Lotter and Tom Nissen; fell in love with Lana Tisdel; forged a couple of checks; and got arrested—after which the rumors from Lincoln reached Falls City. John and Tom were so outraged at this deception that they beat up and raped their former friend, who was encouraged by Lana to go to the police, who did nothing until manly John and manly Tom murdered womanly Brandon/Teena as well as the single mother, Lisa Lambert, who had given him sanctuary, and a luckless stranger who just happened to be visiting her farmhouse that New Year's Eve.

TELEVISION

Muska and Olafsdottir talk to Lana, John and Tom, Teena's mother and Lisa's father, the girls "Brandon" dated in high school, a sheriff and a U.S. marshall. We listen in to audiotapes of police interrogations. Meanwhile, like a stream of gray polluted consciousness, accompanied by a soundtrack of country songs about love gone wrong, images flow by of big sky, bereft highways, sinister cornstalks, wasted barns, and windmills. We are left with a sort of punk bafflement. ■

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

white meat can't handle such sticky competition. Armagnac sauce does similar damage to a red and hearty sirloin flanked by a tasty potato cake laced with short-rib shards. Onions melting into a shredded pot-roast-like lamb are so much more fun to eat than the tasteful but blasé rack sitting atop them. And a breast of duck has its sprightly, crisp skin dunked in a cherry sauce dense enough to pour over ice cream. These are crimes of overeagerness, though. Time can work wonders.

So would one slightly sneaky trick Liebenthal might pull on Young. Ration his salt. The only trouble with the Sauternes vinaigrette dressing a bright pecorino salad, the verjuice vinaigrette on frisee, the darkly seared out-of-shell lobster, the basil risotto alongside it (though it does belong on another plate), and a deeply juicy breast of chicken with chanterelles is an overpowering shower of sodium. However, if Liebenthal is hesitant to do that, he can always wait until Young has to contend with the low-sodium weekenders coming in from Plainview. And they will be discovering the place just about . . . now.

Save for the bittersweet chocolate cake, which is happily free of goo, desserts feel like they're the victims of a dating service with a computer glitch. A smooth lemon-yogurt charlotte gains no strength paired with a blueberry compote. Apricot browned-butter tart is just dandy. The raspberry ice cream next to it is just useless. One of the trio of caramel desserts would suffice. But they have an odd and unexpectedly neutralizing effect on each other. You find yourself finishing none of them and begging for vanilla ice cream (of course, this is a kitchen more likely to be serving halvah as the flavor du jour). Strawberry cream cake could have lived happily ever after with a Sauternes sabayon. But a lemon-verbena crème brûlée had to make it an uncomfortable threesome.

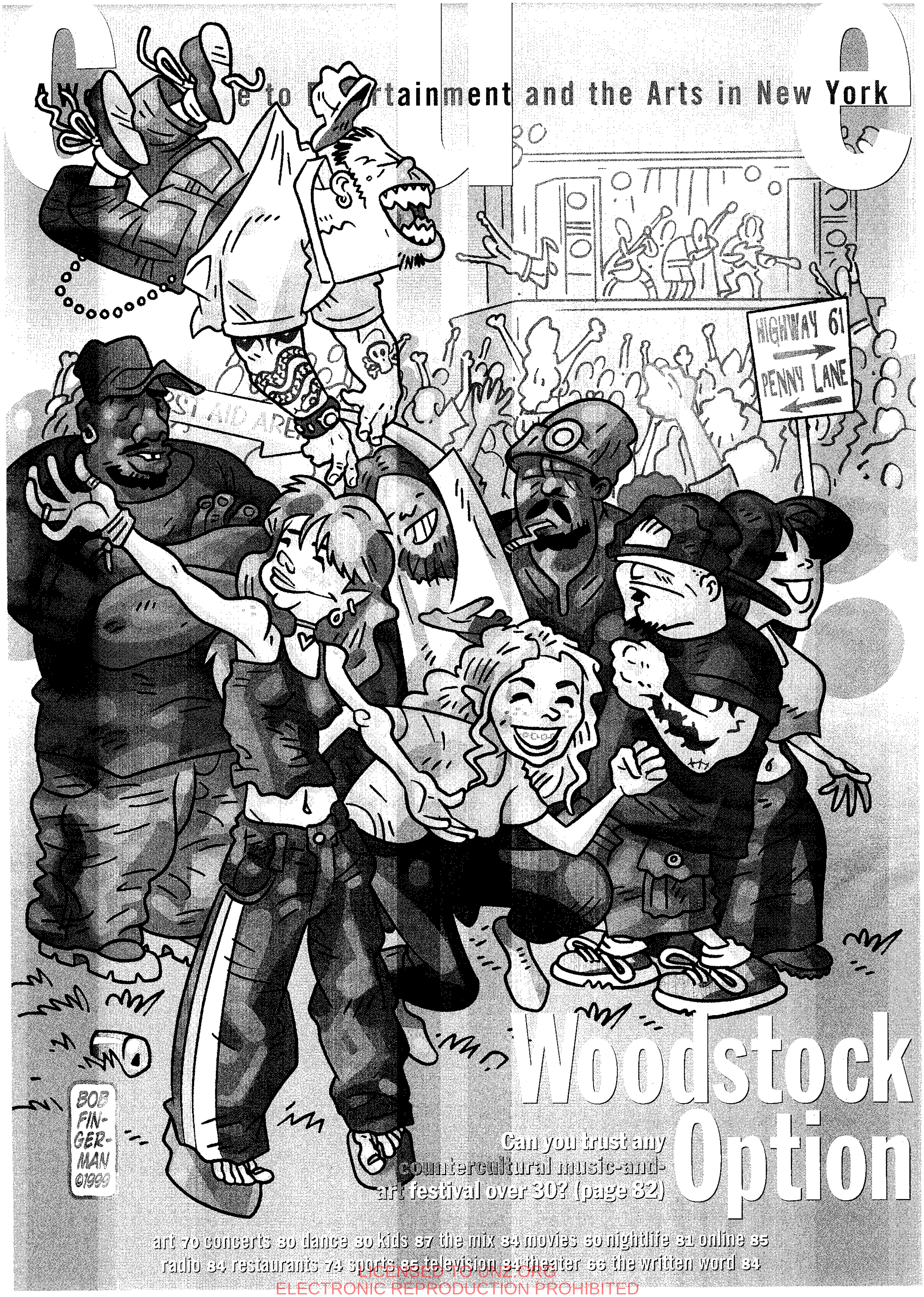
RESTAURANTS

But better too much than too little. And Pop could get away doing a lot less. Already, it's a happy place that seems to have found its rhythm. If Liebenthal and Young are serious about their goals, Pop will only get better. And if its competitors were wise, they'd note that a velvet rope generates only notoriety and people seeking fresh venues for abuse. But when it comes to building a successful restaurant, there's no ingredient more important than charm. I guess that's why I like it here. Even if they won't give me my own headphones.

Pop, 127 Fourth Avenue, near 14th Street (767-1800). Monday through Saturday, 6 P.M. to 12 A.M. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

A W… e to E…rtainment and the Arts in New York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Woodstock Option

Can you trust any countercultural music-and-art festival over 30? (page 82)

art 70 concerts 80 dance 80 kids 87 the mix 84 movies 60 nightlife 81 online 85
radio 84 restaurants 74 sports 85 television 84 theater 66 the written word 84

movies

Harold & Maude...Mészáros...The Haunting

New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny*, this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 min.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

American Pie—With three weeks to go, four friends make a pact to lose their virginity by the end of their senior year in high school—each with his own raunchy, sometimes humiliating but endearingly juvenile strategy. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews 84th Street; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Arlington Road—This overheated and undercooked thriller mixes the *Do You Know Who Your Neighbors Really Are?* genre with the *Do You Know You're Being Targeted by Terrorists?* flick. Jeff Bridges plays a college professor in Washington, D.C., whose FBI wife was offed in a Ruby Ridge–style face-off and now is paranoid about paramilitary operatives. Or is he just making good sense? His straight-arrow neighbors, the object of his increasing suspicions, are played by Tim Robbins and Joan Cusack. Everybody, of course, lives in the suburbs—that breeding ground for pod people. (7/19/99) (1 hr. 17 min.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelously kooky comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. This new film featuring the Carnaby Street shagster and part-time spy is very funny as long as it sticks with Austin and his furball, snaggletoothed weirdnesses. But there's too much Dr. Evil in this one and too many doo-doo jokes and fat jokes and cleavage comedy. Heather Graham is disappointingly bland as CIA agent Felicity Shagwell. Rob Lowe, playing a young Robert Wagner, does a spot-on Wagner impression. Who would have thought bland-on-bland could have this many levels? (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Opening

Go, Go Gadget Popcorn-Butterer!

Harold Ramis would have been a dead-ringer for the inept, hypermechanized inspector of the somewhat short-lived afternoon cartoon series. Instead, Matthew Broderick takes on the title role of *Inspector Gadget* when the live-action family romp opens on July 23. With Joely Fisher and Rupert Everett.

Autumn Tale—Eric Rohmer's autumn entry in his "Tales of Four Seasons" quartet is not as diagrammatic as some of his earlier films. He may be a moralizing *philosophe,* but he has his playful side. The plot for the film is almost too close to the sort of thing Hollywood attempts—a best friend (Marie Riviere) fixes up a widowed vintner (Beatrice Romand) by pretending to be her in the newspaper personals ads. The resulting confusions and feints and awkwardnesses are like farce comedy presided over by a control freak. The two women, and the two men who are brought into the gambit, are rather older than usual to be featured players in a Rohmer movie. But the point of the film is that the vagaries of love juvenilize everybody—young and old. It's a charming film. (Rainer; 7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 min.; PG) *Main Street Cinemas.*

Besieged—An English musician in Rome is entranced by the young African woman who cleans his home while she studies medicine. With Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Big Daddy—Adam Sandler plays a layabout law-school grad who accidentally ends up with custody of a 5-year-old boy and learns how to be a papa. This mix of *The Kid* and *The Champ* with the usual Sandler slacker shtick is being hailed as a step forward for him. It's more like a step backward—into sappiness. (1 hr. 43 min.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Blair Witch Project—The story of three student filmmakers who venture into the woods of Burkittsville, Maryland to document the legend of the Blair Witch and never return. (1 hr. 27 min.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY BOB FINGERMAN FOR NEW YORK

Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 min.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Cabaret Balkan—A series of dark, violent vignettes interwoven through the course of one evening in Belgrade and based on the Yugoslav play *The Powder Keg*. Directed by Goran Paskaljevic. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Opens 7/23 at Lincoln Plaza Cinema and the Quad Cinema.*

Defying Gravity—The story of a gay frat boy who falls in love with one of the brothers in his fraternity house. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 min.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Drop Dead Gorgeous—Kirstie Alley, Ellen Barkin, Denise Richards, and Kirsten Dunst star in a black comedy about a ruthless Minnesota beauty contest. (1 hr. 98 min.; PG-13) *Opens 7/23.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Eyes Wide Shut—See Rainer, page 49. (About 2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

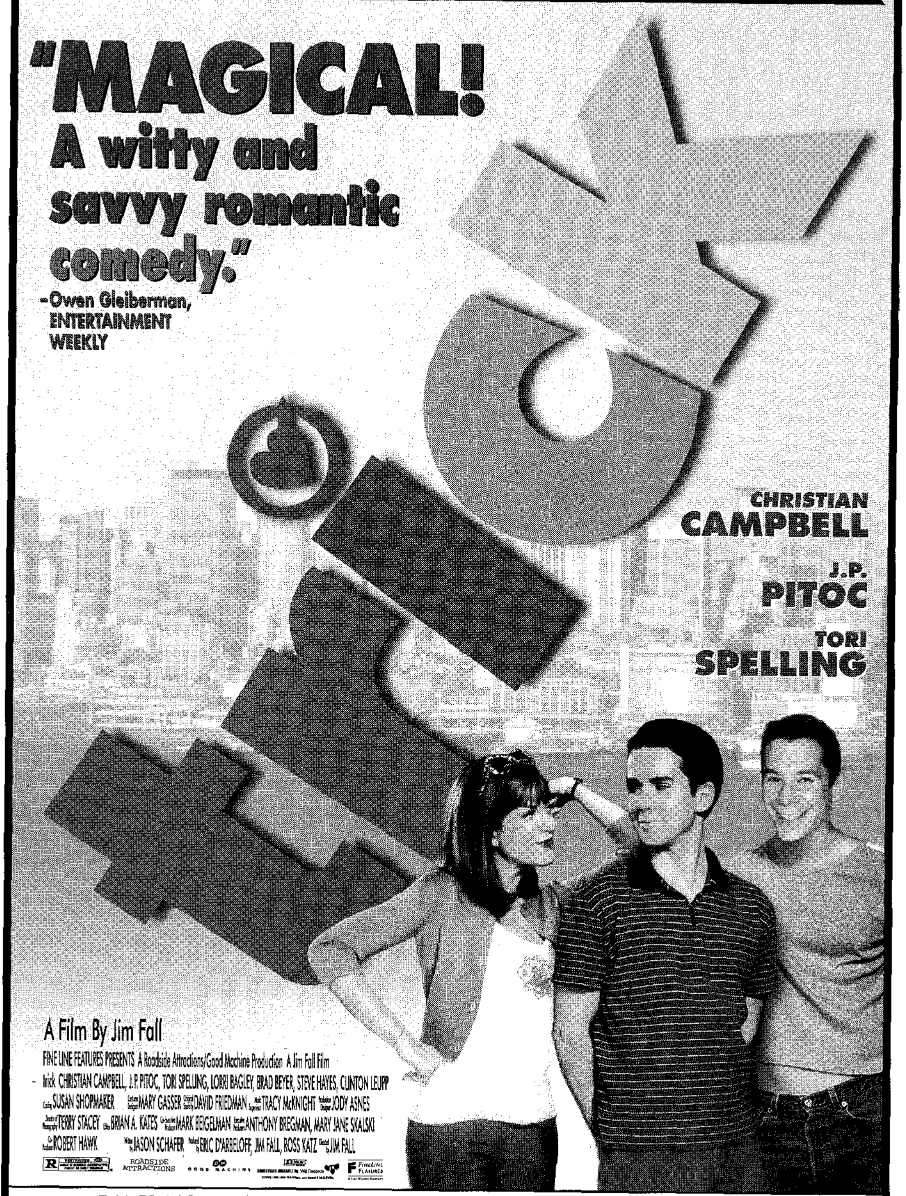
The General's Daughter—John Travolta stars as an army investigator who attempts to nab the murderer of a colonel—the general's daughter—and finds himself up to his chin in military scandal and smarm. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews State; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Genghis Blues—A documentary about blind blues legend Paul Pena and his journey as he learns the art of multi-harmonic Tuvan throatsinging. (1 hr. 28 min.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Go!—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie producer checklist. (1 hr. 42 min.; R) *The Screening Room.*

The Haunting—Liam Neeson, Lili Taylor, and Catherine Zeta-Jones visit a haunted house. (About 1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Opens 7/23.*

An Ideal Husband—Director Oliver Parker has adapted Oscar Wilde's 1895 play with a superb cast—Rupert Everett, Jeremy Northam, Julianne Moore, Cate Blanchett, Minnie Driver, John Wood—and reworked it into something more naturalistic and contemporaneous than Wilde in-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tended. Certain roles, such as the ones played by Moore and Driver, are expanded, and, near the end, he rewrites Wilde so that the play threatens to turn into a cliffhanger. Sacrilege aside, most of this plays rather well, but what's missing is more of the Wildean tone—the sense of life as an exquisite, farcical artwork. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (2 hrs.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion.*

Inspector Gadget—Matthew Broderick, Joely Fisher, and Rupert Everett star in the live-action spin-off of the popular cartoon. (1 hr. 20 min.; G) *Opens 7/23.*

Lake Placid—When a 30-foot man-eating crocodile is discovered in a lake in Maine, Oliver Platt, Bridget Fonda, Brendan Gleeson, and Bill Pullman come to the rescue. Written by David E. Kelley. Opens 7/16 (1 hr. and 20 min.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Late August, Early September**—Olivier Assayas's film about Parisien friends in their thirties is a graceful rondelay that at times recalls Claude Sautet's 1974 *Vincent, François, Paul and the Others* in the way it uses its people as almost the embodiment of musical motifs. Their entrances and vanishings and reentries play like recurring motifs. The cast includes Virginie Ledoyen, Mathieu Amalric, and François Cluzet. (1 hr. 52 min.; NR) *Closes 7/20 at Film Forum.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

The Lovers on the Bridge—The 1991 love story of two vagabonds living on the Pont-Neuf. With Juliette Binoche, Denis Laant, and Klaus-Michael Grüber. Directed by Léos Carax. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from the curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

Muppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (About 1 hr. 30 min., G). Opens 7/14. (About 1 hr. 30 min.; G) *Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

My Brother, My Sister, Sold for a Fistful of Lire—Forty-five years after her 7-year-old sister and and 9-year-old brother were sold into adoption and shipped to America, Pia Dilisa travels from their small village in the Molise Mountains to Rome, New York, and Chicago in an attempt to uncover the truth surrounding the postwar adoption network and the whereabouts of her siblings. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

My Life So Far—Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Malcolm McDowell, and Colin Firth star in this coming-of-ager about a boy growing up in Scotland during the twenties. (1 hr. 41 min.; PG) *Opens July 23.*

★**My Son the Fanatic**—A marvelous movie from England, scripted by Hanif Kureishi and directed by Udayan Prasad, about a Pakistani cabdriver (Om Puri) in northern Britain whose son (Akbar Kurtha) renounces his possessions to become an Islamic fundamentalist. It's a reverse on the usual father-son situation: Here the father, who still believes after living 25 years in the country that England is a fabled and pleasant place, is far more liberal than the son, who doesn't want to abide its decadence. The cabdriver ends up loving a prostitute (Rachel Griffiths) he ferries around on assignations, and they become improbable soulmates. (1 hr. 26 min.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book-store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews New York Twin; Sony Lincoln Square; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surround an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 min.; NR) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Rosie—The story of an adolescent girl's troubling experiences as she's growing up in Belgium. (1 hr. 37 min.; NR) *Opens 7/23 at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinemas.*

★**Run Lola Run**—Franka Potente, the star of this excitingly kinesthetic action comedy, has the lean look of a champion sprinter. She's like a new-style industrial-age automaton: a sleek machine. The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along. It recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 min.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.*

Preview
Freak Chance

As a child, Michelle Hicks wanted to be a *Solid Gold* dancer—until she realized "they're over at 35 and they don't make any money." So instead, the Paterson-born Hicks moved to Manhattan and became a model. In 1997, at an industrious and energetic 26, she opened re:AB, a Pilates studio and gym in NoHo, *and* took up acting. Last May, she met the Polish brothers—identical-twin filmmakers in search of an ingenue to add some dark-haired, doe-eyed softness to their otherwise sobering love triangle featuring conjoined twins and a prostitute. "We talked very extensively about every single part of the film, every little scene and character and how they saw the room that a particular scene would be in, or the light, and how they saw the colors changing through the movie," Hicks says, "and so by the time I was to meet them, they were like, 'We really want you!' " And thus began the filming of *Twin Falls Idaho,* a thankfully subtler and more far-reaching approach to the subject than earlier freak-show exploitations (think *Chained for Life,* 1950, a C-grade movie about Siamese-twin sisters—one of whom is accused of murder—starring the famous real-life Hilton twins, who were joined at the hip). Hicks makes her big-screen debut as Penny, a hooker who grows to care for the brothers and falls in love with one. "There's this feeling of starting over at zero," she says of her sudden departure from print ads and runways. "Well, not zero—five, maybe, because I have a film. But I've always done this in my life. If I wasn't challenged, I'd be freaking. And besides," she adds giddily, "I have the bug, as they say. That is what they say, isn't it?" Opens July 30 at the Angelika and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

BRETT KELLY

Photograph by Sebastien Raymond.

(Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut—Trey Parker and Matt Stone's animated spawn sing songs, learn to curse . . . and do so fervently while also saving Canada from their parents, and defeating the Devil himself. (About 1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Atrium; Bay Plaza; Cinemart; Clearview's First and 62nd.; College Point; Concourse Plaza; Linden Blvd.; Loews Kips bay; Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Pavilion; Sony Lincoln Square; UA East; UA Movies at Stene Island.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects. At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Pavilion; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Summer of Sam—Spike Lee's movie about the Italian-American Bronx community and how it reacted to the Son of Sam murders in the summer of 1977 has some startling Weegee-like scenes of mayhem, but most of the film plays like *Do the Right Thing* in Scorsese camouflage. The Italian buddies go into their goombah jags; sleek mafiosi preen before their veal cutlets in low-lit restaurants; everybody's fears are riled by the murders and the heat, and almost nobody looks the better for it. It's a smirky, narrow view of human experience. John Leguizamo and Mira Sorvino star as the married couple who take their woes to Plato's Retreat. (R) *Loews Village; Loews. 19th St. East; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Cinemart; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tarzan—Disney's latest animation feature has some first-rate visual effects involving the ape guy surfing the treetops and battling leopards. The visual techniques outstrip the storyline, which is mostly Disney kitsch bubbling up through Edgar Rice Burroughs kitsch. Tarzan is given a hyper-physiqued look that is somewhere between Fabio and the Prince of Egypt. When he meets Jane, he's so worked up that he swings through the sky on vines; it's eco-autoeroticism. He might have not been so deprived if the animators had seen fit to introduce a few Africans into the jungle. But there's nary a one. Perhaps Disney thought the best way to get around the ooga-booga stereotype was to eliminate blacks altogether. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 30 min.; G) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Guild 50th Street; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Revival

Don't Be Shy

If you've never had the experience of seeing Hal Ashby's cult classic 'Harold and Maude' (1972) in an actual movie theater, now you can get with the program. This March-December kind-of-a-love-story—about what happens when a strange boy who's wild about death (Bud Cort) meets a strange old lady who's wild about life (Ruth Gordon) and they both grow wild for each other—begins its one-week engagement at Film Forum on July 23.

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim–ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *The Screening Room; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's 59th Street East; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between present-day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn (2 hrs. ; R) *North Shore Towers.*

Trick—Christian Cambell, Tori Spelling, and John Paul Pitoc star in a film about a young gay man with aspirirations of writing musical theatre. *Opens 7/23.*

The Velocity of Gary—The triangular love story of a bisexual porn star, his boyfriend Gary, and his girlfriend Mary Carmen. Starring Vincent D'Onofrio, Salma Hayek and Thomas Jane. (1 hr. and 41 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Violent Cop—Takeshi Kitano is a renegade cop who brings down a corporate run drug-ring when his emotionally disturbed sister is kidnapped. In Japanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Wild Wild West—Barry Sonnenfeld's follow-up to *Men in Black* stars Will Smith and Kevin Kline as James T. West and Artemus Gordon, special government agents in the post-bellum South who save America from the diabolical machinations of the legless wonder Dr. Arliss Lovelace, played, with a nice gleam of comic menace, by Kenneth Branagh. This is rumored to be one of the most expensive movies ever made—just a few ice floes short of a *Titanic*—and yet it's not clear from the hectic emptiness of what's onscreen if anybody knew *why* it should be made. The pairing of Smith and Kline is a fizzle, and the Jules Verne-ish special effects, which include a flying machine and an 80-foot mechanical tarantula, lack visionary magic. They're more like computer-generated Tinkertoys. (1 hr. 45 min.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews State; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these upper-crusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast that also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 min.; G) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

The Wood—See Rainer, p. 50. (About 1 hr. 30 min., R). *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Notting Hill; The Velocity of Gary.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *An Ideal Husband; My Son the Fanatic; Run Lola Run.* Opening 7/16: *The Blair Witch Project.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Arlington Road; Buena Vista Social Club; Lake Placid; Tarzan.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *After Life; Genghis Blues; Violent Cop.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *American Pie; Big Daddy.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *The Lovers on the Bridge; My Brother, My Sister, Sold for a Fistful of Lire.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

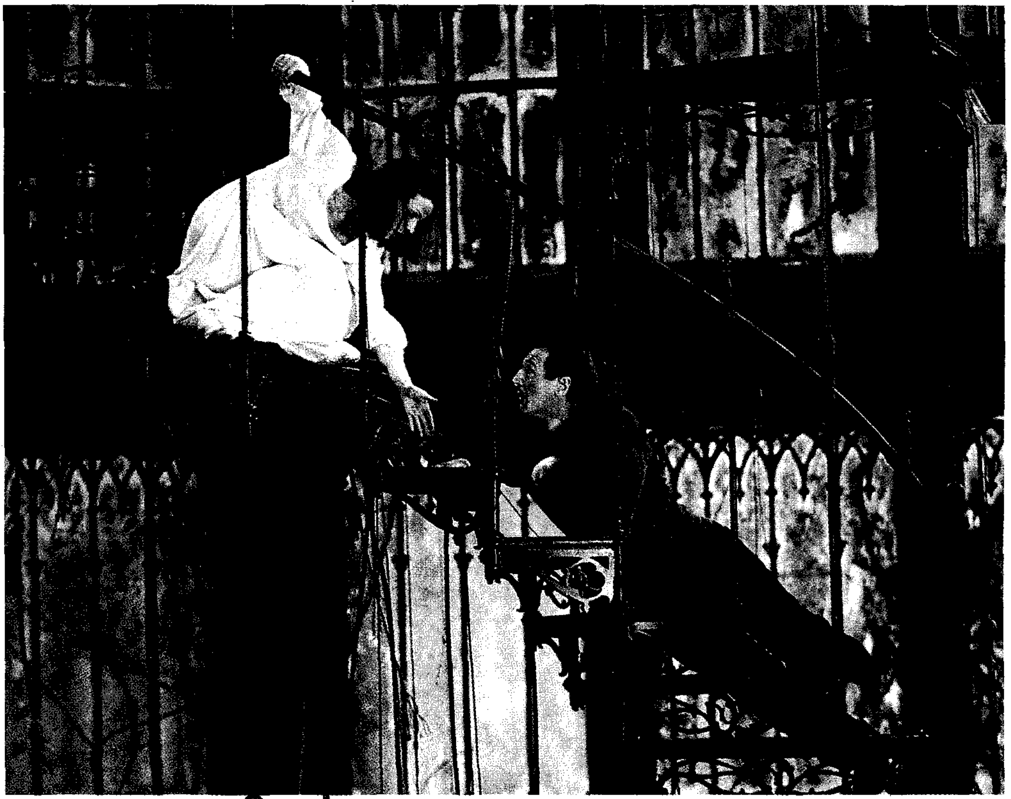
Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; The General's Daughter; Summer of Sam; The Wood.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Autumn Tale; Defying Gravity; I'm Losing You.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Go!; Tea With Mussolini.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The Matrix; Muppets From Space; The Red Violin; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

Photograph courtesy of Photofest.



Opening

What Was That?

In *The Haunting,* Dr. David Marrow (Liam Neeson) has three patients (Lili Taylor, Catherine Zeta-Jones, and Owen Wilson) spend a few nights at Hill House, ostensibly to take part in a sleep-disorder workshop but actually for his book on fear. Bad idea. With Bruce Dern and Virginia Madsen; directed by Jan De Bont (*Twister* and *Speed*). Starts July 23.

Photograph by Frank Masi.

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Election; Limbo; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; An Ideal Husband; Lake Placid; Run Lola Run; Tarzan; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *Lake Placid; Notting Hill; The Red Violin.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Eyes Wide Shut; Summer of Sam; The Wood.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505-6397#558) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Tarzan.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *An Ideal Husband.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Run Lola Run.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Summer of Sam.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Eyes Wide Shut.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Analyze This; Entrapment; A Midsummer Night's Dream; Rushmore; Shakespeare in Love; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tarzan.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Eyes Wide Shut.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Wild Wild West.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; The Wood.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Red Violin.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Winslow Boy.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *American Pie; Lake Placid.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The General's Daughter.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Notting Hill; Wild Wild West.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Lake Placid.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Lake Placid.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Eyes Wide Shut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Autumn Tale; Buena Vista Social Club; My Son the Fanatic; The Red Violin; Run Lola Run; The Winslow Boy.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Big Daddy; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Lake Placid; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Arlington Road; South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Summer of Sam; Muppets From Space.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *The Red Violin; Run Lola Run; Summer of Sam.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; The Mummy; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St.

(777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; An Ideal Husband; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Big Daddy; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Big Daddy; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Muppets From Space; Summer of Sam; Tarzan.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Wild Wild West.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Notting Hill; The Red Violin; Run Lola Run; Tea With Mussolini.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *American Pie; Baby Geniuses; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Besieged; The Harmonists; The Red Violin; This Is My Father; The Winslow Boy.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Lake Placid; Wild Wild West.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *An Ideal Husband; Lake Placid.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Summer of Sam; Wild Wild West; The Wood.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Tarzan.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *American Pie; Arlington Road; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Wild Wild West.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *American Pie; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; The General's Daughter; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *American Pie; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; Tarzan; The Wood.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut; American Pie; Arlington Road; Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Big Daddy; Eyes Wide Shut; The General's Daughter; Lake Placid; Muppets From Space; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Summer of Sam; Tarzan; Wild Wild West.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 8/8: "John Ford: Western Poet." 7/24: *Fort Apache* (1948); *Wagon Master* (1950). 7/25: *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon* (1949); *Rio Grande* (1950). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

BAM Rose Cinemas—Through 7/25: "Summer of Spike." 7/23: *4 Little Girls* (1997). 7/24: *He Got Game* (1998). 7/25: *Get on the Bus* (1996). 7/20: *A Man Escaped* (1956). 7/21: *The Band Wagon* (1953). 7/22: *The Bicycle Thief* (1948). 7/26: *The Killing* (1956). 7/27: *Platinum Blond* (1951). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Different Light—7/25: *The Wiz* (1978). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Universal Sirk." 7/20: *Magnificent Obsession* (1954). 7/21–7/22: *The Tarnished Angels* (1957). 7/23–7/29: *Harold and Maude* (1972). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

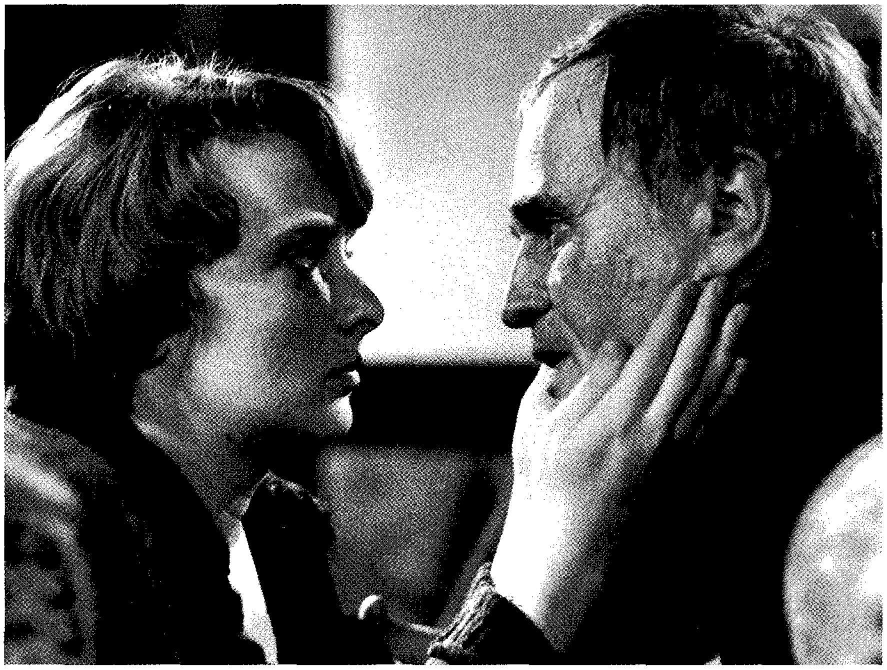
Museum of Modern Art—7/22–8/3: "Márta Mészáros: A Retrospective." 7/22: *Diary for My Loves* (1987) and *Diary for My Children* (1982). 7/23: *Adoption* (1975), *Just Like at Home* (1978), and *Daughter of Luck* (1999). 7/24: *The Girl* (1968), *Nine Months* (1976). 7/25: *Diary for My Mother and Father* (1990) and *Diary for My Children* (1982). 7/26: *Bye Bye Red Riding Hood* (1989). 7/27: *The Two of Them/Women* (1975). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Sci-Fi Classics" 7/21: *Contact* (1979); *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (1977). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Retrospective

Woman Warrior

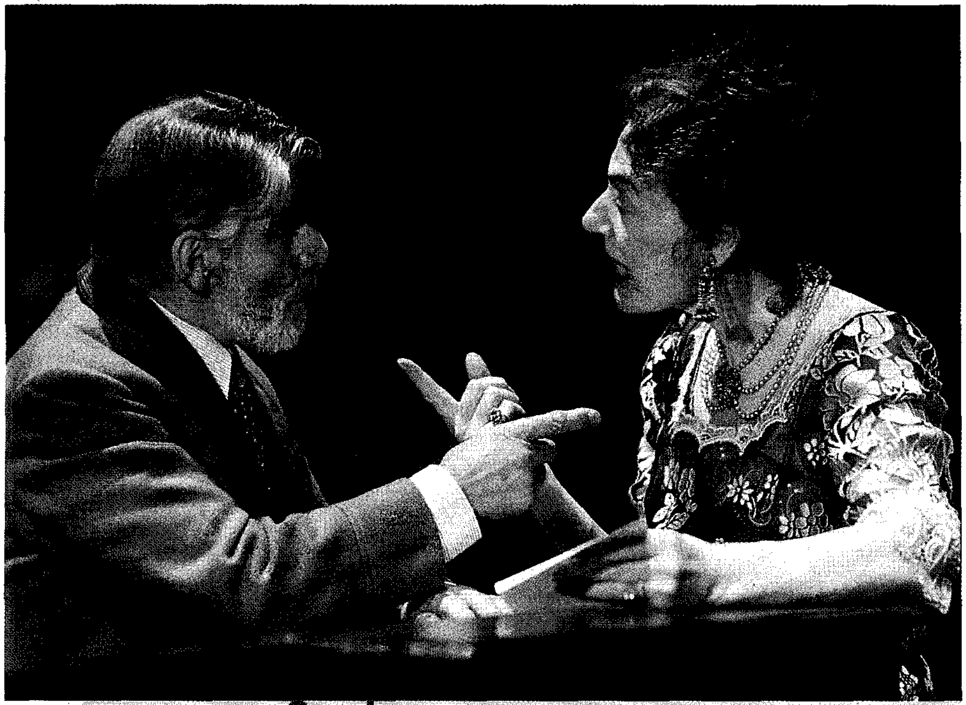
This week, MOMA *begins its tribute to Hungarian filmmaker Márta Mészáros with a showing of eleven of her feature films, including 'Diary for My Loves' (below; 1987), 'Diary for My Children' (1982), 'Adoption' (1975), 'The Girl' (1968), 'Nine Months' (1976), 'Diary for My Mother and Father' (1990), 'Bye Bye Red Riding Hood' (1989), and 'Daughter of Luck' (1999). Starts July 22. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)*



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

theater

New Bowles...More Shakespeare...Aasif Mandvi



Opening Mrs. Shaw?

Marian Seldes (right), for whom almost any drama is worth the schlep, plays George Bernard Shaw's muse and paramour, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, in the revival of Jerome Kilty's 'Dear Liar,' opening July 22 at the Irish Repertory Theatre. Donal Donnelly (left), no slouch himself, plays the smitten playwright, who for years carried on a clandestine affair with his leading lady.

Broadway

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996 and won the Tony award here in 1998. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man, and Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Arthur Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. And Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—You all know that this is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman,* you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. He gives a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements: Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Opening

Scream and Shout

Aasif Mandvi (left), creator of last year's sweet sleeper *Sakina's Restaurant,* resurfaces in a much darker setting this month in *The Brave,* Sharman Macdonald's thriller about a rape in North Africa. Kimberly Anne Ryan (right) also stars; opens July 22 at the Atlantic Theater.

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Aristocrats—Brian Friel's study of disillusionment and shifting cultural mores in small-town Ireland. Presented by the Gate Theatre as part of Lincoln Center Festival's Frielathon. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/25. *LaGuardia Drama Theater, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (721-6500).*

The Brave—Scottish playwright Sharman Macdonald's thriller about murder and sexual politics in North Africa. Presented by the Goldthread Theater Company; starring Aasif Mandvi, creator and star of the Obie-winning *Sakina's Restaurant.* $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 7/22 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Dear Liar—Jerome Kilty's comedy about the love affair between George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the celebrated London stage actress who originated the role of Eliza Doolittle in *Pygmalion.* Donal Donnelly plays him, Marian Seldes plays her, the Irish Rep presents, and Charlotte Moore, as always, directs. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 7/22 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

A Good Swift Kick—A frenetic songfest from John Forster, the satirist who did *How to Eat Like a Child* and *Pretzels.* Subjects the author considers include Jefferson's DNA, cultural imperialism, and the final thoughts of a deer crossing the turnpike. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/29 opening. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 8. In previews for a 7/22 opening. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. (463-0060).*

Three 'Maids—Experimental poet Erik Ehn retells the story of the little mermaid in a peculiar, and surely mature, way. Part of Lincoln Center Festival's offerings from its own directors lab. $10. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 8. Through 7/25. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (721-6500).*

Now Playing

After the Fair—A romantic musical based on Thomas Hardy's short story *On the Western Circuit,* with book and lyrics by Stephen Cole and music by Matthew Ward. Starring a cast of Broadway reliables, including Michele Pawk (*Cabaret*) and Jennifer Piech (*Titanic*). $40–$45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church at the Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (239-6200).*

Automatic Earth—A massive, multimedia spectacle from 3-Legged Dog about a mental patient and a vicious hurricane. By Kevin Cunningham. $20. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/1. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (645-0374).*

Bash—Or, "the Ally McBeal play." Calista Flockhart stars; Joe Mantello directs; Neil LaBute, author of the films *In the Company of Men* and *Your Friends and Neighbors,* supplies the script. The work is composed of three individual one-acts, all demonstrating the general cravenness of humankind. Also featuring Paul Rudd and Ron Eldard. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Through 7/24. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (239-6200).*

Goodbye My Friduchita—Priscilla Lopez, the Tony-winning actress who originated the role of Morales in *A Chorus Line,* portrays an even more willful and full-toned character—the late Mexican painter Frida Kahlo—in this new bio-drama by Dolores C. Sendler. $20–$25. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *The Directors Company, 311 W. 43rd St. (712-7458).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. Through 8/22. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

I'm the One That I Want—After a long hiatus, Margaret Cho is back on the stand-up circuit, breathing sass and ladling out generous helpings of L.A. dish. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/31. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (307-4100).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

In Dahomey—A revival of Broadway's first all-black musical, starring Keith Lee Grant, Brian Chandler, and diva Shirley Verrett. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/25. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (354-1293).*

Talent Bowled Over

At long last! A Sally Bowles who can both sing and strike that just-right balance between vulnerability and flakiness. *Cabaret*'s Susan Egan is divine—and she is joined by a strong second-generation cast, which means the show is still one of the finest productions running on Broadway. Even Michael Hall, burdened with the task of replacing Tony winner and role redefiner Alan Cumming, does fine as the leering emcee; he may be a bit butch for the part, but he's got the pipes for it, and, Heaven knows, the looks. At Studio 54.

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—What do you know? This early play by Conor McPherson has it all: rib-tickling wit, mind-jolting insight, and heart-refreshing humanity, neatly blended. This despite the fact that its three characters take turns monologuizing, there being only two lines of dialogue. In tying together several bizarre but believable stories, McPherson will have you both in stitches and at the edge of your seat. Under Harris Yulin's unfussy but canny direction, the performances vibrate; the lines shiveringly hit their mark. (Simon: 5/31/99.) $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 8/15. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.,* then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.,* with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Ray-*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

mond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all shine. For this play alone, Edson should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Wonderland—Julia Dahl's coming-of-age story about politically ambitious twenty-somethings, set in the modern (and specifically, Clinton) era. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/25. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The American Revolution—Kirk Wood Bromley's newest play, about George Washington and a motley quintet of new recruits. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 7/24. *Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (501-4528).*

Beach Blanket Bacchae—Euripides' classic, set in the swinging sixties amid surfer dudes and thong-bearing groupies. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *Nada 45, 445 W. 45th St. (581-6030).*

Benten Kozo—A return engagement of Jim Simpson's Obie-winning Kabuki-gangsta musical, based on a nineteenth-century drama about a princess and her missing fiancé. The Bat Theater Co. presents. $20–$35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 8/8. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk. Everything the company does is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. Through 8/29. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

The Great Debate—Creation vs. evolution, the musical. Characters include Darwin, Einstein, and Darrow; the overall tenor promises to be nonsectarian. Music, book, and lyrics by Mona Johnian. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (1-800-829-2631).*

Hospital—Axis Company's high-tech, big-screen, five-episode exploration of the dream life of a boy in a coma. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8. Through 9/17. *Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. (807-9300).*

In Arabia We'd All Be Kings—The directorial debut of Philip Seymour Hoffman, an actor with a great knack for sympathetic freaks. The play, by Stephen Adly-Guirgis, takes place in the new Times Square but features the characters of the old: crackheads, hookers, etc. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 7/23. *Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. (929-2228).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Macbeth—As interpreted by the Classical Theatre of Harlem, a new company dedicated to mounting masterpieces north of 125th St. $12–$15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 8/1. All performances are outdoors, in the courtyard of the *Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., at 141st. St. (539-8828).*

Minotaur—A hip-hop concert drama based on the Greek myth. Written by Jonathon Ward; composed, directed, and choreographed by José Joaquín Garcia; presented by Urban Youth Theater. $3 donation suggested. Tues. and Wed. at 1, Thurs. and Fri. at 7. Through 8/11. *Abrons Arts Center, 466 Grand St. (598-0400).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100)..*

Small Craft Warnings—Just as one of Tennessee Williams's first plays, *Not About Nightingales*, closes uptown, the Worth Street Theater steps in with a production of one of his last. As in so many of this season's dramas, all the action takes place in a seedy bar. Starring David Greenspan. $15. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Mon. at 8. Through 7/26. *Tribeca Playhouse, 111 Reade St. (604-4195).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. Through 8/15. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

The Urn—A new comedy by Peter Ackerman, author of *Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight*, about the havoc unleashed by a man's cryptic will. $12–$25. Mon.–Sat. at 8. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (581-4125).*

You Are Now Entering Nellie Oleson—So abandon all political correctness, ye who dare. It's another installment of affectionate, exuberantly offensive sketch comedy from the Nellie Olesons. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 7/31. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about a family coming undone when its girls reveal they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Onstage Bom-Barded

So you've just missed *The Taming of the Shrew* in Central Park. Not to worry: Unlike charm, electrical power, and available hotel rooms, productions of Shakespeare's plays are plentiful in and around New York during the summer. Some are even free. The trick is knowing which ones are worth attending, since every two-bit company in the city seems to mount one. (Two-bit or not two-bit; that, indeed, is the question.) Below, a list of respectable bets:

JENNIFER SENIOR

Left, **Twelfth Night** *at Boscobel; right, Angela Goethals and Johnny Giacalone in* **Romeo and Juliet.**

THE PLAY	THE THING
RICHARD III Municipal parking lot at Broome and Ludlow Streets; call 253-1813 for details and free tickets. Through July 31.	Centerpiece of the production is a gutted baby-blue Malibu, which functions, variously, as Richard, his castle, and yes, a car. (*A Chevy! A Chevy! My kingdom for a Chevy!*) Presented by Expanded Arts as a part of its Shakespeare in the Park(ing Lot) series.
ROMEO AND JULIET Outdoor Garage next to the Present Company Theatorium, 196-198 Stanton Street. Call 420-8877 for details and tickets ($10). Through August 8.	A modern-dress production in a junk-strewn space. The young cast is faithful to the text, though it's been trimmed considerably. (Brevity is the soul of ticket sales.) Angela Goethals, who won an Obie for *The Good Times Are Killing Me*, plays the girl.
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Roams from city park to city park. Call 946-1869 for free tickets. Through August 15.	A dark version of the airy fairy tale, executed in the vein of the Brothers Grimm. Titania and Oberon are seven-foot puppets made of silk and plaster of Paris; the rest of the cast is shorter, more casually dressed, and human. The Shakespeare Project presents.
TWELFTH NIGHT/ TITUS ANDRONICUS Boscobel Restoration, Garrison. Call 914-265-9575 for details and tickets ($18–$28). Through August 21.	In the former production, Orsino and his attendants wear cowboy hats, Olivia and her handmaidens wear Victorian gowns, and the clowns wear lederhosen. Oh, and there's a Mexican polka scene. The latter production promises to be more "classical." Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival, renowned for its cheerful irreverence, presents in rotating rep.
THE TEMPEST Theodore Roosevelt County Park, Montauk. Call 516-267-0105 for details and tickets (a $10 donation is suggested). Performances run July 28 through August 15.	Musicians. Clowns. Monsters. And more puppets! (Juno's an especially big one.) Audience participation is heavy; actors leap offstage to steal cookies from unsuspecting picnicking children. Another warning from director Josh Gladstone: "Bring an umbrella if you're sitting in the first row."

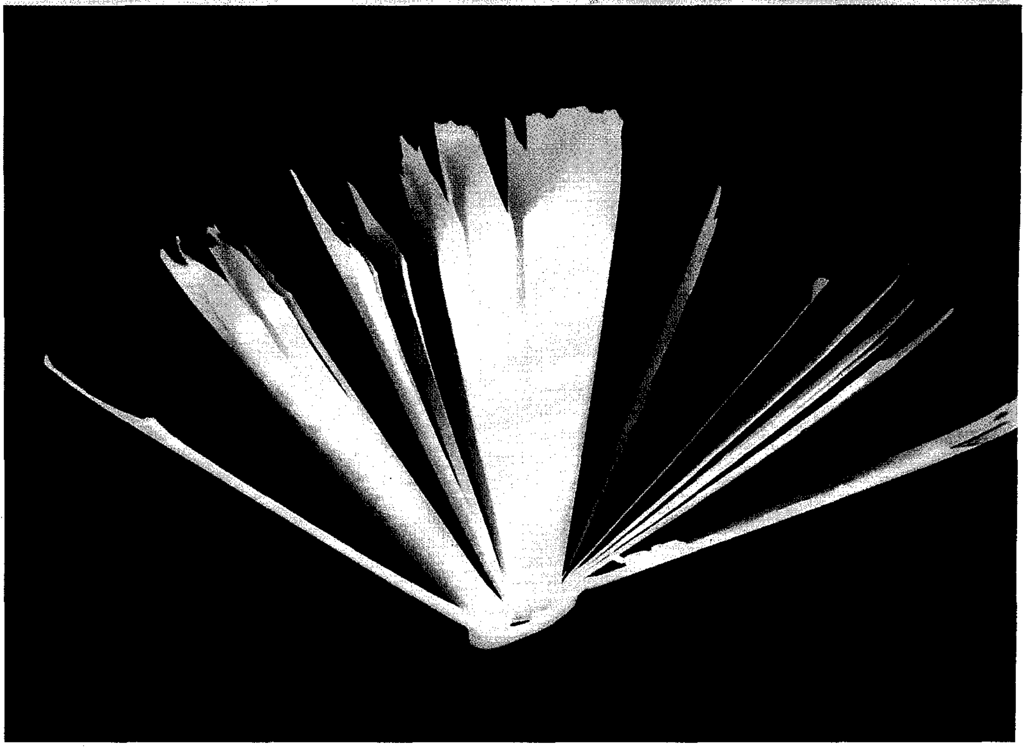
Photographs: left, courtesy of the Hudson Valley Shakespeare Festival; right, Terry Jones.

art

Pattern People...Shooting Books

Photography Art Books

The evocative power of the book as object is celebrated in "Summer Reading: Photographs of Books," which gathers unexpected literary images by Manuel Alvarez Bravo, Jeff Brouws, André Kertész, Tim Maul, Alison Rossiter (below, 'Dialogues of Plato, Volume II,' 1997), and others. At Yancey Richardson Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through August 27.



Photograph courtesy of the Yancey Richardson Gallery.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Herbert Brown—Paintings executed on subway posters in the sixties; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Aristodimos Kaldis—A survey of monumental late paintings from 1974 to 1977 by the Greek-American artist (1899–1979); through 8/29. Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. (308-6908).

Jan Matulka—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings depicting views of New York City, Storm King on the Hudson, and Gloucester and Provincetown, Massachusetts; through 7/30. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

57th Street Area

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux—Correspondence, diaries, sketchbooks, portrait drawings, photographs, and watercolors highlighting the life and work of Eyre de Lanux (1894–1996), an American who married a French diplomat and settled in Paris in 1918, where she worked variously as a furniture designer, painter, sculptor, illustrator, and writer; through 10/8. Smithsonian's Archives of American Art Regional Center, 1285 Sixth Ave. (202-357-2700), Mon.–Fri. 9:30–5.

Teo Gonzalez/Carlos Estrada-Vega—Methodical arrangements of small drops of paint on canvas/Paintings composed of many individually stretched and painted canvases. Through 9/4. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by the artist (1909–1979), whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Peter Saul—Paintings and drawings from 1984 to the present; through 8/13. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Martin Smith/Laszlo Fekete—Minimal ceramic bowls/Porcelain figures, saltcellars, trays, and other forms that incorporate white porcelain castoffs from the Herend Factory in Hungary. Through 8/14. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Ross Bleckner—New etchings teeming with small organic shapes resembling cells; through 8/30. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Ground Rules:

In summer, galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Bill Jones/Ben Neill—*Pulse 48,* a collaborative "fractal symphony" by Jones, a photographer and installation artist, and Neill, a performer, composer, and inventor of the Mutantrumpet, a hybrid electro-acoustic instrument; through 9/11. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by the Mexican-born artist (1895–1963), who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Susan Wanklyn—Recent grid paintings and drawings; through 9/18. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Chelsea

John Geary—Drawings of animals, a video inspired by the artist's bike rides through Venice Beach, and sculpture; through 8/6. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Andrew C. Kromelow—A "Poor Boy Country Club" installation, featuring a pop-up, collapsible log-cabin distillery; through 8/30. Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (206-9100).

Other

Matt Harle—Cast-rubber and cast-acrylic-paint wall sculptures the artist calls "strips," which are suspended from or dangling in front of a wall; through 9/14. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 25th Ave. bet. 75th and 76th Sts., Jackson Heights (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Castelli—59 E. 79th St. (249-4470). Recent works on paper by Collins, Johns, Morris, Ruscha, Starn, Therrien, Weiner; through 9/11.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Pattern," paintings, drawings, sculpture, and photography by Agee, Bovasso, Crile, Morisse, Obrosey, Siena, others; through 8/27.

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888). Paintings by Mehri Yazdani, through 7/23; two recent works by a dozen artists, including Emmart, Hardy, Mayo, Porcaro, Rousserie, through 8/13.

57th Street Area

Barquet—41 E. 57th St. (644-9090). "Today and Everyday," a playful exhibition of works for children, including Romero's miniaturized sculptures of furniture, Suro's gargantuan Q-Tips and Alka-Selzer tablets, and works by Alÿs, Arce, Conte, Mazal, Wizon, others; through 9/3.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). "Walking," works by Abramovic, Fishman, Fulton, Hartnett, Truitt, Winogrand, others; through 8/27.

DC Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Works by Avery, Cadmus, Jacquette, Kozloff, Lawrence, Wilson, others; through 8/13.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). American realist paintings and works on paper by Artz, Hagin, King, Loftus, Sullivan, Touchton, others; through 8/31.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Twenty-seven small black-and-white photographs by Colorado-born Francesca Woodman, with works by Artschwager, Baldessari, Horn, Kiefer, McQueen, Oldenburg, Orozco, Richter, others; through 8/31.

Klagsbrun—526 W. 26th St. (243-3335). Paintings by Richard Devriendt and a group show of drawings by 18 artists; through 9/11.

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2000). "The Carriage Era in New York," an exhibition of eight nineteenth-century horse-drawn carriages and other works; through 9/10.

Perlow—41 E. 57th St. (644-7171). Works by Ferren, Katz, Naujokas, Pace, Varela, others; through 8/31.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). "Linear Impulse," experiments with lines by Cousins, Dehner, Hare, Krasner, Seliger, others; through 8/13.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Recent acquisitions, featuring prints by Käthe Kollwitz and works by Coe, Grosz, Klinger, Schiele, Moses, others; through 9/3.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). New works by Bok, Buszko, Geiger, Harkins, Schneider, Tapley, Vavagiakis, others; through 8/13.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). An exhibition of works from the posters and books of the Zabriskie Editions publishing company, including photographs by Brancusi and Atget, sculptures and monoprints by Mary Frank, and works by Batho, Caponigro, Feldstein, Stieglitz, Strand, others; 7/26–10/9.

SoHo and TriBeCa

450 Broadway—450 Broadway (941-5952). Works by Chang, Gang, Krepfle, others; through 8/14.

Alexander—59 Wooster St. (925-4338). "Thirty Years of Artists' Book Publishing in Germany," published works from the sixties to the nineties, including works by Baselitz, Johns, Polke, Zaugg, others; through 9/18.

Algus—25 Thompson St. (966-1758). "Red," with works that incorporate that color by Avedisian, Arlen, Beery, Colmer, Drexler, Hinman, Kleiman, Twardowicz; through 8/20.

Apex Art—291 Church St. (431-5270). "444: Four Artists, Four Curators, Four Weeks," Sergio Muñoz-Sarmiento, 7/21–7/24; Erwin Redl, 7/28–7/31.

Beitzel—102 Prince St. (219-2863). Works by Beerman, Corbijn, Hammond, Hristoff, Kapp, McCleary, Rubert, Young, others; through 8/20.

Brownstone—39 Wooster St. (334-3455). "Machinegunettiquette," works by Arnold, Bareikis, Hebron, Noe, Wiehl, others; through 8/5.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (343-7300). "Mozart on Television," new paintings from Germany by Abetz/Drescher, Baer, Klare, Richter, Skreber, Wulff; through 8/6.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). "New York at Large," metropolitan works by Firmin, Reist, Sokolov, Sera; through 8/28.

P.P.O.W.—476 Broome St. (941-8642). "True West," works by Belton, Kelly, Muñoz, Nicosa, Weems, Wohnarowicz, others; through 8/6.

TZ 'Art—470 Broome St. (966-9059). "(Un)Comfortable Surroundings," works by Adams, Burns, Ferrara, Monk, Zakrzewski, others; through 8/21.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (691-5956). "Reproductive Choice: Obstacles to Self-Determination," pro-choice works by Ms. Jiji, through 8/27; works by Charles Hovland, through 8/27; a new installation by Dorothy Jiji, through 8/26; works by Bangs, Goodwin, Thomas, and Pryor, through 8/26.

Bonakdar Jancou—521 W. 21st St. (414-4144). Paintings, sculpture, and works on paper by Balka, Doig, Dorner, Klein, Tuymans, others; through 8/27.

Bound & Unbound—601 W. 26th St. (463-7348). A retrospective of Boekie Woekie, the Amsterdam publisher and art bookshop, including works by Henriëtte, Roth, Voss, Vriendt, others; through 9/18.

Foster—529 W. 20th St. (966-9024). "Small Abstractions," works by Goertz, Geiser, Michael, Toia, Williams, others; through 8/7.

French—601 W. 26th St. (247-2457). Landscapes, still-lifes, interiors, and sculptures in the gallery's new location by Adkins, Carey, Dunlap, Ferrin, Tanis, others; through 8/31.

Grimm—505 W. 28th St. (564-7662). Paintings by Krag, Rielle, and von Eichel; through 8/19.

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Works by Albers, Beck, Noland, and Semmel, and black-and-white photographs of found children's clothing by Nancy Shaver; through 9/10.

Morris—465 W. 23rd St. (727-2752). "20 Years of the Grenfell Press," a retrospective featuring works by Amenoff, Fischl, Kendrick, Phalen, Smith, Tuttle, Winters, others; through 8/15.

Ricco/Maresca—529 W. 20th St. (627-4819). "Stars and Stripes: The Flag in Photographs, American Folk, and Outsider Art," works by Hawkins, Dellschau, others; through 8/24.

Rosen—525 W. 24th St. (627-6000). "7 Women 7 Years Later," works by Balkenhol, Currin, Andrea, Klein, Ramos, Mapplethorpe, Ruff; through 8/6.

Other

Long Island University—Brooklyn Campus, University Plaza (718-488-1198). Outdoor sculpture by Ballengee, Burke, Dennis, Gonzalez, Hickman, and Jensen; through 10/30.

Newhouse Center—Snug Harbor Cultural Center, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500). "Visions of Childhood," photographs of children from the Victorian era to the present by Bey, Cameron, Carroll, Fuss, Goldin, Mann, Weston, others; and "Play Things," paintings, sculptures, and photographs that reflect childhood games and toys by Blake, Burden, Kalka, Pensato, Phelan, Wilson, others; through 10/3.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (924-4212). "Hang Time," photographs of suspended Nerf footballs by Pam Lins, videotapes of Coney Island thrill-seekers by Neil Goldberg, and works by Alexa, Cohen, Lionni, Raggett, Ray; through 8/1.

Photography

Benrubi—52 E. 76th St. (517-3766). Photographs by Garfield, Harvey, Raff, Nimoy, others; through 8/27.

Henri Cartier-Bresson/Ezra Stoller—Iconic photographs; through 8/31/Photographs of the new TWA terminal; through 8/13. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (327-1482). "Animals Are Funny People," silly, pet-friendly photographs by Erwitt, Quigley, Wegman, Winogrand, Ylla, others; through 9/18.

Carlos Emilio—Photographic landscapes of nearly geometric order; 7/22–9/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Gladstone—515 W. 24th St. (206-9301). "Plain Air," outdoor photography by Barney, Goldin, Gursky, Le Witt, Mapplethorpe, Struth, Wall, others; through 8/20.

Chip Hooper—Landscape photographs by a California photographer; through 9/11. Carter, 560 Broadway (966-1933).

Houk—745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070). "The Full Monty," male-nude works by Arbus, Cartier-Bresson, David, Mann, Mapplethorpe, Modica, Warhol, Witkin, others; through 8/13.

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Diaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; through 9/26.

Michiko Kon—Still-life photographs of surreal objects fashioned from organic materials, including tentacle-covered melons and a hat composed of fish heads; through 8/14. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

David LaChapelle—Photographs by the artist, whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean-Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levi's; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Leica—670 Broadway (777-3051). "Russia in Transition," photographs from 1978 to 1998, with works by Yevgeny Khaldei; through 8/7.

Mann—210 Eleventh Ave. (570-1223). "Thirteen," an exhibition of *Blind Spot*'s recent issue, with works by Byrne, Mia, Miesenberger, Ross, Webb, others; through 8/20.

Ray K. Metzker—Fifty black-and-white urban photographs from 1958 to 1983; through 8/13. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs by Judith Joy Ross and a group exhibition of works by Callahan, Close, Schad, Sudek, others; through 8/27.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). "Summertime," photographs by Arden, Ferebee, McDonald, Sink, others; through 9/6.

Richardson—560 Broadway (343-1255). Photographs of books by Bravo, Brouws, Chalmers, Devine, Kertesz, Opton, Rubin, Verburg, others; through 8/27.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). "Thin Air," minimalist photographs by Davis, Frailey, Raff, Welling, Wright; through 8/20.

Schickler—560 Broadway (431-6363). Documentary photographs of *Apollo 11;* through 8/20.

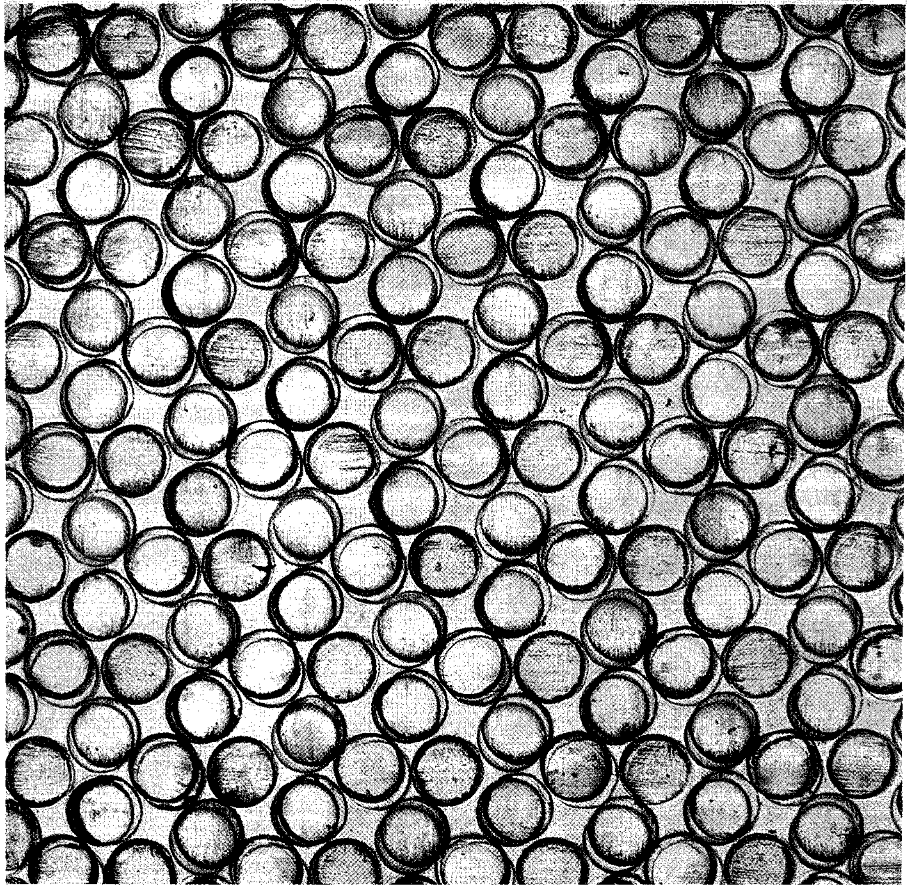
Francesca Woodman—Black-and-white photographs taken between 1972 and 1981, the year the artist died, that depict images of her body with found objects; through 8/31. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Quilts Across America." A triptych quilt made by fifth-graders from more than 250 schools across the United States; through 8/8. . . . "Brooching It Diplomatically: A Tribute to Madeline K. Albright." Brooches by artists from around the world that were created as a tribute to the secretary of State and were commissioned by the collector and jewelry authority Helen Drutt English; through 8/8. . . . "Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists"; through 8/8. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber-art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter's Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues.–Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West, at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Talent **If you consider exuberance a defining characteristic of the Pattern & Decoration movement of the seventies, then the combined efforts of the 24 artists in "Pattern" (James Graham & Sons, 1014 Madison Avenue; through August 27) will strike you less as a revival than as a reconsideration. True, motif is still the scaffolding, but today's patterners tend toward a more intimate scale (below, Tom Martinelli's *Untitled*, 1997, 13⅛ by 15⅛ inches) and subdued mood than their predecessors. What's most startling, in fact, is how little these artists have borrowed.**



Asia Society—"Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Discovering the Secrets of Soft-Paste Porcelain at the Saint-Cloud Manufactory, ca. 1690-1766." A survey of porcelain objects produced by the Saint-Cloud manufactory; through 10/24. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Urban Mythologies: The Bronx Represented Since the 1960s." Works by John Ahearn, Renee Cox, Maya Lin, Gordon Matta-Clark, Pepon Osorio, Tim Rollins & K.O.S., others; through 9/5. . . . "Con(text): Words, Text, and Meaning in the Permanent Collection." Works from the museum's permanent collection by Glenn Ligon, Carrie Mae Weems, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Artists in the Marketplace: Nineteenth Annual Exhibition"; through 10/31. . . . "Art and Media School: Annual Student Exhibition"; through 9/19. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Beyond Technology." The latest installment of the museum's "Working in Brooklyn" series, featuring works that use various technologies by the Brooklyn-based artists Rico Gatson, Perry Hoberman, Roxy Paine, Fatimah Tuggar, and Janet Zweig; through 9/12. . . . "Impressionists in Winter: *Effets de Neige*." Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. . . . "Winslow Homer: Illustrating America." Approximately 75 wood engravings selected from a collection of more than 225 works given to the museum by Harvey Isbitts; through 10/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Tues.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Impressionists in Winter" is $9.50 adults and $7.50 students and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"El Nuevo Mundo: The Landscape of Latino Los Angeles." Photographs by Camilo José Vergara that reveal the transformation of the physical character of Los Angeles County as its population has become increasingly Latin; through 9/5. . . . "The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Revealing the Holy Land." Photographs of Jerusalem and the Sinai Desert taken between 1850 and 1880 by the French writer Maxime du Camp, the Alsatian photographer Auguste Salzmann, and Sergeant James McDonald of the Royal Engineers; through 8/28. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Drawing Center—"A Measured Quietude: Contemporary Irish Drawings." Recent works on paper by eight Irish artists; through 7/30. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life." The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; through 7/25. . . . "From the National Gallery of Art to the Frick Collection: Manet's *The Dead Toreador* and *The Bullfight*—Fragments of a Lost Salon Painting Reunited." The first exhibition of two fragments of a painting that was originally titled *Incident in a Bullfight* and was cut into pieces by the artist after he exhibited it at the Paris Salon in 1864; through 8/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"When Time Began to Rant and Rage: Figurative Painting From Twentieth-Century Ireland." Paintings from public and private collections in Ireland, by Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Jack B. Yeats, Mary Swanzy, and others; through 7/24. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

Jewish Museum—"Facing West: Jews of Central Asia and the Caucasus." More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; through 10/17. . . . "Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem." An installation of photographs and text by the French artist, inspired by the concept of *eruv,* a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one's home on the Sabbath; through 10/17. . . . "Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites." An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath); through 10/17. . . . "Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the Library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Klee Cities." Paintings, drawings, and works in other media by Paul Klee depicting cities, drawn from the museum's Berggruen Klee Collection; through 9/5. . . . "Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826–1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gachet (1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings

Photograph courtesy of James Graham & Sons Gallery.

and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Barbara Chase-Riboud: The Monumental Drawings." Twenty-four drawings by the sculptor and writer that memorialize historical, literary, and artistic figures; through 9/5. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Devotions and Diversions: Prints and Books From the Late Middle Ages in Northern Europe"; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions of Twentieth-Century Design and Architecture"; through 11/14. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Guardians of the Longhouse: Art in Borneo." The first American exhibition devoted exclusively to the Kenyah-Kayan art of central Borneo; through 1/16/2000. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . "The Practice of Japanese Art: An August and Accomplished Heritage." Buddhist and decorative painting and calligraphy, along with ceramics, lacquers, metalwork, and woodblock prints; through 1/30/2000. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"From Brooklyn to Bukhara: Jewish Portraits by Barbara Pfeffer." Color and black-and-white photographs of Jewish communities around the world; through 10/8. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Fame After Photography." A survey examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; through 10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. . . . "Abby Aldrich Rockefeller and Print Collecting: An Early Mission for MOMA." Approximately 100 of the nearly 1,600 prints left to the museum by Mrs. Rockefeller, by George Bellows, Emil Nolde, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Diego Rivera, and others; through 9/21. . . . "Preview: The New Pennsylvania Station in the Farley Post Office." The design for the new Pennsylvania Station by David Childs of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, including the architectural model, a text panel, and a plan of the main levels for the station, which will be sited in the James A. Farley Post Office, bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. and 31st and 33rd Sts.; through 8/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; 7/24–2/27/2000. . . . "Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "New New York Views: Recent Acquisitions." Recently acquired paintings of New York City by Moses Soyer, Tom Christopher, Sharon Florin, Daniel Hauben, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; through 9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Who's the Dummy?: Defining Mannequins." An exhibit curated by F.I.T. graduate students exploring the various meanings and forms of mannequins; through 8/14. . . . "Monumental and Intimate: Tapestries by Helena Hernmarck." Tapestries and woven samples, as well as sketches, videos, and photographs chronicling the weaver's career; through 8/28. . . . "Papiers à la Mode: Illusions of Fashion." An overview of 300 years of fashion as seen through 25 dresses created from paper by Belgian artist Isabelle de Borchgrave and Canadian costume designer Rita Brown; through 8/7. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"All That Is Glorious Around Us: Hudson River School Paintings." Paintings by 60 members of the Hudson River School, including Frederic E. Church, Thomas Cole, Sanford Gifford, William Trost Richards, and others; through 9/8. . . . "Men Without Women: Paul Cadmus as Curator." An exhibition organized by Cadmus of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures that depict men, by Robert Rauschenberg, George Tooker, Kenyon, Cox, N. C. Wyeth, and others; through 8/29. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"The Time of Our Lives"; through 10/17. . . . "Keith Piper: Relocating the Remains," multimedia installations that digitally remix the last fifteen years of the British artist's collages, paintings, and sculpture; through 10/17. . . . "Offside: Dolores Zinny and Juan Ignacio Maidagan." A stairway installation by two emerging Argentine artists; through 10/17. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"Building History: History Building," an exhibition tracing the uptown migration of the New-York Historical Society from its 1804 beginning in Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, to its present Central Park West location; 7/27–10/27. . . . "Uncle Sam: The Face of a Nation"; through 8/21. . . . "Yadda, Yadda, Yadda: Quotations About New York"; through 8/21. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballet." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancer's scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Philippe Starck: Furniture & Objects." A survey of furniture and household objects by the contemporary designer; through 8/29. . . . "0044: Contemporary Irish Art in Britain"; through 8/29. . . . "Animal.Anima.Animus."; through 8/29. . . . "David Reed Paintings: Motion Pictures"; through 8/29. . . . "Anna Oppermann: Being Different (Why Is She So Different?) 1970–1986"; through 8/29. . . . "Site-Specific Project by Claude Lévêque"; through 8/29. . . . "Paintings by John Tweddle From the Robert C. Scull Collection"; through 8/29. . . . "Pavilion by Philip Johnson." A D.J. booth and dance pavilion designed by the architect for "Warm Up," P.S. 1's second annual outdoor D.J. series; through 9/11. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950." Works on paper drawn from 73 collections in and around New York; through 8/29. . . . ."Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Pomo Indian Basket Weavers." More than 100 masterworks created in the early-twentieth century by 40 artists of the Pomoan peoples of Northern California; through 8/15. 1 Bowling Green (514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jeanne Silverthorne: The Studio Stripped Bare, Again." A site-specific installation of cast-rubber sculptures of recognizable objects such as electrical fuse boxes, light sockets, and wires, presented alongside abstract rubber sculptures; 7/30–10/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/21 at 10: "Victorian Furniture and Decorations." On view from 7/17. 7/22 at 10: "Contents of Abandoned Safe Deposit Boxes." On view from 7/17.

restaurants

Supper West Side...Grill Guide...Mignon

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

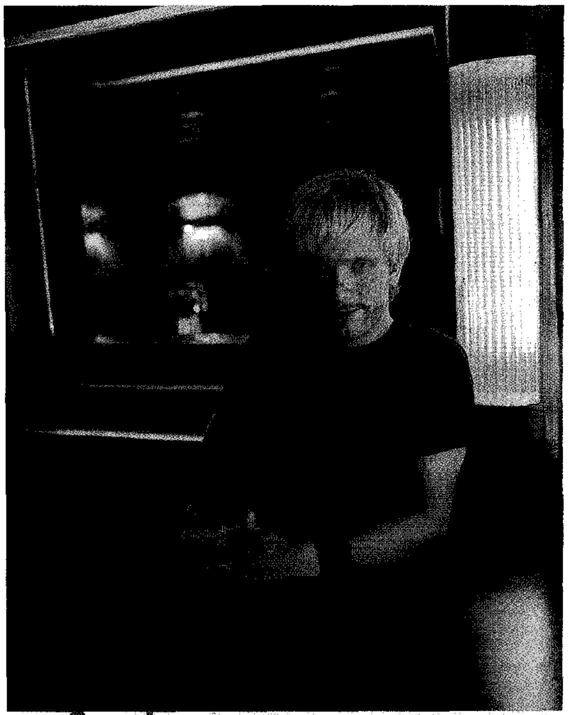
Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*



Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

Opening Haunted House

Spy Bar co-founder Kelly Cole (above) teams up with two shy East Village cohorts (they prefer to remain nameless) this weekend to open Black & White, a restaurant that's being hyped as a cross between a "bistro for the demimonde" and a "rock-and-roll bordello." The centerpiece of the intentionally aged-looking 40-seat room is a mahogany bar modeled after one in a turn-of-the-century Sears, Roebuck catalogue, contributing to an atmosphere that's meant to be more enigmatic than the straightforward menu of American staples like buttermilk-fried chicken, crab cakes, and a catfish po' boy with baked beans. (86 East 10th Street; 253-0246.)

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post,* and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre– or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled

C U e

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steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and chicken with eggplant, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

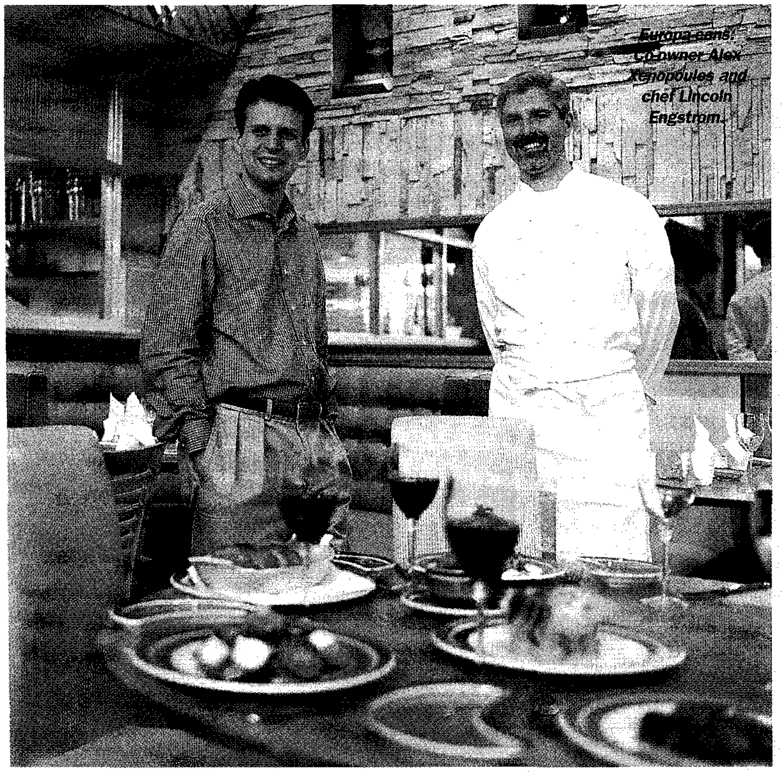
Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are

ASK GAEL

I'm ready to graduate from fast food and singles bars.

Chef–co-owner Stephen Kalt's take on Mediterranean cooking at Spazzia has brought new sophistication to Columbus Avenue. Portions are bigger and prices are a tad lower than at his much-loved Spartina, the TriBeCa hangout he runs with partner Cindy Smith. But I can still get my favorite thin grilled pizzas—aged goat cheese with basil purée and tomato or the decadent three-cheese beauty with truffle oil. Pasta specials like the big fat tubular tortiglione with asparagus and pesto or penne with chopped octopus and plum tomatoes are exactly what's missing in this part of town. And entrées ($16 to $23) like grilled tuna with potatoes, fennel, and black-olive caponata and veal three ways (shoulder, osso buco, and meat loaf) are definitely a hit with the locals. (366 Columbus Avenue, at 77th Street; 799-0150.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.



Europa-eans: Co-owner Alex Xenopoules and chef Lincoln Engstrom.

Preview

Europa, Europa

The father-and-son team behind the pair of Cafe Europas have parlayed their quick-service, office-catering success into a more ambitious venture called Europa Grill, opening this Thursday in the massive midtown space formerly inhabited by the Door Store. Trundle beds and pine armoires have been supplanted by a leatherette-banquetted dining room where chef Lincoln Engstrom (late of Bowery Bar) will turn out Mediterranean fare like white gazpacho with almonds and grapes, lemon-cured pork loin, and pomegranate-marinated lamb (entrées $14.95 to $22.95). The front section morphs from a morning and lunchtime takeout market to an after-work wine bar and lounge, with a full menu of such eclectic tapas and meze as pigeon-and-date terrine and whitebait marinated in lime leaf. (599 Lexington Avenue, at 53rd Street; 755-6622.)

easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Lola—Lola's famous fried chicken is one of those dishes whose popularity guarantees it a perpetual place on the menu, but the kitchen has much grander aspirations. Think seared-tuna-and-seaweed salad with black rice and tobiko caviar, and paella de mariscos with grilled garlic flatbread. There's live music Tuesday through Saturday and a justly famous gospel brunch on Saturdays and Sundays. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Tonic—Thanks to design features like a century-old mahogany-and-cut-glass bar, this new American restaurant and tavern manages to feel like old New York. The cooking, courtesy of Chris Gesualdi, couldn't be more modern: Reggiano-crusted sea bass and shrimp scampi with curried basmati rice and broccoli indicate his global influences. *108 W. 18th St. (929-9755). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling

Photograph by Robert Wright.

Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Da Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crépinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *224 W. 49th St. (320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

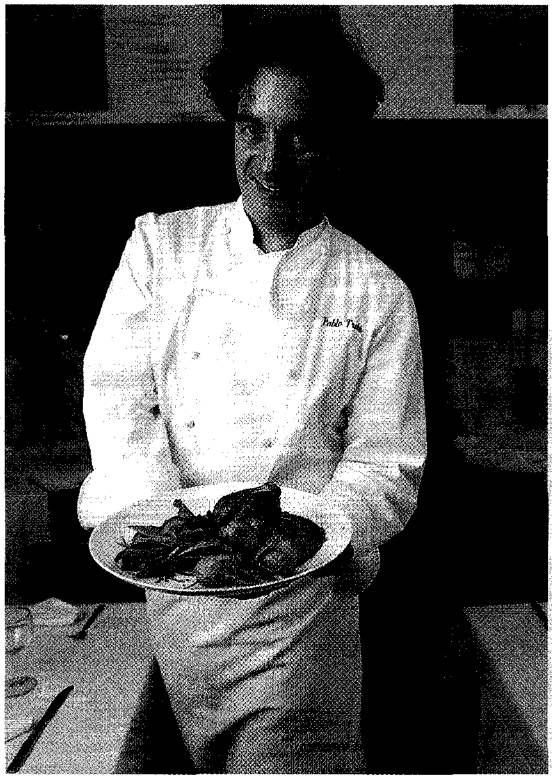
Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale. The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Dopo Teatro—Chef Andrea Pace is famous for his open ravioli of lobster and lamb, which appear on his Northern Italian menu alongside dishes like sautéed venison chops with spinach gnocchi, risotto with baby shrimps, and artichoke hearts stuffed with sun-dried tomatoes and black-olive purée. The dining room is decorated with stills from the Italian cinema, and it leads into an enclosed "secret garden," a warren



Opening

A Different Red Sauce

Francophiliac Brooklynites who remember chef Pablo Trobo (left) from his eight-year tenure at Provence will be glad to hear he's resurfaced at Mignon, the little French place (augmented by a backyard garden) he's opened across the river in Carroll Gardens. He offers an alternative to the neighborhood's entrenched Italian flavor, with Mediterranean-accented French food like Moroccan broiled sardines, merguez-sausage brochette with apricots and dates, Dover-sole meunière, and, of course, filet mignon in red-wine sauce. (394 Court Street, near Carroll Street, Brooklyn; 718-222-8383.)

Photograph by Liz Steger.

of private rooms, each designated for a different leisurely activity (wine room, grappa room, cigar lounge). *125 W. 44th St. (869-2849). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) in the lower level of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. The rooftop terrace is open seasonally for a lighter bite, a glass of wine, or an espresso. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

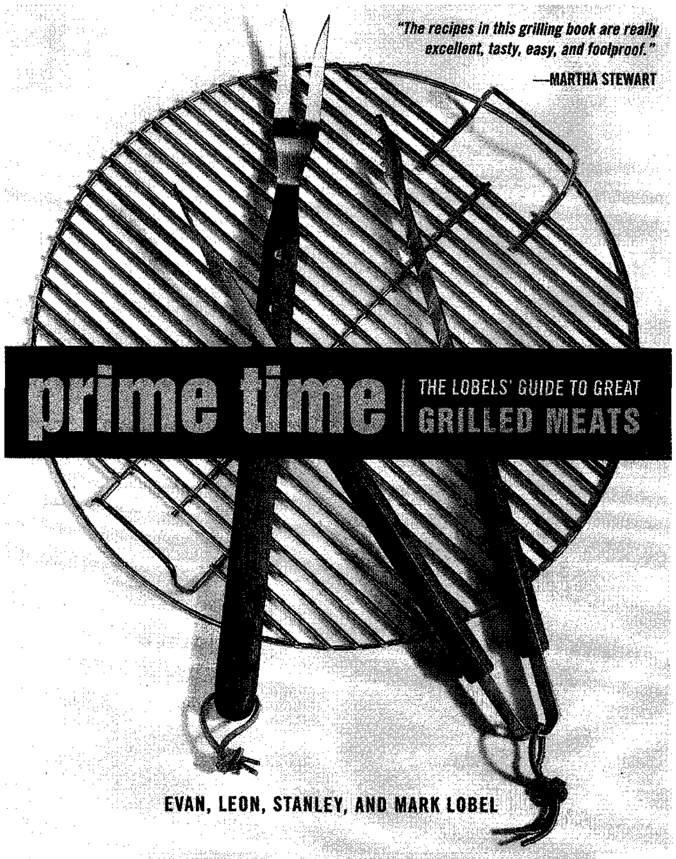
Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*


"The recipes in this grilling book are really excellent, tasty, easy, and foolproof."
—MARTHA STEWART
prime time
THE LOBELS' GUIDE TO GREAT
GRILLED MEATS
EVAN, LEON, STANLEY, AND MARK LOBEL

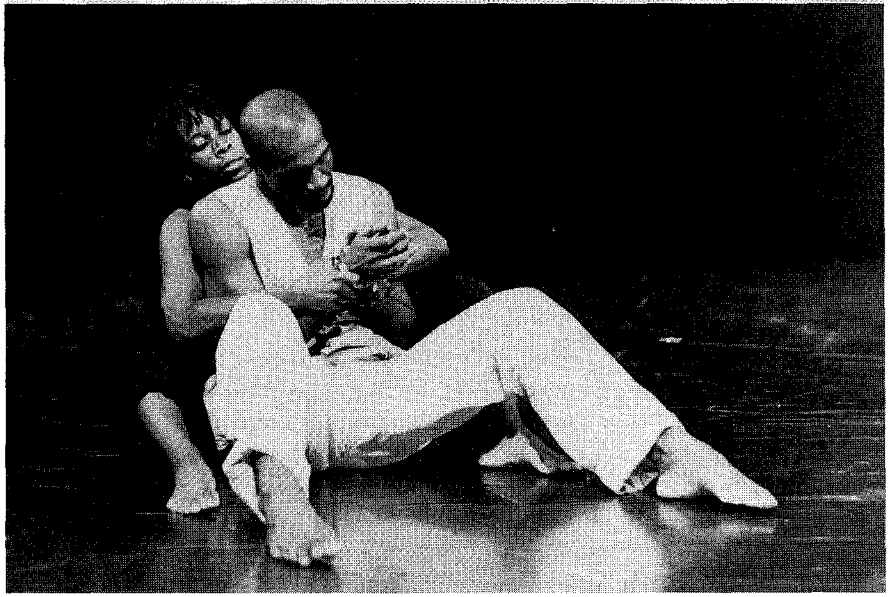
In Print **What could be more devastating for the summer cook than investing in a porterhouse steak that costs nearly as much as a summer share only to tragically incinerate it over the coals? To help prevent such mishaps, brothers Stanley and Leon Lobel and their respective sons, Mark and Evan, owners of the acclaimed blue-chip butcher shop Lobel's, have published *Prime Time* (Macmillan; $25), a user-friendly guide to the grill and everything you never knew you could cook on it. Recipes for "Bloody Mary London Broil" (using a horseradish, Worcestershire, and tomato-juice marinade), meat loaf, chicken sate, and coffee-marinated Rock Cornish game hen appear alongside summertime staples like T-bone for two and "the classic hamburger": equal parts ground sirloin and chuck (or, if you can find it, ground hanger steak).**

in concert

Baryshnikov at Lincoln Center Festival '99

Previews
Brown in Brooklyn

Brooklyn native Ronald K. Brown opens the Celebrate Brooklyn! festival's impressive dance lineup this Saturday in Prospect Park. Brown and company will perform his boldly personal and often provocatively political works, including *Better Days, Ebony Magazine: To a Village,* and others (see "Festivals").



Classical Music

Tuesday, July 20

New York Philharmonic—Performs an outdoor concert of Bernstein's *Candide* Overture, Mozart's Symphony No. 35, and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Sheherezade.* Roberto Minczuk, conductor. Rain date, 7/21. *Great Lawn, Central Park (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Orchestra of Saint Luke's—Performs Steve Reich's *Four* and *The Desert Music/Tehillim* as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99, with members of the Steve Reich Ensemble. David Robertson, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $38.*

Wednesday, July 21

Orchestre Revolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs Schumann's Konzertstuck for Four Horns and Orchestra; Fantasy for Piano and Orchestra, with pianist Robert Levin; and Symphony No. 4, as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99. With commentary by Levin and Sir John Eliot Gardiner. Gardiner conducts. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $45.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Thursday, July 22

New York Philharmonic—See 7/20. *Brookhaven Amphitheater and Cultural Center, Long Island.*

Orchestre Revolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs Schumann's Symphony No. 3; Cello Concerto, with cellist David Watkin; and Symphony No. 2, as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99. Sir John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $45.*

Friday, July 23

New York Philharmonic—See 7/20. Rain date, 8/1. *Cunningham Park, Queens.*

Orchestre Revolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs Schumann's Symphony No. 1; Piano Concerto, with pianist Robert Levin; and Symphony No. 4, as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99. Sir John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 8; $38.*

Saturday, July 24

New York Philharmonic—See 7/20. *Westchester Community College, Valhalla.*

Sunday, July 25

Orchestre Revolutionnaire et Romantique—Performs Schumann's *Scenes from Goethe's Faust,* as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99. With soloists Hillevi Martinpelto, Catherine Denley, Steve Davislim; the Monteverdi Choir and the American Boychoir; and others. Sir John Eliot Gardiner, conductor. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-5928), at 7; $25–$47.*

Monday, July 26

New York Philharmonic—Performs Dvorák's *Carnival* Overture, Bernstein's *West Side Story Dances,* and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. Jahja Ling, Conductor. *Great Lawn, Central Park (875-5709), at 8; free.*

Festivals

Celebrate Brooklyn!—Ronald K. Brown/Evidence performs Brown's *Better Days, Ebony Magazine: To a Village,* and other works, 7/24 at 7:30. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882, ext. 52); free.*

Dances for Wave Hill—Outdoor, site-specific dance performances by Sarah Stead, Jill Sigman, Kristen Smiarowski, and Mollie O'Brien, 7/21 at 6:30 and 7/25 at 5. *Wave Hill, Independence Ave. at 249th St., Bronx (718-549-3200); $4.*

Lincoln Center Festival '99—See "Classical," "Opera," and "Dance."

Central Park SummerStage—Dendy Dance performs *Rock and Roll: Classic Sweet,* set to the music of Led Zeppelin, Janis Joplin, and other rock artists. With guest performers Elizabeth Parkinson and Heidi Weirthaler. Also on the program, Headlong Dance Theater performs *Permit, Car Alarm,* and other original works, 7/23 at 8:30. *Rumsey Playfield, Central Park (360-2756); free.*

Opera

Lincoln Center Festival '99—Presents the epic Chinese opera *The Peony Pavilion,* staged by Chen Shi-Zheng, in six installments, 7/23 at 4 and 8:30, and 7/24 and 7/25 at 2 and 7. *La Guardia Concert Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. (875-5928); $55.*

Operaworks—Performs a double bill of Vaughan Williams's *Riders to the Sea* and Holst's *Savitri,* 7/20 and 7/23 at 8. *West Park Auditorium, 165 W. 86th St. (873-9531); $15.*

Dance

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Performs "Merce Cunningham: A Lifetime of Dance," a program including *Summerspace, Biped, Occasion Piece,* and other works, as part of Lincoln Center Festival '99. With guest performer Mikhail Baryshnikov and members of the New York City Ballet, 7/21, 7/23, and 7/24 at 8, and 7/25 at 7. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (875-5928); $20–$60.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Performs three programs, including *A Selection; Uno, Dos, Tray;* and repertory works, 7/20–7/23 and 7/26 at 8, and 7/24 at 2 and 8. Through 7/31. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $35.*

Photograph courtesy of Celebrate Brooklyn.

nightlife

Woodstock '99...Digital Club Fest...Rock Steady Crew

Concerts

Beach Boys/Creedence Clearwater Revisited—7/22 at 8. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (212-307-7171). $15–$35.*

"Concerts in the Parks"—All concerts begin at 7. 7/20: War. 7/27: The Barkays. *Fort Greene Park, DeKalb Ave. and Washington St. (360-8290) free.*

Donna Summer—7/23 at 8. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (212-307-7171). $35–$45.*

Jamiroquai—7/21 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171).* $30–$35.

Jewel—With Rusted Root and Steve Poltz. 7/24 at 8. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (212-307-7171). $32.*

Joey McIntyre—With React. 7/20 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $27.50–$30.*

Offspring—With Mighty Mighty Bosstones. 7/25 at 6:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh (212-307-7171). $25.*

"Rock Steady Crew 22nd Anniversary"—7/23–7/25. Celebrate with hip-hop's finest crew. Hosted by Danny Hoch, Lord Sear, Ricky Powell, and Ray Roll. 7/23: "Inernational B-Boy/B-Girl Battle" 1-7 at *Marc Ballroom, 27 Union Square West. $20.* 7/24: "Outdoor Hip-Hop Jam" featuring Rahzel, the Beatnuts, Arsonists and more. 1-7 at *Pier 54, 14th St. and West Side Highway. Free.* 7/25: "Grand Finale Show" featuring Big Daddy Kane, Black Moon, Inspectah Deck and more. *Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (712-6444). $20.*

"Woodstock '99"—Featuring Buckcherry, Bush, the Chemical Brothers, George Clinton & The P-Funk All-Stars, Collective Soul, Counting Crows, Creed, Sheryl Crow, DMX, Everlast, Fatboy Slim, Guster, Mickey Hart/Planet Drum, Ice Cube, Insane Clown Posse, Jewel, Korn, Limp Bizkit, Live, Los Lobos, Dave Matthews Band, Metallica, moe., Moby, Alanis Morissette, Willie Nelson, the Offspring, Our Lady Peace, Rage Against the Machine, Red Hot Chili Peppers, Rusted Root, the Brian Setzer Orchestra, Sugar Ray, the Tragically Hip, Wyclef Jean. 7/23-7/26. *Griffiss Park, Rome, N.Y. (307-7171)* $155 in advance; $180 day of the show.

"Y-107's 1999 Live Lunch Concert Series"—Performances every Thursday at noon. 7/22: Shane McAnally. *Austin J. Tobin Plaza, between the World Trade Center towers. Free.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—7/24: matrix; Lava; Soulvine; Delores Slim; Elephant; the Merry Pranksters. 7/25: Dough; Shari Pine; Espadrille; Fun. 7/26: My Situation; Brian Seymour; Stargazer Lily; Robert Secret; Rocket Science. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—7/20: David Kolker's Blues Thang; Songwriter's Showcase. 7/21: Solid Jackson; For Pete's Sake. 7/22: Emiko; Andrea Maybaum; the Costellos. 7/23: Blusyde; Junior Fudge; the Help. 7/24: Babyface Finster; Mellowtraumatics; Jon Dacks. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-0622).*

Bottom Line—7/22: The Smithereens. 7/24: Steve Reid's Bamboo Forest. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—7/20: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Manic Street Preachers; Remy Zero. 7/21: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Apples In Stereo; Beulah; Ladybug Transistor. 7/22: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Everlast. 7/23: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Guided By Voices. 7/24: Groove Collective. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Celebrate Brooklyn! Performing Arts Festival—7/23: Luna; Shirts. 7/24: Ronald K. Brown; Evidence. *Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park West at 9th St., Park Slope (718-855-7882, ext. 52). Free, with a $3 suggested admission.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—7/21: Marianne Faithfull; Hal Willner's "Whoops, I'm an Indian" Revue with Mocean Worker and M. Brumbach. 7/22: Brian Setzer Orchestra (Benefit Concert); BR5-49. 7/23: Dendy Dance; Headlong Dance Theatre. 7/24: Karen Clark-Sheard; Danny Eason and the Abundant Life Youth Choir; Campbell Brothers featuring Katie Jackson. 7/25: Esthero; Aterciopelados; Otto; D.J. Liquid Todd. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park. (360-CPSS [2777]) Free, excluding benefit concerts.*

"Digital Club Festival"—7/20–7/23: Chuck D.'s "Confrontation Camp," Bush, Prince Paul, Frank Black, the Donnas, Delta 72, D.J. Rap, Mary Lou Lord, The Smithereens, and more. *Events will be held at more than twenty clubs around the city. $50 festival pass covers admission to all events. (307-7171).*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—7/20: "Digital Club Festival Presents": D.J. Rap. 7/21–7/22: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Bush. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—7/20: John Medeski & Bob Moses. 7/22: Nathan and the Zydeco Cha-Chas. 7/26–7/27: Bill Charlap. *425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—7/19: Fred Hersch; Ralph Alessi Duo; Ned Sublette. 7/20: Will Oldham; Shannon Wright. 7/21: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Imperial Teen. 7/22: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Scanner; Mocean Worker; Unit. 7/23: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Jill Sobule; Mary Lou Lord. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $*

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 7/19: Beat Rodeo. 7/21: Michael Kroll. 7/22: George Gilmore and the Giblets. 7/23: Mike Hunt Band. 7/24: Adam Roth. 7/25: Kioske. 7/26: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (982-2511).*

Maxwell's—7/20: Mary Lou Lord; Danielle Howle; Chen-Yin Chin. 7/21: Frank Black and the Catholics; Reid Paley. 7/23: Donnas; Delta 72. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—7/20: Saturnine; Wolfie. 7/21: Mark Geary; Jennifer Jackson. 7/22: Spider. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/20: Spacetime Continuum. 7/21: Melky Sedeck. 7/23: Michel Montano. 7/24: Juliana Aquino. 7/26: Conjunto Melao. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—7/21: "Digital Club Festival Presents":

Performance
Totally Wired

The latest addition to the summer megaevent onslaught is the Digital Club Festival, starring grunge-era leftovers Bush (pictured) and featuring more enlightened stuff like Public Enemy front man Chuck D's interestingly named Confrontation Camp, drum-'n'-bass queen D.J. Rap, and nouveau folkie Mary Lou Lord. (See "Small Stages.")

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Glen Lutchford.

Chuck D Presents Confrontation Camp. 7/22: "Digital Club Festival Presents": The Donnas; Delta 72. 7/23: "Digital Club Festival Presents": Looper; Khan. 7/24: Junior Brown. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 7/20–7/21: Mickey Hart & Planet Drum. 7/23: Rahzel; The X-ecutioners. 7/24: Acoustic Junction; Granian; Box Set. 7/26: Marky Ramone. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house music party "Bang The Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strictly drum 'n' bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belong to the British rock of "Tiswas," while Sundays D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, r&b, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Flamingo East—This East Village nightspot boasts the long-running very gay Wednesday night house-music party "Salon," with D.J.'s Gant Johnson and Emjay. Thursdays belong to "Drone," a loungey party with all sorts of arty videos and projections. *219 Second Ave. between 13th and 14th Sts. (533-2860).*

Life—Okay, we give. It *is* the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, Austin Powers–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends" a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday Night's "Get A Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. And, coming soon, Life will host a monthly drum 'n' bass party called "Heat." 7/21: Octahvia performs her sublime house music singles "Big Love" and "Hold On" at Legends. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Ohm—Ohm offers loungey, too-cool vibes with hipster promoters like ex–"Creme & Sugar" bad boys Jacques & Pascal. D.J. Stormin' Norman spins house classics at Thursday night's "Vague," while Jacques & Pascal's Friday party, "Dr. Feelgood & The Sugar Party," provides heavy doses of r&b and classic funk. *16 W. 22nd St. (229-2000).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 7/23: Josh Wink; Wamdue Kids. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week, but livens up Thursdays with the drum 'n' bass party "Physics" and Fridays with "GBH," (an acronym for "Great British House"). 7/22: DJ Bailey. 7/24: E-Sassin. *28 E. 23rd St. (989-1038, ext. 219). $.*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St., at Hudson. (343-1379).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 7/21: Juan-Carlos Formell. 7/22–7/24: Helen Merrill Trio; Tom Harrell. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 7/20–7/25: Herbie Mann's Sona Terra; Gabriela Anders and her Band. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria Soho—This newly launched little venue at the Soho Grand features jazz and latin acts. 7/22: Arturo O'Farrill Quintet with Andy Gonzalez. 7/23–7/24: Barry Altschul featuring Santi Debriano and John Hicks. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

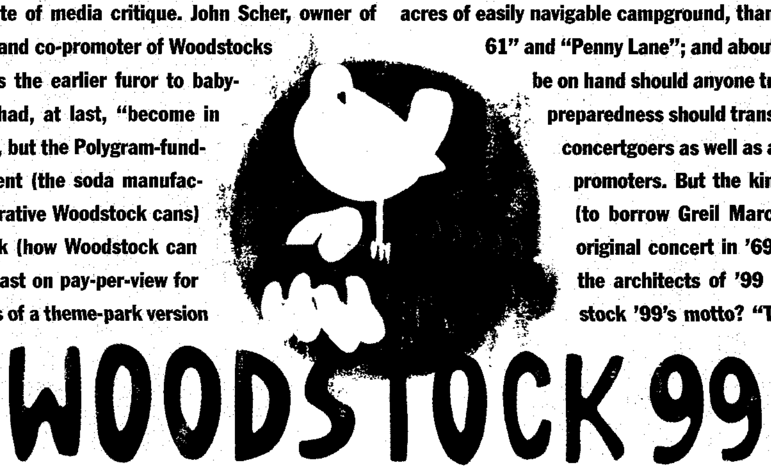
Cornelia Street Cafe—Sets at 9. 7/21: Jeff Berman &

Performance

Third Time's the Charm

Five years ago, Woodstock '94 was greeted with a seemingly unending chorus of boos from the media: Dubbed "Greedstock," "Woodschlock," and "Wood$tock," the festival took mean-spirited jibes from *Fortune* ("two days of big bucks and merchandising") to *Mediaweek* ("Woodstock seems to be all about cash, flash, and brand-building sponsorships") to *Newsweek* ("You can never do it over"). Perhaps it's a sign that we've finally surrendered wholeheartedly to commercialization in this Dow-inflated, *Phantom Menace*d–to–death era—or maybe we've just decided that a great concert is simply a great concert—but Woodstock '99, whose roster reads like a glossary of pop-music stardom (Alanis Morissette, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, DMX, Jewel, Limp Bizkit, the Chemical Brothers, Metallica, Korn, Sheryl Crow, the Brian Setzer Orchestra, and the Dave Matthews Band, among many others), has prompted barely a sound bite of media critique. John Scher, owner of Metropolitan Entertainment and co-promoter of Woodstocks both '94 and '99, attributes the earlier furor to baby-boomers' horror that they had, at last, "become in charge." Scher may be right, but the Polygram-funded, Pepsi-sponsored '94 event (the soda manufacturer even issued commemorative Woodstock cans) held in Saugerties, New York (how Woodstock can Saugerties be?), and broadcast on pay-per-view for $49.95, had all the trappings of a theme-park version of the original event. Then came a series of disasters: A severe rainstorm caused mud slides all over the festival site; traffic on I-87 was backed up for miles; and concertgoers scaled (or tore through) the chain-link fence the promoters had erected, ensuring that the powers that be would lose millions of dollars (they did: $6 million, to be exact). With that, Woodstock '94 became that perennial American favorite, the underdog! Rooting for Woodstock '94 to succeed didn't seem uncool, and the natural (and unnatural) disasters inspired acts like Nine Inch Nails (who delivered a set of throttling industrial scrawl) and Green Day (who led a spectacularly, wonderfully anarchic mud fight) to deliver the performances of their careers. Woodstock '99, which will be held at Griffiss Park in Rome, New York, should be a lot less chaotic than its predecessors: The promoters have erected a three-mile-long "Woodstock Peace Wall" (George Orwell, are you listening?) to keep gate-crashers out; there will be more than 245 acres of easily navigable campground, thanks to roads named "Highway 61" and "Penny Lane"; and about 500 health-care workers will be on hand should anyone trip and fall or simply *trip.* This preparedness should translate into fewer headaches for concertgoers as well as an actual profit for the event's promoters. But the kind of "magnificent accident" (to borrow Greil Marcus's characterization of the original concert in '69) is unlikely here, something the architects of '99 are acutely aware of. Woodstock '99's motto? "Three Days of Hip-Hop, Funk, and Metal"? Nope. "Pray for Rain." (See "Concerts.")

Ethan Brown



Peter Herbert. 7/22: Joey Sellers's "Algonquin Quartet." 7/23: John Bickerson Trio. 7/24: Tim Ziesmer, Andrew Sanisi, Coung Vu, Kurtis Hasselbring. 7/25: Gottfried Stoger "Dream Hunter." *29 Cornelia. (989-9319).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 7/20: Maryanne McSweeney Quartet. 7/21: Tom Guarna Quartet. 7/22: Tom Beckham Quartet. 7/24: Brian Camelio Trio. 7/26: John Dryden Trio. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 7/20: Greg Tuohey Quartet. 7/21: Step Up. 7/22: Richard Bona Quartet. 7/24: Roy Campbell's Shades of Trade. *174 Orchard St., bet. Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Garage Restaurant and Cafe—A Cozy West Village jazz spot located in a former auto garage. 7/20: David Coss. 7/21: Kendra Shank. 7/22: Yardena. 7/23: The Herschey Barr Band. 7/24: Diane Hubka; The Herschey Barr Band. 7/25: Linda Ipanema; David Coss. 7/26: Howard Williams Jazz Orchestra. *99 Seventh Ave. South (645-0600).*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table-placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 7/20–7/25: Javon Jackson Quintet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

"Jazz in July"—7/20–7/29 at 8. 7/20: "Bob Haggart's South Rampart Street Parade" with Ralph Sutton, Dick Hyman, John Allred, Joel Helleny, Harry Allen, Jay Leonhart. 7/21: "Swing Piano" with Ralph Sutton, Dave McKenna, Derek Smith, Dick Hyman, Bucky Pizzarelli. 7/26: "Time of the Titanic" with Ian Whitcomb, Polly Segal, Rick Benjamin's Paragon Ragtime Orchestra, Dan Levinson, Dick Hyman. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $35.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. through 7/18: David Hazeltine Quartet. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 7/20: Chen-Yin Chen; Lukas Ligeti. 7/21: Matt Darriau's Paradox Trio; Duck Baker. 7/22: Sync; Zeena Parkins. 7/23: Vernon Reid; DJ Olive; Sex Mob. 7/24: Oliver Lake; Rashied Ali; Louie Belogenis; Wilber Morris. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 7/20–7/25: Etta Jones and Houston Person. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Comedy

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 7th Ave., at 20th St., 212/501-6061. Free.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D.C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson, and Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 7/20–7/25: Greg Giraldo; Nick DiPaolo; Dave Attell; Jim Norton; Tom Papa. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 7/22: "Girls, Girls, Girls . . ." 7/23–7/24: Sklar Brothers; Todd Barry; Tom Papa; Joe Matrese. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30. Sat. at 8, 10, and 12. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (early shows Tues–Sat., late shows Fri. & Sat.). Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. 7/20–8/14: Buddy Greco. Also through July: Gene Barry. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

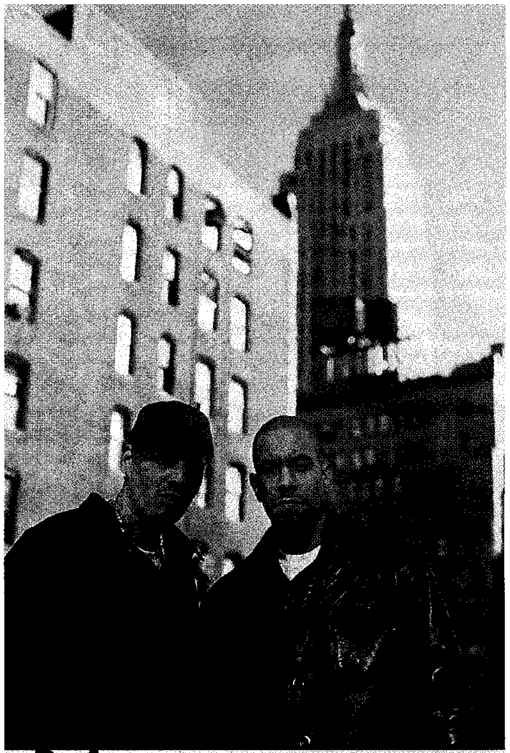
Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. Through July: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. Though August: Charles Cermele's "Ask Me Again." *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano-bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 7/20: Alice Levine in "Songs from Manhattan." 7/21: Judy Niemack. 7/22: Armando Riverol with David Lahm. 7/23: Arthur Kirson with Jay Kerr. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Lenore and the Dukes. Tuesdays and Wednesdays: Sol Yaged and his Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin Band. Fridays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Saturdays: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers and Bob Cantwell Sextet. Sunday brunch: Sam Ulano's Bourbon St. Swingers. Through July: Thursday nights at 7:30. Cary Hoffman's "Frank Sinatra Celebration." *37 W. 32nd St. (564-3945).*



Performance

Hip-Hop Heaven

Celebrate the twenty-second anniversary of hip-hop's legendary Rock Steady Crew with a three-day event that highlights the very best M.C.'s, graffiti writers, and turntablists the city has to offer. Expect big names like the Arsonists, Evil Dee, and the Beatnuts, as well as many, many surprise guests. Log onto www.rocksteadycrew.com for a complete itinerary. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Ernie Paniccioli.

the mix

Velvet Underground...Hopper's Village

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Life of Birds by David Attenborough (Tuesdays, 7/20 through 9/28; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13), with Sir David the chirpiest bird of them all, launches a ten-part series with some computer-animated time travel, followed by visits to the Galapagos to talk to ostriches, emus, and cormorants, and to New Zealand to meet the kiwi and the kakapo. Next week: the albatross!

School Prayer: A Community at War (7/20; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) goes to rural Mississippi for the P.O.V. series, where a mother new to Pontotoc County sued the school board to cease and desist from religious devotions every morning over the high-school intercom—even though she herself was a Christian who believes in prayer (but only at home or in church). Not only did Lisa Herdahl, with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union, finally win in court, but the county will have to pay her legal expenses of $144,000 by raising money in the local places of worship. We see all sides, with no self-righteousness. We also see how religion can end up dividing neighbors and wounding community.

The Almost Perfect Bank Robbery (7/21; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS), with Brooke Shields as a sort of Alicia Featherstone bank teller, Dylan Walsh as a sort of Adam Sandler cop, and Rip Torn as a sort of befuddled Godzilla FBI agent, tries to be zany but is more often dimwitted as it follows a caper flawed in its conception, botched in its execution, and farcical in its aftermath. Who'd have thought maladroit comedy was the direction Our Miss Brooke was headed?

Random Play (Saturdays, starting 7/24; 10 to 10:30 P.M.; VH1) amounts to a Gen-X *Laugh-In,* with, in the premiere episode, rock-and-roll-related quick comedy sketches ranging from the mordant (a busker who extorts money from unwilling listeners by strumming up songs about their most shameful secrets) to the lame-brained (a chimp who writes such love songs for a lounge singer as "Loneliness Is a Four-Letter Word") and short films ranging from merely stupid (female hysteria over David Cassidy) to genuinely offensive ("John & Yoko: The Private Moments"). One more excuse for VH1 not to play enough Sarah McLachlan music videos.

Lectures and Panels

"Winslow Homer: Illustrating America"—7/24 at 3 P.M.: Marilyn Kushner, curator of Prints and Drawings, lectures on the Brooklyn Museum of Art's new collection of Homer's wood engravings. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000); free with museum admission.

"Reason, Religion, and Democracy in the Early United States"—7/25 at 2 P.M.: A discussion of Deism, a reason-based strand of Christianity that influenced the Founding Fathers. The Morris-Jumel Mansion Museum, Jumel Terrace (one block east of Saint Nicholas Ave.) bet. 160th and 162nd Sts. (923-8008); $5.

Happening Hot to Fox-Trot

The Jewish Museum has taken it upon itself to entertain the sweaty few left behind after all the packed Jitneys have headed for greener pastures. The free SummerNights series on Tuesday evenings through August features live music (swing, Middle Eastern, jazz), nostalgic screenings ('The Flying Nun,' pictured), and, of course, kosher snacks. See "Events" for details.

Photograph courtesy of Columbia Pictures.

Radio Highlights

"Velvet Underground Family Tree Day"—7/21 from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.: With music from the band and the solo work of Nico, Lou Reed, and John Cale. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Written Word

"The Literary Kicks Summer Poetry Happening"—7/21 at 7 P.M.: Readings by the contributors to the new collection *Rolling Stone Book of the Beats,* with musical accompaniment from punk legend Richard Hell, Lee Ranaldo of Sonic Youth, and the David Amram Trio. The Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (673-7030); $5.

David Eddie—7/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Chump Change.* Barnes & Noble Astor Place, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

Adam Nagourney—7/21 at 6:30 P.M.: The New York *Times* reporter discussing *Out for Good: The Struggle to Build a Gay Civil Rights Movement in America.* Lesbian and Gay Community Center, 1 Little West 12th St. (203-287-5399); $8.

Susan Choi—7/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Zinc Bar, 90 W. Houston St. (369-5136); free.

Valerie Martin—7/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Italian Fever.* Posman Books, 1 University Pl. (533-2665); free.

Amy Sohn and Greg Lichtenberg—7/25 at 7 P.M.: The authors of *Run Catch Kiss* and *Playing Catch With My Mother,* respectively, read from their books. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (358-1935); free.

Tours

"The Vital Heart of Harlem"—7/22 at 11 A.M.: Investigate this historic neighborhood with Manhattan historian Joyce Gold. Meet at City College, 138th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (242-5762); $12.

"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes"—7/23 at 2 P.M.: A guided tour of the exhibition of Surrealist works from the Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections. The Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587); free with museum admission.

Greenwich Village at Dusk—7/24 at 6 P.M.: Investigate the history and architecture of the neighborhood home to artists, writers, and radicals, such as Aaron Burr, Edith Wharton, e.e. cummings, and others. Meet at the Washington Square Arch (969-8262); $10.

Immigrant New York—7/24 at 1 P.M.: Visit Little Italy, the Jewish East Side, Little Ireland, Little Germany, Chinatown, and Little Africa and explore the African Burial Ground, Mulberry Bend, and more. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Chambers St. in front of City Hall Park (439-1090); $10.

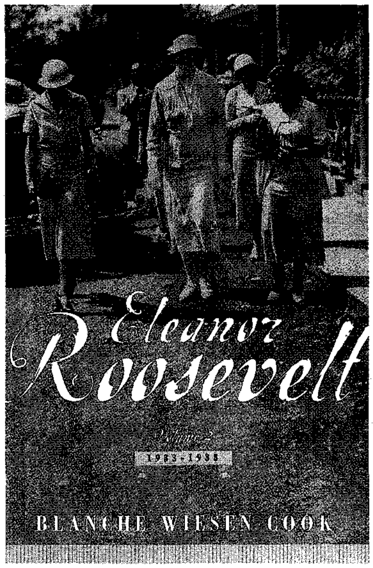
"Hooray for Hopper!"—7/25 at 11 A.M.: Celebrate what would have been the painter's 117th birthday with a stroll through Greenwich Village, where he used to live, and visit his onetime studio and home on Washington Square Park and the original location of the Whitney Museum of American Art. Meet in front of the Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (935-3960); $15.

"Art and Moonlight: The Hudson River Promenade at Dusk"—7/24 at 6:30 P.M.: Social historian Jane Marx starts the tour at the Jim Kempner Gallery and then moves on to Chelsea Market, to gather a picnic dinner to eat in Battery Park after a walk along the esplanade. Call 996-1100 for meeting place and reservations; $25.

In Print
The Strong, Silent Type

Like Eleanor Roosevelt herself, biographer Blanche Wiesen Cook is different things to different people—heroine, heretic, intellectual pioneer, or misguided zealot, depending on whom you ask. In her best-selling *Eleanor Roosevelt Volume 1: 1884–1933*, Cook incited controversy by investigating ER's "most ardent and absorbing" and almost certainly romantic relationship with reporter Lorena "Hick" Hickock. "I was very dismayed by some of the reactions to that information," says Cook. "ER's entire political life was galvanized by love—and love as an experiential thing, not just an extraction—so we *do* need to know these things in a biography." But if she had only the ire of others to worry about when she exposed the fabled First Lady's lesbian affairs, what Cook discovered about ER in *Volume Two: 1933–1938* is disturbing news for everyone, including Cook herself: ER, a devout egalitarian who consistently championed the rights of every disadvantaged group in America, knew as early as 1933 of Nazi atrocities against German Jews yet remained mute, even in her personal correspondence. In the past, this utter and uncharacteristic silence was attributed to a lack of information, but Cook's research led her against her hopes to a different conclusion. "I wrote that chapter curled in agony," says Cook, "because the information coming in to both of the Roosevelts from very early on was truly staggering, and I was stunned by ER's willingness to comply with the State Department's mandate of silence. At one point, I didn't even want to finish the book because it was too overwhelming." Fortunately, she did, and the result is an exhaustive, intriguing portrait of a woman, not a saint.

ARIEL LEVY



Benefits

"Cooking Across America"—7/20: Cooking demonstrations from Mario Batali, Bobby Flay, and David Rosengarten and a sampling of the culinary artistry of Aureole, Berkeley Bar & Grill, Clementine, Godiva, Oceana, Patroon, and others to benefit Citymeals-on-Wheels. Chelsea Piers, Pier 60 at 23rd St. (800-949-CHEF); $75.

Events

SummerNights—Tuesdays throughout July and August from 5 to 9 P.M.: The Jewish Museum presents extended-hour evenings with jazz, dance, screenings of classic TV shows like *Sanford and Son, Soap,* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, and snacks at the kosher café. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271); free.

AT&T Latino Arts Festival—7/21–8/8: From Flamenco dance to Latin Jazz, this three-week celebration attempts to cover the diverse range of Latin culture, with dance, visual art, theater, and children's programs. Queens Theater in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-760-0064 [English]; 718-760-0686 [Spanish]); $5–$40.

Fleet Bank Harlem Summer Arts Festival—Through 7/31: Theater, dance, music, literary readings, and a visual-art exhibition celebrate African and African-American culture. Highlights include a walking tour of sites associated with Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston, performances of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Macbeth,* a symposium on Bach, Handel, and John Coltrane, and the Harlem Black Book Fair. Locations throughout Harlem; call 222-9347 for details and reservations.

Hudson River Festival—Through 9/1: A celebration of the river that has been the economic lifeblood of New York City since the Dutch landed in what is now Battery Park, with dance, lectures, an ice-cream social, and Richie Havens and other musicians. At the waterfront near the World Financial Center. Call 528-2733 for details; admission is free.

Exhibitions

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—7/24–2/27/00: An exploration of costume couture. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); recommended donation $5.

"Spots"—Through 7/31: For the twelfth year, the Society of Publication Designers will celebrate the often overlooked creative area of magazine design, the spot illustration. Over 1,400 illustrations were submitted in the 1999 competition, of which 120 were admitted into the show, juried by a panel of top editorial and communications professionals. Society of Illustrators, Museum of American Illustration, 128 E. 63rd St.; free.

"The Turn of the Century: A Carousel Celebrating 100 Years of Ups & Downs"—Through 8/1: Alumni and students of the School of Visual Arts have joined designers and illustrators to create a "Grand Carousel" representing events and celebrities from the past century, from Elvis Presley to Andy Warhol.

"The Carriage Era in New York"—Through 9/10: An exploration of the obsolete but elegant method of transportation. PaineWebber Art Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., bet. 51st and 52nd Sts. (713-2885); free.

"Such Friends: The Work of W. B. Yeats"—Through 9/11: Books, manuscripts, photographs, correspondence from other literary figures like George Bernard Shaw, and drawings of Yeats by his father. The New York Public Library's D. Samuel and Jeane H. Gottesman Exhibition Hall, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (869-8089); free.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Meet friends online who fit the profile of your choice; explore Web-based art at Reel New York; see a site dedicated to the greatest hairstyle of all time; keep up on fashion news with the Look Online; and read of one man's loving relationships with prank letters. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue and extensive archives, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a New York trivia contest. So surf us, already.

Sports

Yoga—Tae-Bo may have claimed the title as trendy workout of the moment, but for a solid and decidedly low-impact workout, there's still no substitute for yoga. On 7/31, the Central Park Conservancy is offering a free yoga workshop for adults at the North Meadow Recreation Center. The 90-minute class starts at 11 A.M.; call 348-4867 to register. For those seeking a more extended program, the fifth session of Power Yoga, taught by Thom and Beryl Bender Birch, begins 7/19. Sixty-minute classes take place every Monday and Wednesday at 6:30 and 7:35, and both beginner and intermediate courses are available. Fees range from $75 to $130, depending on the level and length of the session; call 661-2895 for information on registration.

Tai Chi—Even if the rest of your weekend is filled with errands and social engagements, you can still grab a little relaxation Saturday morning. The Central Park Conservancy is offering a Tai Chi workshop for adults, 7/24 at 10 A.M. in the peaceful environs of the North Meadow. The 90-minute class, led by Master David Trent, will emphasize stress reduction and meditation, as well as working on improvement on physical flexibility and muscular coordination. Enrollment is free; call 348-4867 to register and for more information.

Rock Climbing—The third of four sessions of rock-climbing classes for children 9 and older takes place 7/20 and 7/24. Two-hour classes are held every Tuesday at 3:30 and Saturday at 1:30 at the North Meadow Recreation Center in Central Park at 97th Street and focus on the fundamentals of climbing, such as knot-tying and belaying. Participation is free,

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ○

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	MON MSG 7:30PM	MON MSG 7:30PM	TB MSG 7:30PM	TB FOX 12PM	CLE FOX 7:30PM	CLE FOX 4:30PM	CLE FOX 1:30PM
METS	BAL FSNY 7:40PM	BAL FSNY 7:40PM	MON FSNY 12:10PM	MON FSNY 7PM	CHI WB 3:20PM	CHI FOX 4PM	CHI ESPN TBD
METROSTARS						MIA ABC 3PM	
LIBERTY		ORL MSG 7:30PM		SAC MSG 10PM		LA NBC 4PM	
	7/12	7/13	7/14	7/15	7/16	7/17	7/18

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Bombay City
Exquisite Indian Cuisine
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PATRIA
"Nuevo Latino"
250 PARK AVENUE SOUTH 777-6211

Solutions to last week's puzzles

P	A	D	L	O	C	K	■	P	R	A	I	S	E	S
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Finke *continued from page 19*

Gerber, Lucy Fisher, Bruce Berman, and Lisa Henson are just a few of the hot young production executives who, realizing they could rise no higher, left for other studios or production deals.

But Daly and Semel are not alone in this. With the exception of 20th Century Fox—whose head, Peter Chernin (who got his job after first Barry Diller and then Joe Roth vacated the executive suite), was promoted into parent company News Corp., thus making way for Bill Mechanic—Hollywood studios are literally ossifying. And it couldn't come at a worse time.

Most Hollywood stocks have failed to match the huge run-ups that other sectors of the market have seen (or to keep up with the studios' own executive-compensation plans, the kind that made semi-billionaires of Daly and Semel). And look: Earlier this month, at Herbert Allen's famed Sun Valley, Idaho, retreat, that longtime conclave for the entertainment elite, Hollywood had definitively ceased to be the big draw, no longer viewed as the most glamorous business in the world. The new stars were the Internet entrepreneurs whose world has come to dwarf Hollywood in terms of money and attention, drawing away the visionaries and the best management talent.

No one wants to be the first to say it, but the entertainment business as we know it is dead, done in by $20 million deals for actors, greedy agents, and wildly overaccommodating studio bosses. The product, too, has been under lethal pressure from politicians and interest groups. Traditional Hollywood, increasingly balkanized by the conglomerates that own it, is hemorrhaging money; while the studios bleed, actors and agents and directors and independent producers walk away with the gold. And the Web only expands: In a matter of months, making movies and TV shows and records may merely be just part of yet another expansion: no cooler, no better.

NO SUCH FATE AWAITS DALY AND SEMEL, WHO have more money than they could ever need and don't have to take Levin's or Turner's guff any more. (Reportedly, they were about to have the music division taken away from them.) Now they're talking about their third act, which is fine for them. But many able younger executives never got a first act and have already given up on Tinseltown and gone elsewhere. Lust—for power, for money—is what kept Daly and Semel in the game so long. Levin wants to fill the vacancies from within the corridors of Time Warner. If he's the visionary he'd like us to think he is, he'll fill them with people few beyond those corridors have every heard of. Yet. ■

Photograph by Michael Ackerman

In Print

Careful observers may recognize the ghostly elegance of Michael Ackerman's photography from his frequent contributions to this magazine. But in *End Time City,* his first book, Ackerman leaves New York behind for a very different town: Benares, India. The results of the voyage are startling encounters with death, ritual family, and, of course, city living.

and equipment (shoes and harnesses) is included. Call 348-4867 for reservations and information.

The Rundown—If you're one of the few people tired of interleague play, or never liked it in the first place, relief is in sight. After the Mets and the Yankees (who ended this year's subway series tied at three games apiece) wrap up their series against Baltimore and Montreal, respectively, there will be no more AL-NL matchups until the World Series. Unfortunately, with the exception of the Yanks versus Cleveland, this week's games don't offer much in the way of pennant action. The Bombers also take on Tampa Bay during their weeklong home stand, and the Mets play underachievers Montreal and Chicago, both lagging far behind in their respective races. Note to Liberty ticket holders: If you were inconvenienced by that pesky NBA playoff game that preempted the Liberty-Miracle game on 6/25 (WNBA schedulers obviously thought the Knicks had no chance of making it that far), take heart. The game has been rescheduled for 7/20, and all tickets to the 6/25 game will be honored.

kids

Royal Amphibian...Pier Fest

Children's Events

Once Upon a Time—This weekend, at the statue of Hans Christian Andersen in **CENTRAL PARK**, Robin Moore tells an Inuit tale called "Caribou Man," 7/24 at 11. Near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. Storytelling goes on Saturday mornings at 11 through 9/25, rain or shine.●

Cold, Blue Blood—David Mamet's "The Frog Prince," which sold out last year at **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB**, returns. In this version of the classic fairy tale of the same name, the arrogant prince is rendered an amphibian until he learns how to love and what true riches are. Kids participate prior to curtain time by coloring flowers that will be used onstage. Sundays at noon and 2:30 through 8/1. At 236 W. 78th St., near Broadway. Call for reservations (873-9050); $7 for kids, $9 for adults.

Arts-on-Hudson—Four or five thousand young people are expected to attend **CHELSEA PIERS'** third annual free blowout Kids' Performing Arts Day. Among the rich assortment of performances, clinics, and workshops are jazz dance for preschoolers, an online skate performance choreographed for the occasion, lab experiments from the cast of *Jekyll and Hyde,* jugglers, clowns, magicians, and karaoke singing for kids; 7/24 on the Main Plaza and Roller Rinks on Pier 62, at 23rd St. and the Hudson River. ●●

From All Over—Learn Afro-Brazilian dance steps 7/24 and 7/25 at 7; twirl ribbons to drums and poetry in a Chinese Dance performance and workshop 7/26 at 7. The **RIVERSIDE CHURCH** is in the midst of a two-week celebration of diversity and the arts that continues through 8/1. The First Annual New York Family Arts Festival offers daily performances and workshops. For information about additional performances and exhibits, call 870-6784. 91 Claremont Ave., near 120th St. Admission to most performances, including the two listed above, is $10 for adults, $5 for children.

Time Travel—Staten Island's Historic **RICHMOND TOWN** hosts a weekend-long Civil War Encampment; costumed "reenactors" are happy to chat with visitors from our era as they prepare for musket drills and plan strategy. Modern food can be purchased at the tavern. High points of the weekend include a skirmish between opposing armies each day at 3; Civil War finery is encouraged but not required at a Regimental Ball, 7/24 from 8 to 11. 7/24 and 7/25 from 10 to 5. Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors and for children ages 6 to 16.

Robot Nation—Bend and sculpt robotic figures, both as toys and as functional workmates, at a workshop about robots, 7/25 from 2 to 4:30 P.M. **SONY WONDER TECHNOLOGY LAB**, 56th St. at Madison Ave. (833-8100); $3 materials fee.

Hot Button—What's doing in **CENTRAL PARK**? Find out what's happening at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, North Meadow Recreation Center, and Belvedere Castle, and what's in bloom by accessing the new Website, www.centralparknyc.org .

Blood and Guts—An exhibit that's engaging for kids of every age and stage, "Body Odyssey" allows visitors to romp through their innards, squirting acids to digest those food morsels and comparing heartbeats with one another. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

Harbor Cruise—Captain Amy Gilbert and crew take a 90-minute sail aboard the historic *Pioneer.* Have soda and sandwiches on the way to the Statue of Liberty and back into port at the **SOUTH STREET SEAPORT**, 7/20, 8/17, 8/26, and 9/1 from 11:30 A.M. to 1 P.M. Pier 16, South and Fulton Sts. Admission is $20, $12 for children 12 and under. Call for reservations (748-8786).

In the Cards—Curator Lisa Bedell will discuss and demonstrate early-nineteenth-century card games that were played at the Mount Vernon Hotel, which once occupied this museum building—a fashionable country getaway for New Yorkers. Children's activities include treasure hunts, role-playing, storytelling, and games and toys. 7/20 at 6 P.M. **ABIGAIL ADAMS SMITH MUSEUM AND GARDENS**, 421 E. 61st St. Admission is $5, $3 for seniors, students, and children ages 3 to 12.

Carnival en el Yunque—Make masks and costumes inspired by the tropical-forest plants on display at **WAVE HILL**. Afterward, join dancer Yvette Martinez and musician Nancy Friedman in creative and traditional movement inspired by the July carnival in Puerto Rico. 7/24 and 7/25 from 1 to 4 P.M., W. 249th St. and Independence Ave., the Bronx (718-549-3200). Free with admission of $4, $2 for students. ●

Scouts on Skates—The **JUNIOR SAFETY PATROL**—a worthy organization whose members volunteer their time for all of our safety—teaches basic skating skills on flats, hills, and loops on Saturdays from 3 to 4 P.M. Call 486-1919 for further information.●

Perfectly Beastly—A scary-looking beast, "The Reluctant Dragon" prefers reading novels to frightening the populace—causing all sorts of confusion. Special effects include a bubble-bath scene (with real bubbles), fire-breathing, and a disco. To find out when the touring branch of the **SWEDISH COTTAGE MARIONETTE THEATER** brings the show to a playground near you, call 998-9093.●

cue

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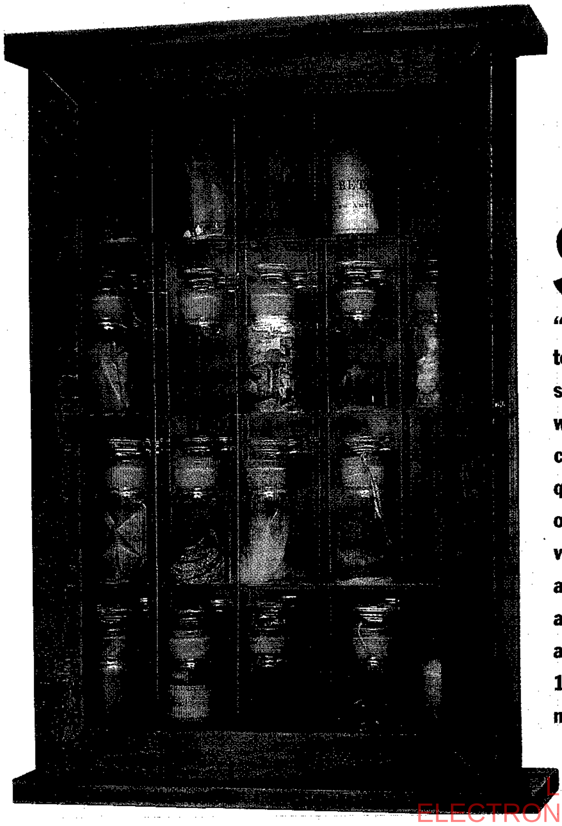

Workshop

Intuitive Connections

So painfully shy that he didn't even show up for the opening of a major retrospective of his own work (at the Guggenheim Museum), Joseph Cornell mingled happily with children—whom he apparently felt were soul mates. At the reception of "A Joseph Cornell Exhibition for Children," at Cooper Union in 1972, for example, the notoriously reticent artist invited discussion of his work as he sipped cherry soda amid pint-size visitors. A show in Buffalo was also mounted specifically for a youthful audience—with the works hung at about a three-foot eye level. Cornell's quirky vision connects to children's imaginative inner landscape with a particular directness. Whereas adults frequently feel locked out of his iconography of oddly juxtaposed objects, kids often find it opens the floodgates to a torrent of stories. At a docent-led tour of "Surrealism: Two Private Eyes"—currently on exhibit at the Guggenheim Museum—families look at collages and boxes by the artist from two extensive private collections. Afterward, in the studio area downstairs, kids make their own personal boxes inspired by Cornell's work, from an assortment of recycled oddments. The program is one in a series for children ages 7 to 12, accompanied by adults. (July 25 at 2; preregister by calling 423-3587; $10 includes materials and admission.)

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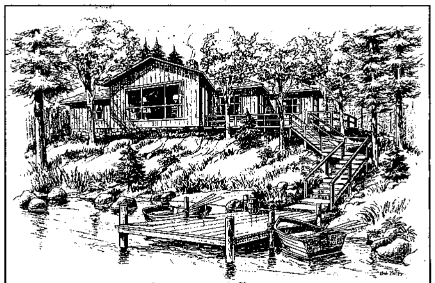

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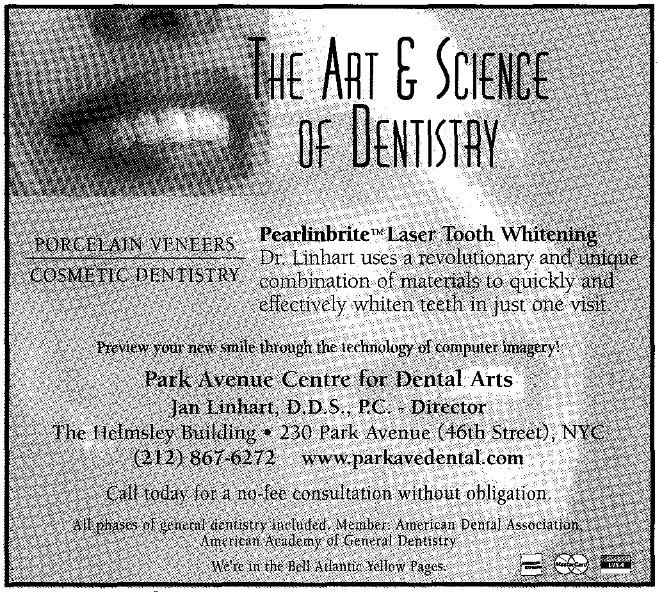
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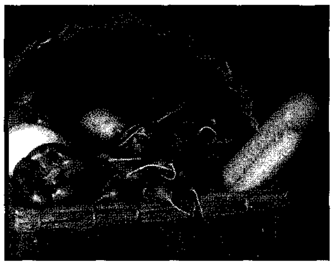

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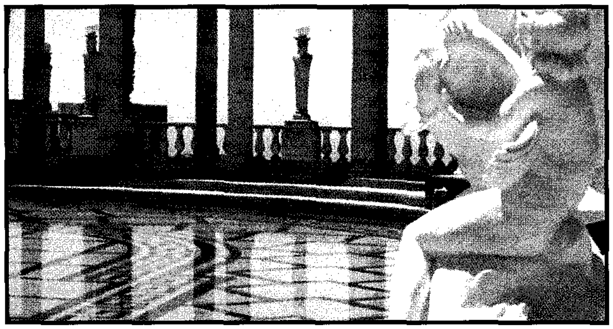

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Gorgeous Russian Lawyer—32, Ivy educated, soft brown hair, hazel eyes, creamy complexion, rubenesque body and warm, kind heart seeks tall, handsome, interesting gentleman under 40. Please respond with note and photo. 1110 ✉

Successful Entrepreneur—Caring, creative, handsome, ambitious, funny ewish male, 33, Ivy MBA, living in airfield County, CT, who enjoys fine ood, wine, tennis, modern art, drives in he country and nights out on the town, eeks bright, beautiful, caring woman with est for life. Note/photo, please. 1086✉☎

ormer Tomboy—Mid 30s, smart, thletic, grounded, seeks kindred post-eanderthal for movies, sports, concerts, iner food, whatever. Bonus points for teracy and good sense of humor. 1058 ✉

weet, Fun, Asian-American—30s, 6", 120, fit, beautiful, good breeding/ enes! Sophisticated yet truly warm and ind. Seeks sincere, tall, handsome, mbitious but balanced Christian man, 36-4, who's ready for the real thing. 1054✉☎

retty And HIV Positive—I am a ealthy, vibrant and sexy Jewish woman, te 40s, who is ready to share my passions ith a fabulous man, 45-60. I love movies, eater and hanging out with my equally bulous dog. If you are handsome, ssionate, honest and have a great sense humor, well who knows! 1109 ✉ ☎

lub Med, Israel, Etc.—Been to them all d still have not found you. I'm a 37-ar-old , 5'10", 150 lbs, refined, good-oking, dark-haired, classy Jewish pro-ssional gentleman. I enjoy going to the m, tennis, golf, skiing, sporting events, ncerts, movies, Broadway and Jewish lture. I'm a Y2K man with old-fashioned les (yes, you read it right). Enough out me. You are a nonsmoking, Jewish, fined, classy professional female in her d 20s-late 30s. You are cute, thin, have egrity, and have an amazingly pleasant rsonality. You too have old-faashioned lues on the inside and are Y2K on the tside. Note/photo/phone. 1037 ✉

y, Top Lifestyle—Good-looking, 60, ite male, super-successful, seeking ractive, sophisticated, well-educated, s, for serious relationship. Photo. 1088✉

Special Woman Desired—For long-term relationship. You: 33-43, single white professional, slim, athletic, warm and caring. Me: late 40s, 5'11", 180, attractive, financially secure, cultured professional, fit - enjoys movies, dining out, antiques, travel, cooking, being at home. Photo/ phone/note. (914) area preferred. 1073✉

Eyes That Can Melt The North Pole—Former bathing suit model, 30s, 5'9", 135 lbs, seeking highly successful, dedicated, honest, marriage-minded gentleman to have this classy lady on his arm. I enjoy black tie affairs as well as down-to-earth country living. Love working out at the gym, sailing, horesback riding, long walks and romantic poetry. Willing to relocate out of state for man of my dreams. If you are 32-46, tall, willing to want a stay at home mom for your future kids, please respond with recent photo and bio. I will only settle for what I deserve...the best! Hey you...if you're thinking about repsonding then do it! You might just be my night in shining armor!!! 1112 ✉

Prize-Winning Scholar—Seeks female companion, 30s. POB 539, NYC 10101

Share My Summer—Tall, handsome, successful professional, 25, Jewish (generally observant), playful, self-aware, sincere and happy; seeks fun woman to hang out with and hopefully generate something special. Note/photo. 8915✉☎

Trial Attorney—As a 39-year-old male, I am an extraordinarily successful, wealthy, Columbia University-educated head of my own law firm. I am extremely handsome and stylish, with a quick wit, fit body and healthy spirit. I'm also a man of laudable virtues, with a big heart and an easy laugh. Some of my interests include sailing, long-distance running, literature, healthy eating and living. I am seeking a truly beautiful woman (inside and out) with a passion for life and a capacity to love, for lifelong romance and commitment. Note/recent photo and phone number, please. 1100✉

Lean, Muscular, Blue-Eyed—Attorney/ CEO, 44, 5'10", 170 lbs, multimillionaire with Hampton home and city penthouse. Ruggedly handsome, literate, and slightly superficial - seeks beautiful and fit actress or model type, 22-35. Sorry but photo a must; will exchange. 1063 ✉

Wickedly Creative—Curious mind, explorer's spirit, generous heart, nice figure. Very attractive, green-eyed brunette. 47. Bright, resourceful, calm. Successful professional, makes work fun. Passionate about music, books, theater, movies. Enjoys paddling a canoe, Venice at dawn, sailing. Fascinated and nurtured by community. Seeks smart, successful, warm, responsible (42-55, 5'9" plus) man, comfortable with himself, able to find humor/joy in life. 1095 ✉ ☎

Clark Seeks Lois—A caring, handsome Ivy MD/PhD, rock-solid values, crystal-clear mind, golden heart, 5'10", hard body, 43, fun, seeks refined, loving woman under 37, for glowing romance. Phone/ photo a must. No kryptonite. 1103 ✉☎

Dare To Dream!—With a supportive, successful surgeon, handsome, affectionate, nice guy, 5'10", muscular, 43, into fitness, fun, culture. Seeks bright, sweet woman under 38 for incredible life. Phone/photo necessary. 1022 ✉☎

Miss My Carrera...—But I'm a cute passenger. Petite, pretty redhead with great directional skills knows you are out there: a fabulous 45-55 male professional who took wrong turn to Happily Ever After. Please be honest, evolved, loving, giving and fun - because that's what you are getting, and more. Dads/kids welcome. 8883 ✉ ☎

Seeking Beloved—Attractive, single, white Jewish female, 31, NYC-living, extremely outgoing, kind, adventurous, accomplished, well-traveled and generally real "catch". Seeking available, 30s, open, cultured, successful, NYC-living, kind, considerate, good-listening, compassionate and passionate, bright, fun (sailing and squash-loving a plus) man. Call or send note - photo helpful. 1055✉☎

Put A Lady In Your Life—Attractive, intelligent business lady in a petite and fit package, seeks long-term relationship with accomplished, sophisticated gentleman, age 55-65. 1035 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Warmhearted, Sweet—Divorced, petite female, 42, half Jewish, dazzling smile, seeks a man who has integrity, a sense of humor and a happy disposition. Westchester preferred. 8953 ✉☎

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Exceptional Female Artist—Attractive, slim, successful, evolved. Seeks successful, attractive, healthy man, 46-56. Photo. 1084 ✉

Good-Looking Jewish MBA—33, 6'1", fit, seeks attractive, athletic, sensitive woman for long-term relationship leading to marriage. Photo/note. 1108 ✉

Attention All White And Latin Females—Unattractive, unsuccessful, uneducated, unfit, out of shape, but still has a full head of hair, without the potbelly, Asian male, 29, look 69, seeks petite to medium-sized beauty, 20s-30s, for the ultimate wedding. Photo exchanged, but you must send yours first with a smile. 1075 ✉ ☎

I'm Not For Everybody—But, then again, I don't try to be... I am a sexy, smart and spiritual, divorced Jewish male, early 40s, tall, handsome - with magnificent eyes and a big heart. A rare breed, I am a wonderful, loving daddy, a NYC business owner and a great playmate all rolled up into one. I seek a "very special", beautiful woman who has a gentle soul and a carpe diem attitude towards life. I'm the real deal and can be a very special friend, lover and soul mate to the right person. Note/photo. 1048 ✉ ☎

Shipping Tycooness—Without ship. Pretty, slim, smart, savvy. Seeks extraordinary first mate, 62 plus, to jump overboard with. Note/photo/phone. 1051✉

Good-Looking Man—Creative, artistic, witty, affluent, good-natured, 60, 5'10". Landscape painting, museums, travel are my passions, but I need more... you. Only bright and pretty, please. Photo/note. 1081 ✉ ☎

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Strictly Personals

Single Jewish Female—34, thin, fit and pretty, enjoys outdoor sports, art and travel. Seeking man, 28-40, fit, handsome, secure and sense of humor, for serious relationship. Photo a must. 1011 ✉ ☎

Lover Boy—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 52, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 1102✉☎

Romantic, Pretty, Slender—Soulful woman of substance and charm, many interests, altruistic concerns, seeks intelligent man with joie de vivre, integrity, warmth, 55-75. 1042 ✉

Sparkling Smile, Eyes To Match:—Radiant, very pretty, slender Jewish female, 44. Affectionate, huggable, vivacious, compassionate. Laughter is key. Likes skiing, tennis, theater, golf, reading. Adventurous, intelligent, successful professional; has integrity, confidence. Seeking single male who is involved in life and ready for a relationship. Note/photo, please. 1032 ✉☎

Are You My Soulmate?—Attractive, 36, 5'7", 130 lbs, single white female, self-employed, loves music. Spiritual, attractive, loving, honest, intelligent, healthy and open-minded. Seeks single white male, 34-45, financially secure, similar qualities, for loving, long-term committed relationship. We share: talks, walks, ocean, travel, films, hiking, etc. Let's bring out the best *in each other! Note/photo.* 1012 ✉☎

Pretty, Playful Blond—Serious sailor, mediocre tennis player, interested in foreign markets and interesting minds. Seeks smart, funny guy, 45-60. 1101✉☎

Extremely Compassionate—Understanding, sensitive, gentle, 42-year-old, Italian-American single white male, college grad, never married, no kids, with a heart of a saint, in search of female partner of any race, any age, for long-term relationship. My birthdate is 11/3/56. 1041 ✉

Stunning, Psychologist—45, smokeless, meditator, film and theater buff. Seeks soul mate, friendship first. 1115 ✉ ☎

Male Hotel Owner—40s, seeks female, 20-40, to relocate to FL. 1107 ✉ ☎

It's Summer, Let's Sizzle—*Tall, handsome,* 40ish Jewish dentist wants to settle down with pretty, slim, NY/NJ, 30ish gal. Note/phone/photo a must. 1040 ✉

Curvy, Petite Brunette—38, who has *sparkling blue eyes, dry sense of humor,* slight European accent and totally cool teenage daughter, would like to meet with offbeat, brainy, witty, romantic gentleman for chemistry, magic and mutual pampering. 1076 ✉ ☎

Hard Body, Tender Heart—Good-looking, very fit Christian man, youthful 40, dark hair, a very passionate, romantic entrepreneur with a good sense of humor, a love of great conversation, good music and new experiences. Enjoy skiing, beaches, movies, dining, working out. Would like to meet an attractive, slim woman under 36, who can appreciate and has the capacity to develop a loving, nurturing, committed relationship. Please be a nonsmoker. Blonds a plus. Note/photo. 1087✉

Gorgeous, No Doubt About It—Svelte, nice figure, Sophia Loren cheekbones, big dark eyes, long legs, dark blond, 42. Sensual contemporary style. NYC born and bred. Successful, down-to-earth, romantic. Smart, very visual, physical, dynamic, with fun, warm heart, adventurous streak. Passionate about living. *More interested in people/culture than* museums. Enjoys live theater, movies, celebrations, swing dancing, double entendres, travel. Plays squash, getting better. Seeks bright, confident, financially secure, genuinely attractive man, 5'9" plus, 38-52. 1056 ✉ ☎

Live From Lincoln Center—Seeking young (ca. 65-70) male to share my love of NY, Berkshires, the arts, exotic travel. I'm easy to be with, easy to look at, blue-eyed, slim, warm, witty Jewish professional. Desire whole man, brain educated, mind open, sense of humor intact, psyche stable, warm heart - for great "senior moments". 1078 ✉

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Summer Sizzler

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Phone: 212-463-0024 Fax: 212 462-3595

Slim Yet Shapely—Sensual yet sophisticated, pretty, single Jewish female, blond hair, green eyes, mid 40s, loves dancing, tennis, theater and movies. Seeks Jewish professional male, 48-60, who is fun yet romantic, emotionally secure yet vulnerable, and can commit to a relationship. Note/phone. 1083 ✉ ☎

Mathematically Inclined Man?—Stop here! Do you also enjoy hiking, fishing, roaming through bookstores, baseball, the simple things in life and having fun in general? Are you kind, unpretentious, and *want children? Then this slim, athletic* professional woman, 41, 5'5", shoulder-length brown hair, blue eyes, would like to meet you. Photo/note. 1043 ✉

Canadian/Norwegian Female—New Yorker, divorced, late 40s; sense of style, humor, joie de vivre; quietly sexy, 5'7", slim; psychologically in-tune. Seeks good guy in 50s to get to know. 1049 ✉☎

Financially Secure—Good-looking, slim Jewish male, 34, seeks Jewish female with companionship and marriage as desirable goals. Please reply with recent photo and note. 1082 ✉

Curvy, Green-Eyed Beauty—With great legs, glamorous career and warm, fun-loving, outgoing personality, seeks witty, upscale, outstanding, sensational, secure, lovable and happy man, 45-55. 8839✉☎

Handsome MD, Jewish, 54—Loves life, warm, affectionate. Seeks attractive, slim, kind, humorous lady, 45-52, Jewish, Italian, Latin, to bring out the best in each other. Photo a must/note/phone. 1050 ✉

Sweet Sagittarian Man—Seeks affectionate Aquarian woman. 1070 ✉

You Shop At Saks—Like pizza, puzzles, are pretty and particular. I am successful, Jewish, 33, tall - and good-looking for a Yale grad! Photo a plus. 1068 ✉

Believes In Always Having Something—To look forward to. Extraordinarily attractive, fit, slim blond. Articulate, worldly, understated. Speaks from the heart. Courageous and funny - good at seeing the ridiculous. Up-front, friendly: an open book with mysterious and adventurous side. Would love to drive a race car. Fascinated by new ideas, people, learning, growing. Enjoys exploring cities, performing arts, hardware stores, spectator sports, good wine. Seeks fit, financially stable man, 45-59, who enjoys travel and more. 1093 ✉ ☎

Looking For Laughs?—Handsome, 43, Jewish exec with degrees, aspiring soul, and pecs that will make you weep, refuses to give up on you. Laughs are included. And a lot more. 1090 ✉ ☎

Seeking Other Half—Very handsome and successful, 5'9", fit Jewish male, 40, with intelligence, wit and charm, seeks the missing piece. You: beautiful (inside/out), under 40 and want it all. Photo. 1106✉☎

Happy, Pretty—(203)/(914) professional, Jewish, 46, terrific grown-up kids, ready to live again and looking for co-conspirator with similar life. 8870 ✉☎

Single White Male—36, CEO, classical music/animal lover - looking for single white female, 25-36, to enjoy the arts, nature and athletics. 1030 ✉

Self-Assured, Self-Employed—But not self-absorbed. Tall, trim, sophisticated woman with distinct presence, elegance and style, early 50s. Intrigued? 8968 ✉ ☎

Great Smile, Terrific Attitude—And loves to laugh. Attractive, stable, professional Jewish female, 44. Enjoys cooking, art, travel, power walking, hugs, yoga, the Knicks and ice cream. Seeks a nice guy with integrity, 39 plus, to travel through life with. 1069 ✉ ☎

Life Is An Adventure—Single white female, attractive, 34, 5'7", intelligent; enjoys book stores, movies, dining out, romance. Seeking successful, articulate, single white male, 30-39, 5'10" plus, nonsmoker, marriage-minded. 1033✉☎

Sun Lovers Unite—48-year-old, trim, blue-eyed male wishes to meet 30-40-year female for fun in the sun. 1053 ✉

Playful, Pretty—Long hair, fit, 30, well-educated, seeks considerate, bright Jewish guy to love forever. NYC/Boston. Photo a plus. 1074 ✉ ☎

Green-Eyed Blond—Appealing, extremely attractive, divorced woman. *Independent and feminine, passionate and* thoughtful. Creamy complexion, slim, good figure, very comfortable in a bikini. Believes all things are possible. Enjoys people, good books, good wine, romantic inns, the Knicks, Paris, London, live concerts, the warmth of friendship, Italy, sailing. Seeks fit, attractive, intelligent, funny, established 48-plus man who enjoys life/travel. 1020 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Bright, Slim—Jewish lady with a zest for life, from Nassau County, seeks male counterpart, 65-70. Photo/note. 1064 ✉

Very Attractive, Exotic Jewish Woman—Long, dark hair, blue-eyed, successful, earl 30s, sexy woman with a great smil and creative mind. Great body, work out heart of gold, with devilish smile. Lov boating, getting away on weekends Looking for serious relationship. See handsome, charismatic, exciting entrepreneurial man, 35-46, who loves to live life Dress up or down. You must be nurturing and well-balanced. Commonalit important. Manhattan-based preferred. A *you my Prince Charming? Photo.* 1023✉☎

GQ Doc—46, athletic, fit, seek sweet, smart, sexy soul mate. E-ma HIMDC@aol.com 1105 ✉ ☎

Asian MD—Beautiful, 5'3", financially mentally secure, athletic, fit, ver attractive, searching for outstanding professional gentleman, 38-50, for friendshi leading to marriage. Photo, please. 1034 ✉

A True Original—Vivacious 38-year-ol woman with interests ranging from th stock market to Girl Scouts to bikin and Oscar trivia, seeks a smarter-than-the-average-bear with an enjoyment the absurd, a tender heart and a desi for marriage and family. 1044 ✉ ☎

Southampton Siren—(Manhattan winters). I'm intellectual but sportif, 3 pretty, sexy, blond and slim. No fault I'm looking for a bright, lively, fun a nice man to share movies, benefits, loa ing, dinner parties, museums and may visits abroad. Photo, please. 1072 ✉☎

Soulful Male—37, 6'1", seeks attractiv slim, emotionally deep, intellectually stimulating female with easy laugh. 8963✉☎

Gentleman At-Large—(Single whi male 46) NYC resident, seeks nati born Amerasian or Eurasian female (3 45). Photo necessary, then we'll questions. 1116 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Intelligent and humorous, 28-year-old Latin male (Ivy-educated/Wall Street professional), seeking beautiful, voluptuous, sensual Latin, Asian or white female, 24-30, who is as attractive on the inside as she is on the outside. Note/photo (will exchange). 1024✉

90-Percent Angel, 10-Percent Devil—Seeks Jewish male, 35-45, handsome, accomplished professional with solid values, to share passion for life. Romantic a plus. This attractive woman, 39, promises the same - 90 percent of the time. 1091✉☎

Looking For A Harvard Man—Kind but with an edge, responsible but with an underlying irreverence. Attractive, tall, thin, super-smart woman, 33, seeks her match. Photo. 1065 ✉

Commitment-Minded Executive—Very attractive, youthful early 50s, great guy, happy, athletic, energetic, sincere, suporitve, Jewish, financially secure, well-educated, funny, world traveler, great lifestyle, seeking the right lady to share everything with. Please be full of life, attractive and ready to be happy. Note/photo. 1085✉

Smart, Sexy, Spirited—Lovely 49, slim blond seeks smart, playful Jewish man... for love and laughs. 1061 ✉ ☎

Darren Seeks Samantha For Magic—Attractive adman, single father (Tabetha, 7), 35, seeks special woman (30-36) to cast her spell over him. Note/photo. 1039✉

Gay, Upscale Gent—Mid 60s, perfect health, body/mind attractive; loves theater, travel, cinema. My fetish: love to wear riding or tall cowboy boots everywhere (inconspicuously); want companion, 40-55, with same fetish. No drugs, booze or SM. Sincere reply only. Picture a must. 1062 ✉

Gentle Beauty—Lots of heart, soul and more too. Stunning, slender, chestnut blond. Quiet confidence, elegant uncluttered style, great legs and a tamed rebellious streak. Successful, smart, resourceful, supportive, divorced woman. Likable, easy to be with. Diverse interests (mundane to highbrow). Dabbles in sports, drives a convertible, adores football, basketball. Loves learning, architecture, discovering highways/byways of Europe, unwinding on sunny islands. Seeks educated, fit, financially stable, attractive, interesting man, 47-65. 1019✉☎

Former Male Model—Now successful businessman, 37, nice chauvinist with traditional values, desires intelligent, warm, spiritual, passionate woman, 22-36, for relaxed dinner, music and boating dates, possible marriage and children. I want a young woman who knows what she wants and wants to enjoy life now, not work all the time. Prefer long-haired, attractive-figured, Italian/Spanish type - but not that important. Single moms okay, too. Note/photo/phone. 1098 ✉

Adorable "Pup"—Seeking companion for my 40 (doesn't look or act it), smart, energetic, fit, outgoing mom. She's a finance professional with diverse nterests (art films/action adventure; '70s pop/jazz; running in the park/watching sports on TV; the "country"/theater). Looking for her male complement (38-46) with a good sense of humor and soft spot for a 15-year-old cocker spaniel. Photo and note, please. 1059 ✉

Retired Jewish Millionaire—5'4", 146 bs, well-groomed, good sense of humor, easygoing, no smoke, no drugs. I enjoy heater, dining out, travel - weekends and onger... Let's talk. Telephone and photo will return if requested). 1094 ✉

Want Wife - Will Travel—I'm a charming, intelligent, humorous, handsome, trim/fit, Jewish, divorced (no kids yet), extremely wealthy, self-made, unpretentious businessman who now wants to find an incredible woman to share life, success and hopefully a family. Odds are she's in NYC, so I'm coming back to find her. If you're 30-38, Jewish, accomplished, attractive, petite, thin (size 2/4 is perfect), have no kids yet and, most important, are extremely intelligent and witty, then please do what you've probably never done before - respond with a descriptive note and photo. If it all works out, we'll live anywhere we want - even NYC. 1016 ✉☎

For Rent With Option To Buy—Sincere, fun-loving male, 38, 5'7", into skiing, beach, NYC, concerts, seeks "nice" female. Available immediately! 1015 ✉☎

Tall, Handsome, Athletic—European-American man, 40s, moderately successful but thoughtful writer - enjoys old-time movies, walks in the park, summer sunsets and soft music. Seeks attractive, intelligent, nonsmoker, European-American woman, 25-40. Photo/note, please. 1104✉

Ready To Love Again—Lovely, slim Jewish redhead with wonderful son. I enjoy: dancing, movies, theater, dining out and all NYC culture. Looking for best friend who is tall, Jewish, financially secure, nonsmoking, 40s-50s; sensitive, warm and compassionate. Let's meet soon and enjoy! Note/photo/phone. 1067 ✉

Strikingly Masculine—Handsome, fit (5'11", 160 lbs, brown hair, brown eyes), charismatic and romantic man, age 50, would love to show you off and indulge in you. Very successful senior executive of a leading corporation looking for someone very special to share exciting, romantic and fun times. From the secluded beaches of Maui to the glamour of Paris, to the excitement of LA and Vegas and quiet evenings in New York are all there for you to share with me. You should be beautiful, sexy and romantic, with a magnificently defined, toned body, with long hair and beautiful face. You should be between the ages of 32-40 and unencumbered by a need for pregnancy. I love eloquence, soul, mystery and emotional intelligence. If you possess these qualities, I'd love to spoil you. Photo, please. 8853 ✉ ☎

Alluring, Very Attractive—Heartfelt, stylish professional woman, 46. Curvy, nice figure, 5'7". Offbeat, playful humor, pretty amber eyes. Warm, adventurous, artistic, creative. Jewish/Italian lineage, European sensibility. Loves NYC and CA. Drawn to the Mediterranean, American Southwest, CA. Passionate about art, photography, beautiful things, dreams, the unconscious mind, travel. Seeks smart, financially comfortable man, 35-55, 5'9" plus, who appreciates the soulful/aesthetic things in life. 1096 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Affluent, Bright—Jewish professional guy seeks bright career woman in medicine, law, PhD, etc., under 40. Terrific stock market investor, joke teller, airplane flyer, athlete, artist, tenured university professor and researcher. E-mail: SHARPGUY4U@aol.com. 1026✉☎

Statuesque Beauty—5'9 1/2", elegant, well-proportioned, well-spoken, with radiant smile and warm personality, who is socially adept and versatile, would be a tremendous asset to a high-profile, professionally/socially prominent gentleman, 40-64. Seeks man with high moral character, great sense of humor, who is interested in commitment leading to marriage. 1066✉☎

The Best Part About Dating Often Is...

Tammy Korol

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Lisa D'Alessio

Heather Smith

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Michelle Brown

Lisa Starr

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Amy Israel

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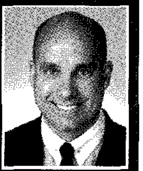

Daniel Dolan,
President & CEO
It's Just Lunch! Inc.

Working in a company where there are many women employees, many of whom are single, causes me to be part of many conversations starting with 'you won't believe what my date did last night..." or "men can be so strange...." And since I joined IJL, I have attempted to defend men and explain to some of the IJL Directors exactly why the man did [whatever].

1. Don't Send a Man a Gift at Work.

It doesn't make a difference what kind of gift (although flowers are the worst) or how long you've been dating. Few men like to receive gifts at work. Men are not accustomed to receiving gifts at work and thus, when they do, people ask a lot of questions. It forces him to explain who sent them, what his relationship is with the person who sent the gift, etc. And many men just aren't comfortable answering these questions .

When I practiced law at a large, conservative law firm, one of my partners once received flowers at work from a woman he had just started dating. The attention it caused simply embarrassed him to such an extent that he stopped seeing that woman. The worst part was that prior to receiving the flowers he actually liked the woman a great deal!

2. Don't drop hints about your upcoming Birthday or Holiday.

Guess what?... If a man is interested in the woman he is dating, he knows when her birthday is and when the Holidays are without any reminders. Hinting about birthdays or holidays (or what she might consider to be a good gift for either event) makes a woman appear desperate or insecure. Neither is attractive.

3. If you just started dating, don't go overboard with gifts.

A woman should think of gift-giving for the new man in her personal life the same way she might a new client in her professional life. For example, if a woman just landed a new client in early December, would she send that client an extravagant gift for the Holidays? Of course not. Sending an expensive gift to a new client sends the client a signal that the client is far too important to her career. She may, of course, send the client a small, but thoughtful gift.

And a woman should act the same way toward a man she just met. Spending too much on a man she just met sends a signal to that man that he is far too important in her life. It will make him uncomfortable. Just like with a new client, a small, but thoughtful gift is appropriate and appreciated.

Mr. Dolan, a Harvard Law School graduate and former partner at Winston and Strawn, left his law career in 1997 to become President and CEO of It's Just Lunch!, Inc.

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My First Time—Handsome, 51 and in good shape. Quite successful, sincere and generous, with an excellent sense of humor and sense of self. Seeking a sharp, attractive, bright woman who can be friend, partner and lover. Trim the old lover out of a photograph of yourself and send it to me along with a note. 1077 ✉ ☎

Sensual, Stunning Style, Successful—Young 50s, 5'5", 112 lbs, long dark hair, hazel eyes, eclectic interests. You: Jewish, (212) or (914), 60-72, intelligent, no nonsense man, financially secure. 1114 ✉ ☎

Have You Ever Looked—Into someone's eyes and just wanted to talk all night? Wall Street professional male, 40, fit and attractive. Emotionally literate and willing to take risks. Looking for the right pair of eyes. 8948 ✉☎

Who Needs The Hamptons?—6', 180, blue-eyed, Waspy Jewish male, all-Ivy education, 35. Extremely athletic. I survived Jewish schools... I don't kill whales or start forest fires. Seeking a pretty, down-to-earth Jewish girl to escape the scene, and willing to concoct a tale about how we met. Photo please. 1071✉

Strictly Personals

Another Great Gay Woman—Why is it so hard to meet a successful, accomplished, attractive, genuine and loving woman?! I love my career, but want to make time for more; enjoy the finer things, but am more North Fork than the Hamptons; and appreciate a good sense of humor and good conversation. If you think we should talk, I'd love to hear from you. 1060 ✉

Divorced Jewish Businessman—52, good-looking - in great shape physically, financially and emotionally. Looking for beautiful, slim, sexy Jewish woman who has it all but wants her life changed forever. Photo appreciated. 1052 ✉

Diamond In The Rough—Unique, multifaceted wheeler-dealer, college grad, 58, 6'3", 230, intelligent, ambitious, unconventional, self-made, street-smart. Seeks exotic or model-type, sexy soul mate/playmate, 30-45. Photo. 1099 ✉☎

Very Handsome—Fit, 44 - looks 34, *strong, sensitive, passionate, funny.* Loves beach, movies, sunsets. Seeks female, 28-40, who is spiritually and physically beautiful. Photo/note. 1014 ✉ ☎

MD, 30, Pretty Blond—Slender, CT. Enjoys travel, outdoor activities. Loves life, dining out. Seeks special man for serious relationship. Photo/note. 1079 ✉

Optimistic In NJ—Jewish female, 34, 5'4", enjoys outdoors travel, NYC, sports. Attractive, fit, easygoing, professional seeks same in truly nice, confident guy for friendship, laughter, romance. Life is good - lets make it better. Photo, please. 1111 ✉

Single White Female—36, 5'6", 110 lbs, blue eyes, blond hair, well-groomed and well-dressed, works in entertainment industry, Manhattan resident, seeks white male, 40-55, Manhattan resident, interested in museums, theater, rock music, travel and fine dining. Must be successful in career, happy in life. No druggies, gamblers, brooders or depressives. Lawyers preferred, widowers encouraged. Note/photo/phone. 1092✉

Two Hours From Grand Central—Is a beautiful, vibrant ex-Manhattanite with a *zest for life. You are a warm, witty, financially* secure mensch, old enough to remember WWII yet strong enough to paddle a canoe. Photo appreciated. 1038✉☎

Cross The Threshold—Into a deeper life with a subtle, authentic, attractive woman, 41. Would like to meet a warm, attractive, nonmaterialistic man, 35-45, who is daring in matters of the heart. 8954✉☎

Auburn Beauty—40s, slim. Loves springtime, slow dancing and falling in love. Looking for male counterpart. 1009 ✉☎

Svelte Blond Widow—60s, (516), enjoying the good life and looking for a male significant other to do the same. Phone/note/recent photo, please. 1007 ✉☎

Brooklyn—Retired professor, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, reads a lot, owns large beach house near subway, visits DC. Seeks retired lady. 1117 ✉

Sincere, Bright And Handsome—Young man, seeking successful and charming, nonsmoking bachelor for long-term relationship. 1097 ✉

Seeking My Partner—Strikingly attractive, well-packaged, bright, slim, sensual, tall, successful beauty, 50, enjoys opera, theater - seeks tall, successful gentleman, 55 plus, emotionally/financially secure. Note/phone/photo. 1036 ✉

NYMessage

Congratulations on the newest addition to the Foster family.

Jordan-Michelle–July 3, 1999

Delta Shuttle NY-Boston 7/8 9:30AM—Seeking tall Healthcare Venture Capitalist who sat next to brunette in white jacket on his way to Cape Cod. Contact me. Re: networking meeting? 1057 ✉ ☎

Three Divas Seeking Three Tenors—(Baritones, basso profundi)... Three Merry Widows would love to share a millennium Met Night at the Opera (Dutch treat) with Three Men in Black Tie (70-75). Smoking permitted. Only high-minded gentlemen who do not play golf or live in Boca Ráton need apply. Note/photo. 1047 ✉

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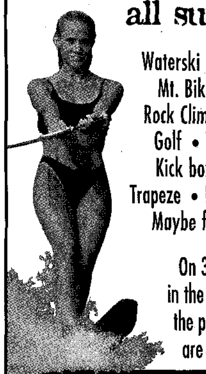

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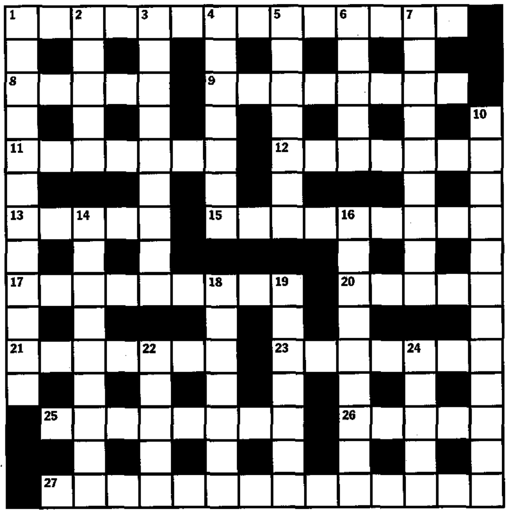
*Sources:
1999 Spring MRI; 1998 Summer MRI

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
1 Strike a light! Missing page proof covered ancient building. (6-4,4)
8 Pour fat, say, with headquarters. (5)
9 Pompey's islands. (8)
11 Lake of fodder where pike and eagle merge. (7)
12 Lord's—placed between the covers. (7)
13 Painter talking nonsense? (5)
15 1 down must to be convincing. (4,5)
17 Poisonous weapons for 1 downs, possibly. (4-5)
20 Boredom during endless hours of darkness abroad. (5)
21 Make a face and be sick—over here for choice! (3,4)
23 Acquire part of coal-mine back in South Wales. (7)
25 Tick attached to place in Devon. (8)
26 Ringworm has a meal around home. (5)
27 Well Celeste managed to manage, having that far away look. (5,9)

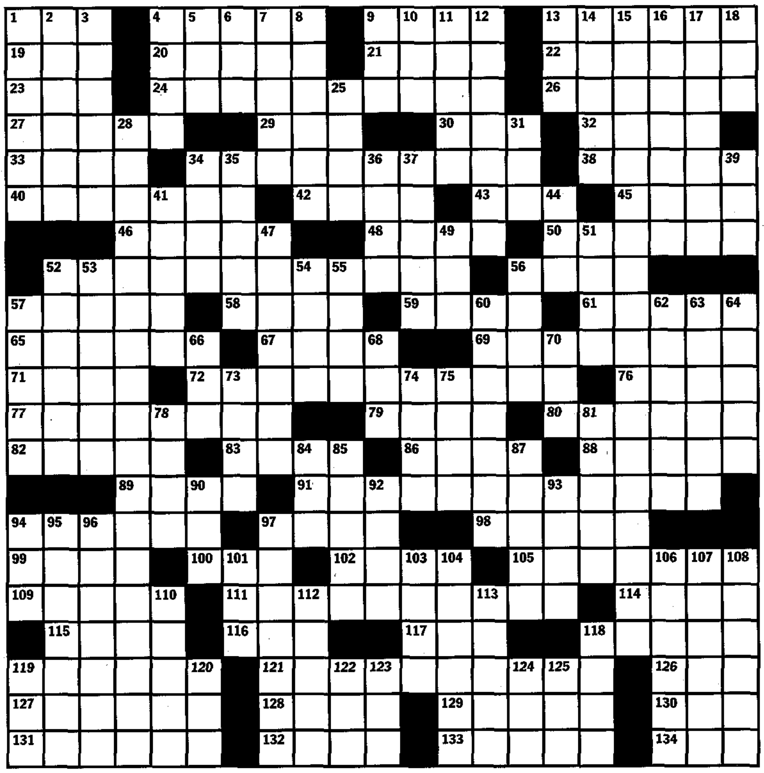


DOWN
1 Confusion of 27 with 9 affair. (6-6)
2 Notes made by Greek character just so. (5)
3 Fruit of a tree to post in church. (9)
4 Ask for directions to be put in a tree. (7)
5 Strong point: was conductor up to following a score? (7)
6 King, one that was a captain to a harlot. (5)
7 A tree destroyed in a kiln that's been fed too much. (9)
10 *Skill in a horse said to be in condition: here's where it shows first.* (8-4)
14 Point to most of the cemetery displaying wallflower (as it were). (9)
16 The wires I got crossed—that's the real point. (5,2,2)
18 Loose cover, perhaps: have a diluted whisky? (7)
19 A short time in confirmation is vitally creative. (7)
22 Acid's used to find things under water. (5)
24 It takes two to make sunburn disappear. (5)

'Literary Characters': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 Histrionic actor
4 Owned apt.
9 Onetime abbr. at Heathrow
13 Garb for Dorothy Lamour
19 "—— he drove out of sight . . ."
20 Like a cheering crowd
21 Rival of Mobil
22 Hardened to hardships
23 Campaigned
24 Dickens's 'umble songstress?
26 Sends in a resignation
27 Wax eloquent
29 ——Cat (winter tractor)
30 Caviar, essentially
32 Leopard's marking
33 Per person
34 Fitzgerald's gun collector?
38 Bridge levies
40 Toughened
42 Way out
43 Crumpets' go-with
45 Scallion's kin
46 Audio's counterpart
48 Clears after taxes
50 On the formal side
52 "The Man Without a Country"?
56 Stringed toy
57 Beach find
58 Help oneself to
59 Mountain of myth
61 Same as D-sharp
65 Famed comet discoverer
67 Shading
69 In a pure condition
71 Kind of code
72 Honey of a barber?
76 Will beneficiary
77 Gobi desert's locale
79 Alias for Cupid
80 Pussy-willow growths
82 Germany's Pittsburgh
83 Very, in Versailles
86 Greek vowel
88 "What ——!" (yawner's comment)
89 Ella's singing style
91 Hollywood hopeful from the old South?
94 Eton's river
97 And others: abbr.
98 Florida golf tourney
99 White House turndown
100 Ward heeler
102 Foliage unit
105 Clobbers
109 Between tenors and sopranos
111 "Live and Let Dye" agent?
114 Raison d'——
115 Portion out
116 Marienbad, for one
117 Conk
118 Blurt out
119 Didn't slip a cog
121 Foppish Round Table knight?
126 Barbary beast
127 Garments
128 Poet Pound
129 Coin of Denmark
130 Not ruddy
131 Evaluate
132 Lucy's love
133 Certain horns, for short
134 Popeye's yes

DOWN
1 Villain's opposites
2 Noah's landfall
3 Threat
4 Arrived
5 "I haven't seen a crocus —— rosebud"
6 Neighbor of Swe.
7 Flower for a chain
8 "Clockwork" color
9 Put-down from Scrooge
10 Smeltery input
11 Bitter to the taste
12 Phony excuses
13 Imogene's co-star
14 "—— of robins in her hair"
15 Dancing barrister?
16 Baltimore team
17 Irritates
18 Merchandise: abbr.
25 Fraudulent scheme
28 Man who stands under the spreading chestnut tree?
31 Sight site
34 "Star Wars" caste
35 Skillful
36 One of the Turners
37 Exec's scribe
39 Planetarium vista
41 City of northern France
44 "Without further —— . . ."
47 Carousing
49 N.F.L. scores
51 Seedy loafs
52 Seven Wonders lighthouse
53 Mount Saint ——
54 Dust Bowl refugee of the '30s
55 On loan
56 London's Scotland
57 Ignominy
60 Wore jauntily
62 Mortgage holder
63 "Peer Gynt" dancer
64 Concise
66 Couturier monogram
68 Acapulco aunt
70 Cider-song gal
73 Katarina of the ice
74 Arab honcho
75 Fix-it item
78 Fairy-tale starter
81 Word with Taj
84 Part of i.e.
85 No longer fresh
87 "—— Like Alice," Nevil Shute novel
90 Pharaoh's snake
92 Malt drinks
93 Toward the mouth
94 Norris Dam agcy.
95 Head protectors
96 Bears witness
97 Went by, as time
101 Short-order juices
103 Eban of Israel
104 Shepherds' herds
106 Canada's capital
107 Cover the cost in advance
108 Unflappable
110 Soothsayers
112 Indian corn
113 Classical musical
118 Southwestern tribesmen
119 Goatlike sound
120 —— Moines
122 Four Monopoly properties: abbr.
123 End of Chou's name
124 Smoked salmon
125 Last countdown number



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 8

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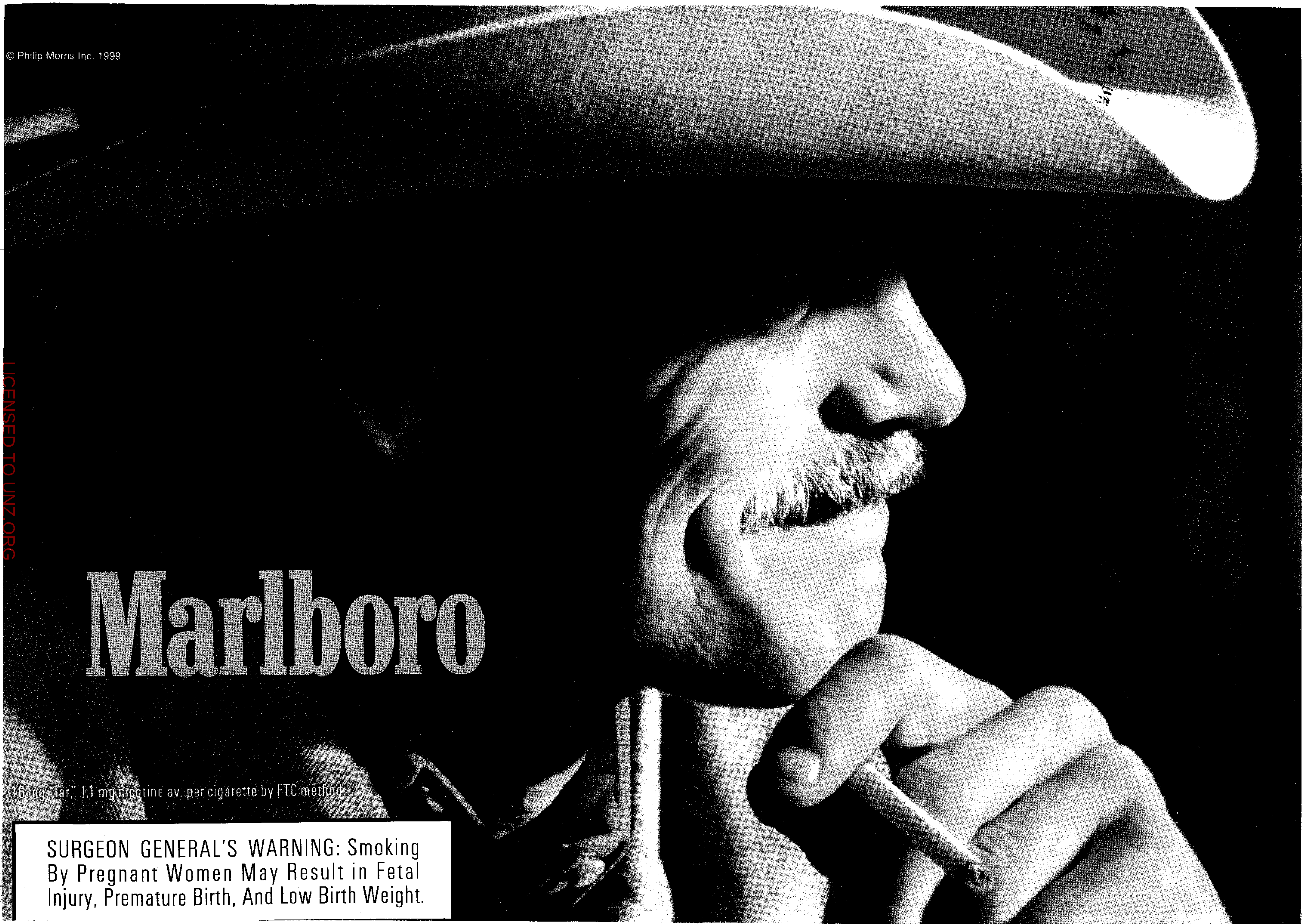

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